

THE LAND OF THE NIHILIST.

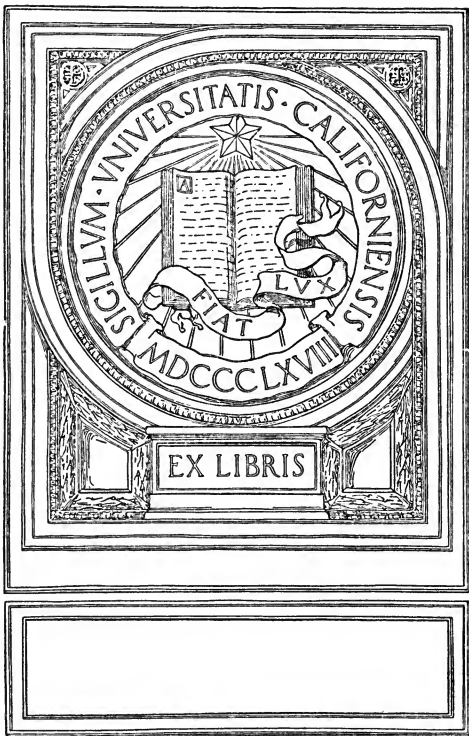
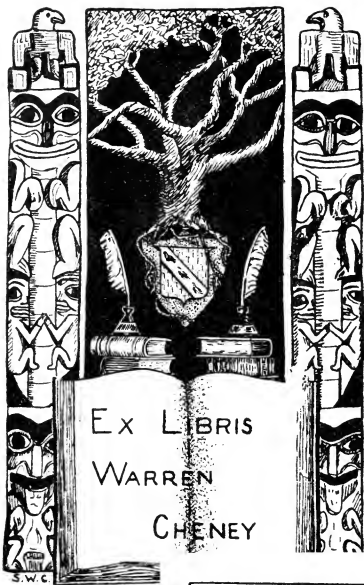


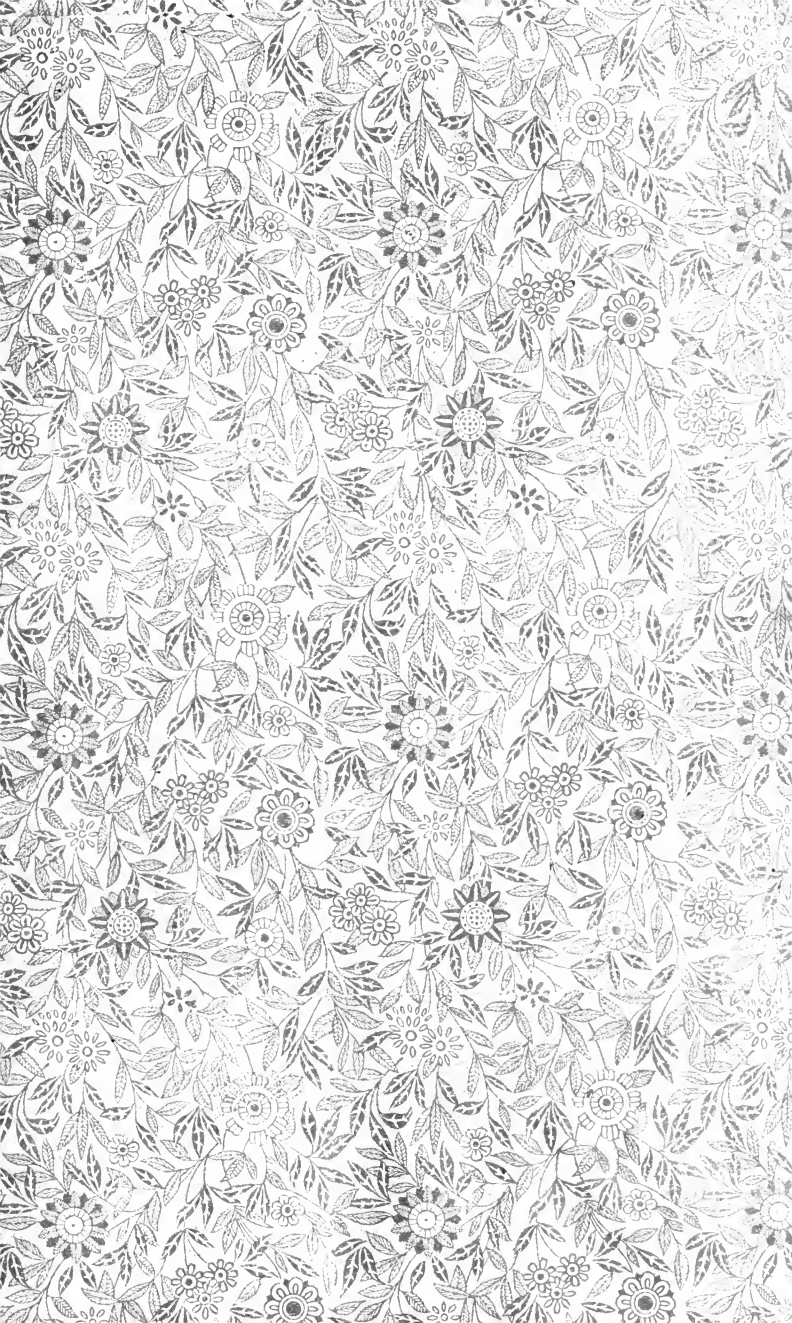
# RUSSIA



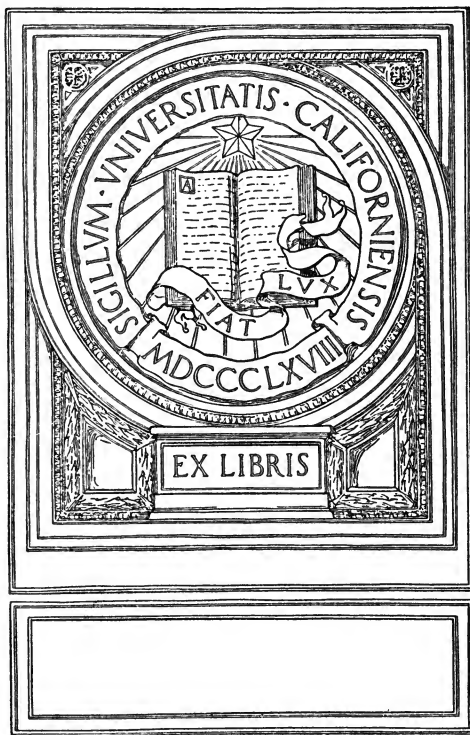
W. E. CURTIS







GIFT OF  
Mrs. May L. Cheney







THE LAND OF THE NIHILIST.

# RUSSIA

ITS PEOPLE, ITS PALACES, ITS POLITICS



A NARRATIVE OF TRAVEL IN THE CZAR'S  
DOMINIONS

BY

WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS

AUTHOR OF "THE CAPITALS OF SPANISH AMERICA," "A SUMMER SCAMPER," "THE  
CHILDREN OF THE SUN," "TIBBALSSES' FOLKS," ETC., ETC.



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1888

AMERICAN



## DEDICATION.

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In the summer of 1887, as correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*, the author spent some time in St. Petersburg, Moscow, and other portions of the Czar's dominions, and found many amazing things which he had never heard of before, although he had read every book he could find on the Russian Empire. Many years ago Murray published a "Guide to Russia," but it is now out of print, and can be obtained only at the second-hand book-stalls of London. Baedeker, the ubiquitous friend of European travellers, has never issued one. The author, feeling the need of some pocket aid to tourists, was tempted to compile his newspaper letters in the form herewith presented, and does so with the knowledge, that, although incomplete, they will supply the want he felt, and furnish those who have the privilege of visiting the most interesting country of Europe much information they can only with the greatest difficulty there obtain. Those who cannot enjoy this privilege may secure from these pages, he is sure, a pretty good idea of the monstrous, isolated empire of which we know so little.

With this explanation he affectionately dedicates the little volume

TO HIS WIFE;

THE COMPANION OF MANY A LONG JOURNEY,  
IN BOTH HEMISPHERES, BY LAND AND SEA.

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# RUSSIA.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE CZAR'S WINDOW.

How it may be Entered.—A Journey with a Prince.—How Kings Greet Each Other.—A Glimpse of the Czar and the Imperial Family.—The Russian Railways.—The Sleeping Car and its Porter.—Where Amber Comes From.

TRAVEL has its fashions like everything else, and the last season or two everybody has been going to the North Cape and the Land of the Midnight Sun, leaving Switzerland and the German baths to those who have not been to Europe before or are under the doctor's orders. Last year a few of the North Capers spread over into Russia—they were so near that they couldn't help it; but until then the visitors to the Czar's dominions had been so few that Herr Baedeker, the faithful friend of the travelling public, had not considered it worth his while to issue a Russian guide-book, although he has covered nearly every other country on the globe. Those who intend to make the journey a part of a general European tour, should save Russia till the last, and go straight home from there. After one has seen the gilded palaces of the Czars and the treasures of the Kremlin, every other place but Paris will seem very tame to him, and he will lose much of his pleasure.

When Peter the Great was reproached for the folly of locating the capital of Russia in a swamp where nature never intended a city should stand, he remarked: "I want a window to look out upon Europe," for Russia had no seaport then. So the group of the most splendid palaces

in the world has since been known as "the Czar's Window."

The most comfortable and attractive route to Petersburg—the natives always drop the prefix—is by steamer across the North and Baltic seas, by way of Copenhagen and Cronstadt, the port of the Russian capital. The ships are fine and safe, and the voyage only about double the time it takes to go by rail from Berlin, while the expense is much less. The railroad journey from the German capital is not uncomfortable or uninteresting, however, and for good and sufficient reasons, I went that way. The other route is from Vienna, by way of Moscow, which should be avoided, as it requires fifty-two hours at the minimum, without sleeping-cars, and after the Austrian boundary is passed, no comforts or conveniences whatever.

From Berlin to Petersburg one can go by the fast express about as quickly and as comfortably as from New York to St. Louis on the ordinary trains; that is, in thirty-six hours. The fare is thirty dollars, and the sleeping-berth five dollars more. You leave Berlin at eight o'clock in the morning and reach Petersburg at forty minutes past seven the second night. The cars are similar to those of the Boudoir pattern used on some roads of the United States, and the *coupé-lits* of France, with compartments or state-rooms for two and for four people, the smaller ones having an upper and a lower berth, and the larger two uppers and two lowers, like the Pullman drawing-rooms.

We were early at the Berlin station, where the train is made up, and our courier put us into the best-looking car we had seen in Europe,—selecting the middle of the three compartments as the most comfortable for the long journey. It was beautifully upholstered, and the cushions were as yielding as a Turkish chair. We had our bags and parcels stowed away in the racks, when the guard came rushing in, and in the most excited manner told us we must vacate at once. We declined to do so. On all the European roads the first-comers have the pick of places, and no reserved

chairs are sold. He jabbered and gesticulated, but we were immovable.

Finally he told us the car we were in was especially designed for the use of the imperial family of Germany when they travelled by that road, and was placed on the train for the accommodation of the Crown Prince of Greece, his aide-de-camp and servants. We explained to the agitated guard that we had no objection to riding with the Crown Prince, that we were sovereigns ourselves when at home, and that the young fellow couldn't be so selfish as to want the whole car to himself. A golden coin followed the remark, in the nature of an exclamation point, and had the usual effect. There does not seem to be any one in Europe beyond the influence of such persuasives.

The official indignation of the guard having subsided, he locked us in our compartment, and went out to explain matters to the Prince, who arrived soon after. What excuse he gave for permitting a couple of American tourists to occupy the best room in the car, I cannot imagine. The Prince made no objection, but his aide spluttered a good deal and gave our door an angry jerk as he passed it. He cooled down after a while, however, and proved to be a very agreeable fellow, who could talk English without the slightest trace of alien accent, and had a strong desire to visit the United States. He told me he had the honor of meeting General Grant while the latter was in Europe, and of serving as his escort in Greece. He knew many American naval officers whom he had met in the Mediterranean, and was anxious to know some of our military heroes, who are more in his line, for he is a colonel in the Grecian army, and was under detail as the aide and tutor of the Prince.

The Prince is a boy of twenty, with a fresh, rosy complexion, large, frank blue eyes, splendid physique, and a modest manner. He wore a suit of gray tweed, and his fair hair and fresh-looking face showed his Danish blood, for there isn't a trace of the Grecian in the whole court of that little kingdom. The boy's father is George, the second son

of King Christian of Denmark; and he was chosen as the ruler of Greece by the allied powers after the last revolution there. One of his aunts is the Princess of Wales, another is the Empress of Russia, while his mother, Queen Olga of Greece, is the cousin of the Czar.

He was on his way from London (where he had been to assist Queen Victoria to celebrate her Jubilee) to Petersburg, to join his royal parents, who were visiting the Czar, and intended, as he since has done, to return to Copenhagen for a reunion of the greatest family in Europe, who make it a rule to come together around the paternal hearth-stone every two years,—the Czar of all the Russias and the Czarina, with their children, the future King and Queen of England, with their seven boys and girls, and the family of the King of Greece,—to receive the blessing of the noblest of all living monarchs, King Christian, and to celebrate the seventieth birthday of the Mother Queen.

The young Prince read French novels most of the journey, I'm sorry to say, but he was only following the fashion, for one cannot enter a railway carriage, nor the drawing-room of a home where French is spoken, nor the salon of a hotel, nor a steamer on any of the waters of Europe, without being amazed at the immense circulation of the nasty books the writers of the Zola school are turning out of the presses of Paris. In Russia, where the importation of books is practically prohibited, one can find nothing else at the news-stands and book-shops.

When he was disposed to talk, the Prince proved to be a sensible, unassuming boy, with as great a curiosity to know an American lady and gentleman, as they felt to know a prince. His English accent was the purest Picadilly, and would have made the Anglomaniacs of our country green with envy. He talked it as if he had never spoken anything else, and queerly enough, almost his first stroke after the ice was broken was toward our Indian affairs. He had seen Buffalo Bill's "Wild West" in London; and the noble red man of the praries had as great a fascination for

him as for other boys who have no prospect of wearing crowns. He was pretty well informed in United States history, and had more knowledge of our political institutions and conditions than most boys of his age at home, although he did insist upon calling our Congress a Parliament, and asked who was prime minister in the United States now. Altogether he was a most agreeable travelling companion, said gallant words to the lady of the party, complimented my cigars, rushed out with the rest of us at the eating stations, bolted all he could, as we did, in twenty minutes, and usually brought away something from the table in his hands. No one would have suspected his royal blood, for he looked and acted more like an ordinary college student on a vacation, until we approached Petersburg, when he put on his uniform as a colonel in the army of Greece, in which to be welcomed by his imperial relatives.

It's a great treat to see the Czar at any time and under any circumstances. He is the most exclusive monarch in Europe, for reasons that are well known, and seldom appears in public; so that his features and person are familiar to most of his subjects only by the photographs that are sold in the shops. The arrival of our royal companion, therefore, gave us an opportunity few have ever enjoyed of seeing the autocrat in his every-day clothes, so near that we could almost touch him, and of witnessing the manner in which kings and queens and princes greet each other when they go visiting.

The railway station for the Czar's summer palace is called Gatschina, and it is arranged for his especial accommodation and protection, as he frequently takes the train to town. It is a handsome building, and the cars run up to a stone platform under an arched roof of glass. The ordinary trains do not stop there, but ours had orders to land the Prince, which was accomplished with considerable ceremony.

The platform was covered with a scarlet velvet carpet; and a set of steps, with handsomely carved balustrades, carpeted to match the floor, was provided. As the train rolled

into the station the young Prince seemed considerably agitated, and poked his head out of the window as any other boy would have done. There was a waving of parasols and handkerchiefs and hats from a group on the platform, while a tall, slender man, in a uniform of white duck, trimmed with red and covered with decorations, seized the Prince's hand through the window, and pressing it to his lips, ran along with the car for a rod or so, exclaiming in most excellent English,

“My dear boy! Oh! my dear boy!”

That was the greeting of a king to his son whom he had not seen for four months, while a shout of welcome went up from the group on the platform,—and it was an unusual assemblage in an unusual place. There was the Czar of Russia, a large, robust-looking man, with thick, reddish beard, parted with painful precision, wearing a suit of white linen, in which he looked handsome and comfortable. There was a wide gold band around each sleeve, and another around the collar, and two or three decorations upon his breast, which I could not recognize at the glance, although they were probably the orders of St. George and the Iron Cross, which I'm told he always wears. In his hand he held the peculiar scarlet cap of the Cossack uniform, and a pair of white undressed-kid driving-gloves.

By his side was the Czarina, a petite and pretty woman, not so tall as her elder sister, the Princess of Wales, but bearing an unmistakable resemblance. She wore a gown of some light pink stuff, with a pink bonnet and white parasol. With her was the Queen of Greece, the Czar's cousin, a plump and pretty woman of forty or thereabouts, in an écru gown of flannel or some similar material, with a Roman sash, and a large lace parasol.

Beside her stood a magnificent-looking fellow, with a blonde beard and moustaches that curled up in a coquettish way, wearing the uniform of an admiral, the handsomest and, it is said, most dissolute member of the imperial family, and

yet the most popular of all—our old friend and visitor, the Grand Duke Alexis.

And, even taller than he, fully six feet four, and very slim, was his brother, the Grand Duke Sergius, in white duck, with military decorations, with his wife, a handsome German princess. There were several in the party we could not identify—officers and ladies, relatives of the Queen of Greece, making a dozen or more, who had come down to give the youngster a welcome.

The boy kissed his father affectionately as he stepped down the scarlet stairs, first on one cheek and then on the other, and tears of joy stood in the eyes of the King of Greece. Then he knelt reverently before his mother and kissed her hand; rose and embraced her with a hearty hug, while she kissed him again and again. Next he knelt before the Czarina and repeated the ceremony—more hugging and kissing. The Czar, who had stood aloof, came forward after the parental greetings were finished, embraced the boy, and received his kisses on both cheeks. Then the aide-de-camp, who had been waiting in the background, knelt and kissed the hands of the King and Queen of Greece, and repeated the ceremony with the Czar and Czarina, as the young Prince was receiving the welcome of the remainder of his imperial relatives. Most of the conversation was in good, plain English, and we did not hear a word of Russian spoken. It is the habit of the Czar's family to use the English language in familiar conversation, and even more French than Russian on occasions of ceremony. The party chatted cheerfully as they passed out of the station, and filled several basket-phaetons, drawn by splendid black horses. The Czar took the reins himself in one, with the King of Greece beside him, while the boy Prince and his mother sat on the back seat, holding each other's hands in the most natural and affectionate way. The Czarina rode with the Grand Duke Alexis; Sergius and his wife took the next carriage, which he drove; while the rest of the retinue filled the remaining

carriages, and followed rapidly toward the palace, two miles away.

The Russian railway cars are made of iron throughout—the walls, the roof, the floor, and the partitions. Even the window-sashes are made of metal. There is no wood to be seen, except the finishings, which strikes one as a good idea, particularly since the holocausts that have recently occurred on our railways. The plates are not more than half an inch thick; so that the cars are light as well as substantial, and there is no rattling sound. When the plates get loose I suppose they are taken to the shops and tightened. The exterior is painted an indigo blue, and handsomely varnished, but there is no superfluous decoration. The interiors are luxurious, the walls being covered with white silk brocade; and the long sofas, which extend across the compartments at right angles with the car, are upholstered in the richest Russia leather. The sofas are as comfortable as Turkish easy-chairs, and when one sinks down into them he thinks of the hot and hard seats he is accustomed to at home. The second-class cars are finished in plush, in a similar way, only the sofas have partitions, so that one cannot lie down, and there is ordinary paper on the walls. The third-class carriages are perfectly plain, with seats running lengthwise, and uncushioned, like those of the cars of the elevated railways in New York.

But the most extraordinary feature of the equipment is the sleeping-car porter. The conductors and guards are dressed in a military uniform similar to that worn by railway officials in other parts of Europe, but the porter is a novel and gratifying spectacle, and furnishes the first glimpse the traveller has of the national costume of the Muscovites. That which impresses one first and most is his boots. They are of the finest leather, reach to his knees, have soles half an inch thick, and around the ankles the uppers are creased in the most exact and artistic manner. I found out afterward in St. Petersburg how it is done—upon a mould, when the leather is damp, with a large horn knife like a paper-cutter,



and with as much care and mathematical accuracy as the modiste uses when she puts knife-pleating on her dress, or the sculptor when he chisels the capital of a column. These boots are worn all over Russia by the lower classes, and are the national vanity. The Mexican caballero puts all the money he can raise into his sombrero; the Argentine gaucho invests his fortune in his saddle; but in Russia the personal adornment of the peasant, or mujik, as he is called, is his boots. He may have no shirt, or no coat, or they both may be ragged if he has them, and his hat may be an heirloom; but his boots are always fine, newly oiled, and kept with the most scrupulous care.

Our porter was the typical Muscovite, stalwart, erect, full-bearded, and blue-eyed. Like all his class he wore a scarlet shirt outside of his pantaloons, which were black, wide as the breeches of a zouave, and tucked into the tops of his boots. We only got a glimpse of his pantaloons occasionally, for over his red shirt he wore a black, single-breasted coat that reached to his boot-tops, the skirts of which were full, and gathered at the belt like a woman's petticoat. Around his waist he wore a wide leather belt, from which hung a long knife in a scabbard. On his head was a round cap of astrachan, ornamented with a cockade made of the eyes of two peacock feathers. He was dignified and soldierly, and looked more like a military man than a sleeping-car porter. He neither spoke nor understood a word of English, but was extremely polite and attentive; was intelligent enough to comprehend our wants without being told of them; and communicated with us by signs that showed him to be a master of the art of pantomime. When the train was approaching a station he would invariably come to our compartment and hold up his fingers to indicate how many minutes it would stop, and always notified us of the eating-places by gestures that were as intelligible as they were amusing.

But there was a renewed and intenser interest when he came to make up the beds at night. We had been studying

the problem with curiosity, for we could not see how our two long, unresisting sofas were to be transformed into four beds ; but he did it as deftly as the most accomplished colored porter that ever ran on a Pullman. First, he poked his hand down between the seat and the upholstered leather that formed a back reaching far above our heads, then gave a quick jerk, which caused the seat to turn over and lie bottom side up. This disclosed a neat mattress, to which two blankets and pillows were bound with straps. Then he seized the back of the sofa in the same manner, and turned it from a vertical to a horizontal position, deftly drawing from either wall a bracket to support it, and producing sheets and pillow-cases of snowy linen from some hidden cabinet to make up the most comfortable bed I ever found in a sleeping-car.

The route from Berlin to Petersburg offers no picturesque scenery, and few attractions. Just before the Russian boundary is reached the train stops at the old city of Königsberg, the ancient capital of Prussia, and one of the most strongly fortified towns in the world, which is old, quaint, and full of interesting traditions ; and Marienburg, another aged and legend-haunted city, with a gloomy fortress and massive walls, is near it. This, in the olden times, was the seat of the government and the headquarters of the famous Teutonic Knights of the middle ages, whose castles still stand indestructible.

Napoleon crossed near here with an army of five hundred thousand men in 1812, going eastward. Five months later he crossed again, alone, a fugitive from the disaster of Moscow, having deserted his army at Smorgoni. At the town of Kowno, across the frontier, is a significant monument, with this inscription :—

“In 1812 this place was invaded by Napoleon with an army of seven hundred thousand men.”

“In 1813 the same army passed this place numbering seventy thousand.”

A great deal of history is wrapped up in those lines.

About 160 miles westward, at the mouth of the Vistula, is the flourishing German port of Dantzic, the market for the precious fossilized gum called amber. Most of the stock in the world has come from this place, where it has been dived and dredged for during nearly two thousand years, so long as the memory of man and tradition runneth, for the stuff was known in Pompeii, and in Rome and Athens before the time of Christ. The "Marine mines," as they are called, are at Briſterat, a few miles from Dantzic, where the entire population are engaged in harvesting this deodand of the sea.

The gathering of amber has always been a royal monopoly, first held by the Teutonic Knights, but in recent centuries being farmed out to corporations by the Prussian government. It is found all along the coast of Samland, and is obtained by divers and dredges, but is often discovered floating in the surf and sea-weed after a storm. In 1862, after one of the most prolonged and furious gales that ever visited the Baltic, more than four thousand pounds of the precious stuff was washed ashore, the value of which at the market at Dantzic was over a hundred thousand dollars.

Small pieces of crude amber, of the ordinary quality, weighing not more than half an ounce, sell at wholesale for seventy-five cents to a dollar. Larger pieces bring much more, according to quality and size. A chunk that will weigh a pound is worth several hundred dollars. The milky amber is considered the best, but the value is decreasing because of the ability to imitate the genuine. Not one-tenth of the amber seen in the market is the real stuff; and the bogus is said to be superior for nearly all the purposes for which it is used. The contractors have appealed again and again to Bismarck to prohibit the manufacture and sale of the imitation, but he smiles at them, and says that human ingenuity must not be suppressed when it is exercised to cheapen the cost of the necessaries of life without injury to the health of the people; and the pipe manufacturers applaud Bismarck.

The pure amber is costly stuff, and the extravagance and grandeur of the Russian rulers is illustrated by a chamber in the old palace of Catherine the Great, at Tsarskoe-Selo, fifteen miles from Petersburg, which is lined, walls and ceiling, with the finest quality. As the room is half as large as the great East Room in the White House at Washington, its value is purely a matter of speculation. The golden gum is in large pieces, larger than can be found elsewhere in the world; in fact, nowhere but under the waters of the Baltic is so great an accumulation of the stuff, and it is laid like mosaic, so artistically that the divisions can scarcely be detected. When the room is lighted the effect is superb. There is nothing to compare it with. This amber was a gift from Frederick the Great of Prussia to Catherine II., the most extravagant monarch that ever reigned, at the time he was trying to prevent an alliance between her and her sister empress, Maria Theresa of Austria. The coat-of-arms of the giver is carved in a large block of amber, and set in the center of the widest wall.

The Russian railway stations are not so large or so fine as one sees in other portions of Europe, but average as well as the ordinary country depot in the United States. In the larger towns and cities a good deal of money is spent upon them, and a corresponding amount of display. The stations at St. Petersburg are palaces, decorated with sculpture, stained glass, lofty domes, and equal in cost and appearance the best in New York, Philadelphia, or Chicago. The railway employés are under a semi-military discipline, and the slightest accident results in the severest punishment of those who are responsible, whether they are guilty or not. A little of the wholesome discipline that prevails in Russian railway management might with profit be introduced into the United States, and would remove the nervous apprehension that attends travelling on the average road.

The tracks of all the roads leading from the county palaces to the capital, over which the Czar may travel, are patrolled by soldiers, and one can see tents all along the line

at intervals of a few hundred yards. This precaution is necessary because of the many attempts to wreck trains on which members of the imperial family have been, or were supposed to be passengers. There was one terrible danger from this source, which will never be forgotten, as well as several escapes from lesser peril.

In 1879, while the late Czar was visiting the Crimea, a party of Nihilists under the leadership of Leo Hartmann, now a refugee in New York, rented a log hut in the outskirts of the city of Moscow, and from its cellar dug a mine under the railway track a hundred feet or more distant. The work was conducted with the greatest skill and determination, and the mine was well stored with dynamite. When the train on which the Czar and his family were supposed to be, passed over, the mine was fired. The locomotive and cars were blown to fragments, and several men were killed. But they happened to be only baggage cars. The Czar with his family and a number of members of his court were in a train running as a second section, and were thus saved from death. Most of those connected with the conspiracy were tried and sentenced to be hanged. The Czar commuted the sentences of several to imprisonment in the mines of Siberia, after having satisfied himself that they were the mere tools of the conspirators. Hartmann and several others managed to escape and left the country.

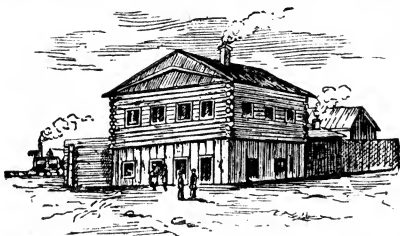


LEO HARTMANN.

The eating stations along the Russian roads are well kept, and table d'hote breakfasts and dinners are served, which are usually equal, and often superior, to the best of American railway restaurants. Instead of wine and beer being offered at the tables and the bars, as in other portions of Europe, hot tea of the most delicious flavor is served at every station, being brought out in large glasses, with a slice of lemon floating on the top, in the oriental way. Tea is the national drink of Russia, and the people—the upper and middle

classes—drink it as freely and as frequently as the mujik his vodka. The tea is brought overland from China, and has a flavor such as tea which has been subjected to an ocean voyage can never keep. There is something in the atmosphere at sea that robs the leaf of its aroma, and one who has tasted tea that has not crossed the ocean will never enjoy that which has.

In each station, as in each private house, is a samovar, a great brass urn, filled with hot water, with a fire of charcoal under it. As the train arrives, the porcelain pot in which the tea is standing is filled from the samovar, shaken



HOUSE OF THE MOSCOW PLOT.

a little so as to let all the leaves get thoroughly soaked, and then the steaming liquor is poured into glasses upon sugar and lemon. No milk or cream is ever used in Russian tea, as the people think they spoil it, nor is the tea ever “steeped,” for that, they say, makes it bitter. Tea is always served as hot as possible, and the average allowance per citizen is ten or twelve glasses a day. The Russian merchant has a samovar in his counting-room, and the lawyer and the mechanic go out to their *café* for tea as often as the German for beer or the Frenchman for wine. At the *cafés*, at all hours of the day and night, one can see crowds of people sipping tea. It is served at booths in the streets of the cities, like lemonade on the streets of New York, and instead of asking a man to take a drink of whiskey or beer, the Russians offer him a glass of this more innocent beverage. The glasses are large, and stand in little frames of silver or other metal, with handles for protection and convenience.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE RUSSIAN CUSTOMS HOUSES.

What a Passport is good for.—The Love Russians have for Americans.—  
A Russian Customs Inspection.—The Desolation in the Northern  
Country.

It requires a passport to get into the Czar's dominions, and it requires a passport to get out. Every resident of the country, foreigner or native, must have his passport, ready to be produced at any moment it may be called for, and that is frequently. It is well to have the document ready, as the police officials are busy men, not blessed with an abundance of patience, and often mistake the meaning of delay. I heard of one man who mislaid his passport, and not being able to produce it when called for, was sent to prison instantly. His wife discovered the document a few hours after the arrest was made, and went to police headquarters at once. The officials were so busy that she did not get a hearing for a week or ten days, and they considered it best for the husband to remain in jail a month or so to punish him for his carelessness, and the trouble he had caused them.

There is no power on earth so arbitrary, so omnipotent, so omniscient, and so remorseless as the Russian police. I shall have more to say about them in other chapters, but stop here to advise every traveller bound for Russia, of whatever age, sex, or nationality, to take a passport, properly endorsed by the Representative of the Russian Government at New York or Washington. It will do no harm, and it may be useful, to have the endorsement of both, for the Russian police are of an inquiring frame of mind, and lack confidence in human virtue. With a passport properly *viséd*, a strict obedience to all the regulations, which are plain

and unmistakable, a discreet tongue, and a decent behavior, one can be as safe and comfortable as in any country on the globe, and see and enjoy much that cannot be seen and enjoyed elsewhere. There are few picturesque landscapes and no mountains, but the people and the palaces, the churches and the native customs, will revivify the most *blasé* traveller, and the gayeties of both the summer and winter seasons offer a treat to those who have exhausted Paris and other great cities of the world.

There need be no annoyance from the tyranny constantly exercised over both citizens and strangers. There need be no test of patience. It is only necessary to submit, and to do it as cheerfully and politely as possible. A visitor can see nothing without a passport and police surveillance. He may not look at a picture, or a curiosity in any of the museums, without having gendarmes peering over his shoulder. If he is an artist he must obtain the permission of the police to make sketches, and to go anywhere he must secure a pass. But all these obstacles are easily overcome; and all the objects of interest can be thoroughly enjoyed by an observance of the requirements, and a disposition to acknowledge the sovereignty of the police. Submission is all that is required, and the rigid rules have been made necessary by nihilism and dynamite.

Each citizen must have his permit to live in the country. These permits are issued annually upon the payment of a fee. If he wants to leave the country, or go from one town to another, he must notify the police, for that branch of the government must know where each inhabitant of the vast empire sleeps every night. In the provinces the rigid surveillance is relaxed; but at Petersburg, Moscow, and other places visited by tourists, there is a constant contact between the sovereign and the subject that is disagreeable to both. The police grant permission to go and to come readily. There is no interference with travel or with trade. Submission; submission; that is all. No one can get a ticket at a railway-station or on a steamboat without showing a



permit to leave. No hotel will entertain a guest till he shows his passport. One cannot go anywhere or do anything without the consent of the authorities, but it is easily obtained, and costs only forty copecks for the stamp that appears on the document—about fifteen cents.

I had heard many tales about the tyranny of the Russian police, told principally by Englishmen. I heard about an American who attempted to do in Petersburg as he did in Cincinnati, and got into a cell from which the American Minister had to try hard and long before he could extricate him. I had heard of the brutality of the custom officers too, of trunks being confiscated because they contained books, of clothing being ruined, passengers detained for hours and days in dirty stations because they could not speak the Russian language sufficiently to give an account of themselves, and numerous other stories calculated to excite a profound dread and anxiety to reach and cross the border as soon as possible and have the ordeal over with.

But the best advice I got out of a thousand words of caution and instruction was to advertise myself conspicuously and frequently as a citizen of the United States, a country most different of all on earth from that which I was about to visit, but for which the Czar and the Nihilist, and all the castes and classes between the two extremes, have an abiding affection. It is true that Russia was warmly attached to the American colonies when they rebelled and secured their independence; it is true also that during the late war her sympathies were openly manifested on the side of the North; it is true, as well, that the emancipation of her serfs preceded the emancipation of our slaves by four years, and that the two nations have always been friendly: but just why the typical autocracy should have such a feeling of friendliness for the typical democracy, is something no fellow can find out. Americans in Russia are received with open arms. They suffer less annoyance at the Customs Houses, and at every other point where they come into contact with the authorities, than the people of any other country. They are

treated infinitely better than the Russians treat their own countrymen. I was told by one who had preceded me that the letters "U. S. A." on my trunk would be as good as the inspector's chalk mark, and it was a good deal so.

It was midnight when they hustled us out of the cars at Wirballen, the Customs House station on the Russian frontier, and led us into a dimly lighted room, with a pen in the centre where our baggage had already been placed. The Customs officials do not trouble the traveller to assist them in the examination of his luggage, but they coolly call for his keys, ask him to point out his trunk, and then go through it as if they were hunting for something they want very badly. At least that was the rule, and most of the passengers had the distressing sensation of seeing their clothing and valuables tumbled rudely and indiscriminately upon the floor. Some of them, and ladies only, were allowed to repack their trunks, but that was the exception. The inspectors generally took the trouble to repack them themselves, and they did it in a way that excited indignation.

The first act on the programme was to array the passengers around the pen like a flock of sheep waiting to be fed, and then call for their passports, which were carried into the inner room by an officer, while we awaited the result of the inspection. In about five minutes an inspector came out of the door with a passport in his hand and called the name of him who owned it. I thought at first they had caught a Nihilist, but it turned out to be otherwise, as the man whose name was announced only came forward to deliver up his keys and point out which piece of baggage in the pen belonged to him. And so the whole list of passengers was called over one at a time, at intervals of a few seconds or a few minutes, my turn coming near the last. Fortunately I got an inspector who was a gentleman and could talk English. After I pointed out my trunks and handed him the keys, I had to enter the pen to show him how to open them, as the locks were rather peculiar.

"Have you any cigars?" he asked.

“Yes,” I replied; “some first-rate ones in this bag,” and pulling out a part of a box asked him to help himself. He took one, and being urged, a handful. Then he asked if I had any liquors. I told him I had none, and did not think there was anything dutiable in my baggage. I explained my nationality, and my purpose in visiting Russia, with a few compliments for himself and his country interlarded. Opening one of the trunks he found a number of books in the top tray.

“What are these?” he asked.

“Nothing but novels and guide-books.”

“But I’ll have to take them to the Chief Inspector,” he said, and he did, being absent about fifteen minutes. When he returned, he remarked, “I guess you are all right,” tossed the books into the trunk, shut the lid, and chalked the rest of the luggage without looking at it.

But most of the passengers did not fare so well. One had a lot of books confiscated, and some manuscript, which he claimed related to business matters, but the gendarme had a notion there was something political about it. Another, a Russian lady, was detained till the next train because of some informality in her passport, while several suffered much annoyance and distress by having their baggage dumped on the floor and poked over as if it were a lot of rags that required disinfecting. Several had cigars and liquors confiscated, small quantities, to be sure, but it was an annoyance, caused by their desire to deceive the inspectors. I noticed that people who admitted they had liquors and tobacco, and produced them at once, were not troubled; only those who tried to hide the stuff. As I had been told would be the case, the Englishmen, of whom there were several on the train, were as a rule treated badly, and with evident malice.

There is a very strong contrast between the appearance of things on the two sides of the boundary between Germany and Russia; as much as between the rural districts of Massachusetts and Mississippi. On the German side the landscape is dotted with beautiful, cosy homes, with every

evidence of prosperity and thrift, with well-cultivated fields, vine-clad stables, neat-looking kine, hedges tastefully trimmed, and patches of flowers; while in the towns and villages are handsome railway stations, tempting *cafés*, large factories, handsome school-houses, and every evidence of a higher civilization and prosperity. On the east side of the line are none of these things, and the change takes place instantly. Thrift and comfort are replaced by distress and degradation. The fields are uncultivated, except in patches, here and there,—spots where it is the easiest to plough,—the cattle are lean and hungry, the homes of the people are log or mud huts, and there is not a school-house to be seen from the boundary line to the capital.

There are churches enough, however, for in every collection of cabins rises a splendid temple with a gilded dome and spire, sheltering a mass of precious vestments, candlesticks and altar plate of solid silver, and usually an altar of malachite, lapis-lazuli, or some other precious stone. One always finds, even in the most poverty-stricken and desolate villages, Icons (as the pictures of the Saviour are called) covered with shields of gold, and ornamented with valuable jewels. The vestments of the priests cost more than all the rest of the clothing in the village, and the contributions for the support of the church are usually equal to, if they are not greater than, a third of the combined incomes of the people. Of the scanty earnings of the mujik one-third goes to the Church and another third to the Crown, and both exactions are paid without the slightest resistance. The mujik is only glad that the priest and the tax-gatherer do not take all. Centuries of oppression have left their stamp indelibly upon the characters of the people. The most striking characteristics of the Russian peasant are sadness and submission, and the desire for strong drink. A Russian seems to be truly happy—I am speaking of the lowest class—only under two conditions—when he is drunk on vodka, the corn brandy, and when he is saying his prayers before his favorite saint.

To him the interior of the church, gilded from floor to dome, and decorated with ornaments of silver and gold, is a representation of the heaven the priests teach him is awaiting those who say their prayers, fast on fast days, and obey the Czar. He is always loyal to the Church and to the State. The uneducated peasant is never a Nihilist, never an atheist, but pays his taxes and his tithes without murmuring, and expects no more than his father got, which was nothing. The only recompense he has is to creep into some gaudy chapel, bow his head to the floor in front of the Icon of his favorite saint, and let his dull and listless mind enjoy the visions of paradise that float over it. The church, with its marble pillars, the vestments of gold brocade, and the gold-encrusted pictures, make the most beautiful spectacle his foggy imagination can conceive of, and to live in such a place forever, like the effigies he sees there, is heaven enough for him.

How the people live is a mystery to those who have not investigated the subject. The ordinary traveller sees only their little gardens, where is grown a scanty allowance of potatoes, corn, turnips, and cabbage. They eat when they are hungry, generally cabbage soup, which is always simmering on the fire, are drunk as often as they can get vodka, and when night comes curl up somewhere on the floor in a warm place like a kitten or a caterpillar. In the cabins one seldom finds a bed or a table or a chair, and very few dishes. They have no comforts whatever, not even what we consider the necessaries of life; the Church takes the place of them all.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE CITY OF ST. PETERSBURG.

First Impressions of its Magnificence.—Romance of its Construction.—  
The great Winter Palace.—The finest Royal Residence in the  
World.—The Czar's Dinner Parties.—Rooms of Tragic Interest.

WHETHER he comes from the East, or West, or Southward, by any route he takes, unless he goes by sea, the traveller must approach the capital of Russia by crossing hundreds of miles of dismal forests, bleak plains, and swamps, which offer few traces of human habitation or industry. Therefore the first impression of St. Petersburg is an exaggerated one, for it seems like an oasis in the desert. Within a few miles, as the train approaches the city, one notices an improvement in the landscape and the habitations of the people. More of the level plain is cleared of the firs and brambles that infest it; there are larger spots of cultivated ground, and fences are seen for the first time. The highways are in better order, and there seems to be more industry among the people, but the signs of poverty and dissipation are never absent from the eye. There are glimpses of towers in the distance, showing where some noble or wealthy merchant has a country place, and occasionally the gilded or gaudily colored dome of a church or a chapel connected with some sequestered convent or monastery; but there is nothing to prepare the eye for the panorama that is brought into view when the train takes a wide curve and brings the spires and domes of the capital before it.

Much has been written about the glories of St. Petersburg. Many writers have given it the highest place on the list of the world's capitals, but, while it is grand, it has not the stately commercial buildings of New York and Chicago, nor

has it the cleanly, artistic beauty of Paris ; nor the mature and noble magnificence of London. Vienna architecture is much more elaborate ; and the picturesque residences, undulating streets, and shaded avenues of Washington are far more pleasing to the eye. Still, when one considers how and under what circumstances the city was built, and passes from one to another of the grandest and most luxurious



PETER THE GREAT, AT 40.

palaces in the world, the mind is awakened by a succession of wonders, and finds enough to admire.

The history of Petersburg is a romance. Miskewickz, a Polish poet, wrote : " Human hands built Rome ; divine hands created Venice ; but he who sees St. Petersburg will say, ' This town is the work of the devil. ' " This was, however, more of a slur upon the character of Peter the Great than a criticism of his city. The boasted glories of the Russian capital are exaggerated, but those familiar with the other great cities of the world will agree that it is the most con-

spicuous triumph of human industry and patience in existence. There are a multitude of shabby buildings, and but few great works of marble or granite. Most of the structures are of brick, the only building material which it is safe to use in a climate where the extremes of cold and heat follow each other, for Petersburg in the winter season is one of the coldest places of human abode, and often in the summer is as hot as Cairo or Naples. The bricks used are cheap and porous, and are invariably stuccoed on the outside in ornamental designs; and the architectural effect is often ruined by painting the exterior in hideous colors. The



ALEXIS,

Father of Peter the Great.

Winter Palace, one of the largest and most magnificent buildings in the world—I believe only the Vatican and the palaces at Versailles cover a greater area—is painted a distressing orange, while other noble structures are green or yellow, and often covered with blue roofs. But the prevailing tint is an imitation of sandstone, like the buildings of Paris.

Ivan the Terrible conceived the idea of erecting a city on the Gulf of Finland, but it remained for Peter the Great, the most enterprising and progressive of all the Russian Czars, to carry it into effect. When Peter went to England in his youth, he was the first of the sovereigns to leave the boundaries of the Empire. He not only studied ship-building in Holland, but got a fair idea of the world's progress, and the enterprise of other nations; and saw on his accession to power that he must have some defence on the northern boundary against the aggressive Swedes. He began by conquering Finland, and then, selecting the most available site near the mouth of the Neva river, called a vast army into service to subdue the swamps. Every year forty thousand workmen were drafted from different parts of his dominions to dig and fill, hew stone, make bricks, and build walls; and he stood by as their master-builder, super-



intending everything, directing all the details, and carrying out the plans of architects who were brought from the other great cities of Europe.

Every boat upon the Neva or the Gulf of Finland, and every cart upon the highway, had to bring to Petersburg a certain amount of building material annually as a tax; and every noble and property owner in the empire had to contribute something toward the construction of the palaces. All



PETER AS A YOUNG MAN.

the nobles of the court were required to erect residences, and the price they paid for the land went into the fund from which the Government buildings were paid for. All the thieves in the prisons, all the exiles in Siberia, were sent to Petersburg to labor, and there was not a man, woman, or child in all the dominion of Peter, but did something toward carrying out the Czar's great plan.

Peter has left posterity, in a series of *ukases* promulgated during the construction of his capital, a fair idea of the motives and methods of a remarkable man and a remark-

able work. A monarch, without technical knowledge, with none but rude tools and poor materials and no skilled workmen, who should undertake in this age to erect a city of palaces in a marsh, would be considered insane. It was an enterprise none but an autocrat would attempt, and none but an autocrat could execute ; but with titanic energy and boundless enthusiasm Peter commenced and continued the work. His instruments were constantly breaking in his hands, his workmen died by the thousand, his walls crumbled and his foundations sank in the mud ; yet he toiled on with a persistence and a courage that have never been surpassed, recognizing his mistakes soon enough to correct them, never allowing a word of despondency to escape himself, or permitting an expression of discouragement from others, until death came and took him from his half finished city.

Everything was on the most colossal scale, and every plan was approved by Peter before it could be executed. He determined how much land each noble should occupy, and how much money he should invest in his residence. There was never such a work going on before or since in the world. The construction of the tower of Babel was child's play to it ; the pyramids of Egypt required centuries to erect ; and Rome, it is said, was not built in a day ; but nine years from the time when the first spade entered the earth, the new capital was ready to receive the government, which was removed from the hoary and holy city of Moscow with great ceremony.

Although it was the greatest work ever conceived and executed by man, the conditions under which the great structures were erected, the insecure foundations upon which they stood, and their imperfect workmanship, made it necessary during the succeeding century, to rebuild the entire place, and only within the present century has Petersburg been finished, as one might say. Each succeeding sovereign has erected palaces, most of which are useless and empty ; the various branches of the imperial family, the Grand Dukes and the Princes, the rich boyars who wanted to be near the

throne, and all the followers of the court from Peter's time till now have constructed magnificent dwellings, often ruining themselves and their creditors by their extravagance, but contributing to the general grandeur. There is no race of people who rest so much upon external appearances, none who love display more or are more wastefully extravagant than the Russians. The example of their sovereigns, and the system of serfdom made them so, and their love of luxury is a passion. Therefore in Petersburg one finds more wasted treasure, more fortunes invested in the useless gratification of the taste for display, more wicked extravagance, than elsewhere in the entire world. The visitor who has been educated in the thrift and economy of the Anglo-Saxon, who has been taught that the idle expenditure of wealth is a crime, will be impressed most of all things by the criminal excess of display in every one of the long line of palaces there is no use or reason for; and when he stops to think that the money they have cost has been wrung from the degraded, desolate, and starving poor, he can scarcely restrain an indignant remonstrance.

Take the Winter Palace for instance, which I have said is one of the finest buildings in the world. It is about twice the size of the Capitol at Washington, a square structure fronting on the Neva, containing seventeen hundred rooms, and it is said that in olden times as many as six thousand people, including a guard of soldiers, have been sheltered and fed under its roof. The roof itself used to be the dwelling-place of a large colony, when it was necessary to keep watchmen against fire there, and men whose business was to prevent the reservoirs from freezing by casting red-hot cannon balls into the tanks. These built huts between the chimneys of the great palace, had their families there, and even raised chickens, pigs, and goats ninety feet from the ground. But such guards are unnecessary now, in the age of water-works and fire-engines.

The palaces of the Louis at Versailles and of the German Emperor at Potsdam are much more chaste and noble

specimens of architecture ; the Queen's Castle at Windsor is by far more picturesque ; the new building for the State, War, and Navy Departments at Washington surpasses the Winter Palace in beauty and simple elegance ; while the new Palace of Justice at Brussels, the finest architectural work of this century, is grander, more graceful and pleasing in every respect ; yet in none of these has so great an attempt at display been made, or so much money expended. The Winter Palace is a mixture of splendor and shabbiness, and one finds it difficult to determine which offends him most.

The present building was erected upon the site of one occupied by the High Admiral in the time of Peter the Great, and bequeathed by him to Peter's son. In 1754 that was pulled down by the Empress Anne, who commenced the erection of the present edifice, but left it to be completed by the Empress Catherine in 1762. Much of the interior was destroyed by fire in 1837, but was rebuilt, and the whole was renewed in its present form in 1839, at a cost of about fifty million roubles. The palace has been occupied during the winter by all the Czars till the present one, who will not live there, but keeps it for ceremonials only, while he resides in the much smaller and less imposing house which he occupied while Crown Prince, on the Nevski Prospect—the Fifth Avenue of Petersburg.

The main entrance, which, however, is used only on occasions of ceremony, opens from the banks of the river into a magnificent vestibule of marble, with wide stairways reaching to the several halls and imperial reception-rooms above. The stairway is adorned by groups of statuary, and the long vestibule, two hundred feet by sixty, presents an array of ideal figures in marble, as well as statues of the heroes of Russian history. The Throne Room is a magnificent apartment of marble, so large that the entire White House at Washington might be erected within its walls ; and here, upon New Year's day, the Czar receives the congratulations of the Diplomatic corps, the high officers of the

government, the army, and the nobles. The White Hall is also fine and large, but the most imposing apartment is the Hall of St. George, 140 by 84 feet in size, and sixty feet high, of Italian marble, with a ceiling carved and gilded with pure gold leaf. There is no finer room anywhere, and it is used only for the assemblage and decoration of heroes of the order of St. George, the highest the Czar can bestow, and like the order of the Garter in Great Britain, a distinction enjoyed only by those who win it in the field or by some great service to the state. The Czar earned the decoration by his gallantry in the late war with Turkey, but most of his predecessors have not so been decorated till they reached the throne. It has rarely been given as a compliment to the sovereigns of the other powers,—the Kaiser of Germany wears it; some great inventors have received it; but the great part of the members have won the distinction in battle.

Another fine room is the Hall of the Ambassadors, where the Diplomatic corps assembles on occasions of ceremony, while another is the Hall of the Field Marshals, so called because the walls are covered with the portraits of those who have commanded the armies of Russia. These great rooms can accommodate a vast multitude, and the balls and receptions that have taken place there surpass description. No court in Europe is so lavish in display as that of Russia, and although the Czar entertains but seldom, he makes up in splendor what he denies in frequency. There are several volumes in French devoted to a description of the displays of Catherine, Paul, Alexander the First, Nicholas, and other sovereigns in this palace, and if any one cares to know what a ball in the Winter Palace is, let him read that charming little book by the daughter of ex-Minister Stoughton, called "The Czar's Window."

These great halls have sometimes been used for banquets, and in them have dined three thousand persons, all seated at tables, served on solid silver plate throughout a *menu* of twelve courses, by eighteen hundred liveried attendants, and

the imperial family have sat upon a platform at the end of the room, and taken their dinners off dishes of solid gold.

The rest of the great palace is divided into long lines of dining-rooms, drawing-rooms, art galleries, reception-rooms, etc., etc., the most of which are of great beauty and gorgeousness, and the amount of gilding to be seen passes all comparison. Not only the furniture, but the walls, the ceilings, the doors, and the mouldings around the windows, are covered with sheets of gold. There seems to be no end to the bedizening display. Wherever an opportunity offered to lay on a lot of gold leaf there was no failure to do it, and the amount of bullion hammered into sheets and spread over that building must have been enormous.



NICHOLAS I.

There are several drawing-rooms whose walls are of single sheets of glass of various colors, set in gilded frames, and the effect is gorgeous. We had seen no end of mirrors elsewhere, miles and miles of them, in the most unexpected and inexplicable places, mirrors in closets and attics and cellars, bath-rooms

and boudoirs lined, ceiled and floored with them, but these glass rooms were something new. Imagine if you can a large apartment, forty or fifty feet square, with walls and ceiling of purple glass, set in a heavily carved cornice of gold, the panels broken now and then by gilded tracery and filigree work, and from the centre of the ceiling an immense crystal chandelier of the same color hanging. And there is not only a purple glass room, but yellow, blue, pink, scarlet, and all the other colors in the rainbow are represented. There are Japanese rooms, Chinese rooms, fitted and finished most sumptuously, Pompeiian rooms, Roman rooms, and rooms setting forth an example of the luxury, the taste, and the fabrics of all ages and races. Dozens of rooms are hung with Gobelin tapestry, and hundreds with ordinary silk and satin brocades. There is the gold room

and the silver room, the red marble and the green marble rooms, and a bewildering series of apartments that one cannot remember.

The most elegant, tasteful, and glittering of all the apartments is the drawing-room of the Empress, where she receives in state. It is full of gold, statuary, and mirrors. In size it is about forty by sixty feet. The window hangings are of the most exquisite hand embroidery, presented to the wife of the late Czar by the ladies of Petersburg. The carpet is a Persian fabric in a single piece, woven to fit the room, the gift of the Shah of Persia. The chandeliers are masses of crystal, holding 30,000 candles; the two mantles at either end are of that deep blue stone, with gold threads running through it—the lapis-lazuli; and the doors are set with jewels—amethysts, emeralds, turquoises, topazes, and other stones. There is not only an enormous wealth of decoration, but in this room it is usually well bestowed.

After passing through all these state departments, the visitor is taken to the Romanoff portrait gallery, where are pictures of all the sovereigns of the reigning house. Peter the Great and Catherine the Great appear a number of times in different costumes and poses; but that is not strange. You can scarcely look in any direction in Russia without seeing a portrait of Catherine, from life; and Peter's pictures are comparatively numerous. It is said that Catherine sat for her Court portrait painters so many hours every day, making it a rule to do so, and that she usually took this time to receive her Ministers. One who has been through the art galleries and palaces of Russia can easily believe the story.

That portion of the palace which is fitted up for the use of the imperial family is not often shown to visitors, but we were fortunate in having for an escort a gentleman of official prominence in the empire, a member of the Czar's Privy Council, who was well known to the attendants, and before whom all doors flew open; so that we were enabled to see not only the living rooms, the bed-chambers, but even

the bath-rooms and the china closets. The presence of our escort, however, did not cause the slightest relaxation of the espionage that is maintained over all who enter the palaces and museums of Russia; and we were even required to produce an endorsement from the American Minister together with our passports. Our names, residences, occupations, and descriptions of our persons were also registered by the officer in charge, a precaution that has been made necessary by the invention of dynamite. We were never without the attendance of two officers who kept closely at our heels, to see that we did not steal or destroy anything. There have been two explosions of dynamite in the Winter Palace, but all traces of the damage done have been removed.

The living rooms, the only portion of the palace that was not intended for display, are very plain, and often shabby; never better, and often less comfortable and tasteful than the average residence of the American citizen. I noticed this peculiarity in all the dozen or more palaces we were allowed to visit. Many of the rooms actually in use by the imperial family were devoid of what we consider the necessaries of comfort. The apartments of the Czar and the family are on the ground floor, and are reached by a private entrance. They have never been occupied by the present sovereign, but remain as his father left them. The apartments in which the Grand Duke Alexis formerly lived, before his father's assassination, are in the top story, under the roof, and the only elevator in the building was put up for his especial benefit, a small contrivance, running up beside a spiral stairway.

A melancholy interest attaches to the chamber in which the late Czar died, but it is shown to few people. He was brought here from the scene of his assassination, and died in twenty minutes after reaching his bed. There is a little room on the ground-floor which was occupied for thirty years by the great Emperor Nicholas, the "Iron Czar," as he was known, who died heart-broken upon hearing of the ill success in the Crimea. It is the smallest, plainest room in



the whole building, and was at once his library and bedroom. Everything remains just as it was when he died, and a sentinel stands always at the door. Before the window is a small writing-desk, upon which are his portfolio, pens, and paper, exactly as he left them. The plain furniture is worn and dilapidated. The iron bedstead, nothing but a camp cot, on which he slept for years, is in the other corner of the room, with the great military coat he always used as a coverlid, lying upon it. His patched slippers are beside the bed, and upon nails driven in the wall hangs his uniform. In a chest of drawers near by are his coarse underclothing, and his cane and sword are hanging from a hook with his hat above them. On the walls are portraits of some of his generals, and on a little table at the head of his bed, with a candlestick and a prayer-book, well used, are the pictures of his wife and children. Adjoining the little chamber is an ante-room, in which his ministers awaited an audience, and they had to sit upon an ordinary wooden bench. A spiral stairway leads to the quarters of the Empress above, so that he and she could go back and forth without passing through any other room; and there was a concealed entrance by which he could reach the street and return without being observed by any one.

The death of Nicholas created a profound sensation throughout the world. He was one of the greatest men Russia has produced. He was the third son of the eccentric Czar Paul, but was carefully educated by his mother, Marie, a good and wise woman. Nicholas was five years old when his father was assassinated, and his brother, Alexander, ascended the throne. During the reign of Alexander he remained quietly in the background, employing himself in studies which afterward proved of much benefit to the empire, and performing military duties for which he had a great taste. When he was thirty years old Alexander died childless. His brother Constantine, sixteen years older than himself, was the lawful heir to the throne, but having inherited all of the bad qualities of his father and none of

the good ones, was hated and thoroughly despised by everybody in Russia. In a passion with his brother Alexander, Constantine had left Russia, declaring that he should never return, and had allied himself with a low Polish woman, being honest, however, to marry her, and it is said it was the only honorable act he ever did.

There was a general feeling of relief among the members of the court and the people when the Privy Council opened the will of Alexander, and found therein a formal paper signed by Constantine, abdicating all his claims to the throne in favor of his brother Nicholas, with a decree from Alexander declaring Nicholas to be his successor. Some of the political malcontents, and a few ruffians who had a friendly feeling for Constantine, declared that the documents were forged, and incited a revolution that looked serious for a time; but Nicholas, sword in hand, at the head of his own regiment of the Guards, had one battle with the insurgents, and silenced them with a fearful slaughter in one of the streets of Petersburg. Then he declined to take the throne without a renewed formal acknowledgment from Constantine of his abdication, which was given.

Nicholas was the typical tyrant,—the “Iron Czar,”—but had a genuine interest in the welfare of his people, and although the empire was constantly engaged in foreign wars during his reign of thirty years, he was universally popular. His life was comparatively free from the taints of his predecessors: he was the first of the Russian rulers who was not guilty of wicked extravagance and profligacy; he was as just as an autocrat can be, and had the highest ambition for the empire. The shock of the news of the defeats of the Russian legions in the Crimea was more than his enfeebled constitution could endure, and he, one of the very few Czars who had not been assassinated, died in 1855 of a broken heart. Some historians maintain that he committed suicide because of the defeats of his army by the allies. However this was, before his death he wrote a proclamation, forgiving all his enemies, directing the pardon and release

of a large number of political convicts in prison and exile, thanking his ministers and generals for their devotion, the army and people for their loyalty to him, and declaring that the purpose of his life had been solely the good of his country. Then he had a telegram sent to all parts of the empire announcing that the Czar was dying, and desired the prayers of his subjects. He blessed his children, gave instructions and advice to Alexander II., the late Czar, his son and successor, kissed his wife, and died with his prayer-book in his hands.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE DANGEROUS DVORNIK.

The Effective Spy System of Petersburg.—Trades Unions called "Artels."—Public Ostentation and Private Economy among the Upper Classes.—Dishonesty among the Merchants.

THE streets of Petersburg are wider than those of any city in the world. They occupy more than one third of the area of the entire city, and most of them are two hundred feet between the building lines. Endless almost are the open spaces and squares, treeless and unturfed, surrounded by houses gauged upon the same scale as the streets. In one place you can walk half a mile and pass only three palaces; and it is common for a single residence or palace to occupy the whole front of a long block.

Many of the large houses belong to members of the imperial family, others to nobles, and more to wealthy merchants and bankers. In some of the houses, as many as one hundred servants are employed; but in Russia every servant has his own peculiar duty, and will not do anything else. Wages are nominal, however, and it costs little to keep such a retinue. Servants are given one suit of livery each year, four or five roubles a month, and what they can steal or obtain as tips from visitors, which is a good deal in the families of the aristocracy. When a guest is leaving a house where he has been entertained for a week or a day, he is met at the door on his departure by the entire household, from the boots to the cook, and is expected to give everybody something, and the same is the case at all the hotels. If he is entertained at dinner or at luncheon, he is expected to give a tip to the dvornik who opens the door for him, the footman who takes his coat, the butler who serves him at

the table, and so on all around, which makes dining-out a rather expensive matter. And the host looks on complacently from long experience, to see his servants paid by his guests.

The fact that nearly the entire population of Petersburg and other cities of Russia live in large apartment-houses like those of Paris, makes it an easy matter for the police to exercise a constant and almost absolute surveillance over



THE DVORNIK'S DINNER.

them, day and night. These apartment-houses, accommodating ten, fifteen, and sometimes thirty families, have but one entrance, through which all must pass—the butcher, the baker, the boy from the telegraph office, the man who comes to take the slops, and the ladies who are paying fashionable visits. This single entrance usually leads into a large court-yard, which furnishes light and air for the inner rooms, and is a thoroughfare used in common by all the tenants.

In charge of the entrance, and occupying a little office on the ground-floor, is the dvornik or concierge or door-

keeper for the establishment. He has the keys to the great oak doors that bar the passage after certain hours; he sees all who enter; he takes charge of the letters the postman leaves, and the packages that come from the shops; he sweeps the front pavement, sprinkles it with a hose, and is responsible for the tidy appearance of the court-yard and the stairway; and thus far is a harmless and a useful servant.

But his relations with the police are such as to surround him with odium to any illegal lodger, and to make him feared by all who enter his door. He is the little czar of that establishment, an autocrat with unlimited power; and if he is dishonest, a very dangerous man. But no matter how bad he is, neither the owner of the apartment-house nor the tenants can get rid of him without the consent of the police, to whom he owes a higher allegiance than to his employer. His wages are paid by the landlord who owns the building, but he is appointed by the Director-General of Police.

In Petersburg, in fact throughout all Russia, the workingmen are organized in unions called *artels*. They are very much like the trades organizations of the United States, intended for mutual strength and protection. In Russia the *artels* are the outgrowth of the emancipation of the serfs. When a coachman, or a carpenter, or a house-servant, or a shoemaker was no longer a slave, he worked for whomever work was to be done, for such wages as he could get. He had got no wages before, and anything, even a few copecks, was a treasure to him. The several trades which had been under the control of freemen soon found themselves disorganized and paralyzed by having this guerilla sort of competition, and the *artels* or unions are the result. They do not exercise the tyranny we have to submit to in the United States from similar organizations, for the slightest approach to the principles of socialism is sure to bring down upon the heads of the union the heavy hand of the police; but for the purpose of regulating wages and hours of work, and keeping up the character of the several occupa-

tions, the artels have proven very useful both to capital and to labor.

Among the other artels is that of the dvorniks, the closest and most powerful of all, for it has the patronage of the police and their protection. The dvornik, as I have said, is selected by the police for the house which he attends. More properly speaking, he is assigned by the Grand Master of his artel, to whom the landlord of the apartment-house has applied for a door-keeper. But the Grand Master is an official of the police, is in constant communication with police headquarters, and when the detectives want a door-keeper changed from one house to another, when they want a stupid one dismissed and a keen one put in his place, it is always done. If they have occasion to suspect that the dvornik of a suspicious house has not given them accurate information as to the movements of its occupants, or if they doubt his loyalty, the police officers can have him shifted to another place at once, and a sharper, more honest and loyal man put in his place. Very often regular detectives are assigned as dvorniks, when the ordinary member of the artel is not shrewd enough to penetrate the mysteries of the establishment; but under all circumstances, the door-keepers are expected to keep the police informed of everything of importance that happens in the house of which they have charge. An inspector may call upon them any hour of the day or night. They know him, and give him such information as they choose. Thus it will be seen that the artel of dvorniks is a most extensive and effective system of spies.

The police authorities of Russia boast that they know the whereabouts and disposition of every citizen of the empire every night, and it is through the dvorniks that they get the most of their information. No more comprehensive spy-system could be organized. People must live in houses, and the law requires every house to have a dvornik. No one can be so employed who does not belong to the artel, and the police control the artel. The tenant is therefore completely at the mercy of his servant, who, if so disposed, can send

him to Siberia on a charge of treason any time he likes ; and it requires little more than a dvornik's testimony to obtain "A Wolf's Passport," as a sentence to exile is called.

It will also be seen how difficult, how nearly impossible it is to organize Nihilistic conspiracies in a city where every building is so watched. Every commotion about the establishment, every unusual assembly, every suspicious visitor, every mysterious package is reported to the police, and packages intended for occupants of a house are usually examined by the dvornik before they are delivered. He is apt to open letters and telegrams too, if he can read them, for with the protection of the police he is safe in any impertinence. There are Nihilists among the dvorniks, as there are in every one of the artels, and they are exceedingly useful members of conspirators' clubs. One of the most famous of the Nihilistic leaders, since hung, was for many months a dvornik at the residence of a high official of the Czar's Government. He sought the place for the information he could gain, and kept it as long as the information was wanted.

The Nihilists usually meet in houses where the dvorniks are friendly. The door-keeper, of course, knows when apartments are for rent, and he usually has the authority to let them. The Nihilistic dvornik notifies his friends, and they come in as tenants. As long as he remains and is loyal to them, they are comparatively safe, although the police do not depend entirely upon the dvorniks. They too are always watched, and if their fidelity is doubted in the slightest degree, away they go to some other house, or on the retired list.

Many of the houses of private citizens in Petersburg—and the rule is even more extensive in Moscow and other cities—are quite as fine and gorgeous as some of the palaces. The development of trade and industry has naturally enriched the mercantile and manufacturing classes, while the emancipation of the serfs impoverished most of the nobles who were agriculturalists, and depended upon the earnings



of their slaves for support. The conditions are about the same as they were in our Southern States at the close of the war. The rich and aristocratic planters were left financially ruined, with lots of land and taxes, and extravagant habits and tastes. Very soon a new race of citizens came in, with fresh blood and capital, and made money. The old nobles of Russia are most of them poor and proud, especially proud. Their estates are paying scarcely enough to meet their taxes, and are heavily mortgaged to the Jews. If the Hebrew race did not have so firm a financial hold upon the noblesse of Russia there would be more religious toleration in the empire.

A new race of merchants, bankers, and manufacturers has arisen, money princes who are beginning to be felt in the body politic. They buy the palaces of ruined princes and dukes and nobles, spend their money lavishly in decorations and upholstery, have their walls covered with gigantic mirrors and fine paintings, fill their cellars with rare wines, and entertain royally. Their banquets and balls are occasions for the display of extravagance, each attempting to exceed the other in wasteful ostentation. The imperial family sets the example with the money wrung from the poor; the princes and nobles follow; and of course the private citizens must keep up with the fashion. Their hospitality is proverbial. It is their greatest pride. Strangers are always entertained in the most lavish manner, and one who carries to Petersburg or Moscow letters of introduction from influential people, is sure to be wined and dined as long as he remains.

But behind some of this ostentatious display is practised an economy which the people try to conceal as if they were ashamed of it. The private portions of the gorgeous homes—the living rooms—are usually plain and comfortless, and the cost of a dinner-party is sufficient to keep the family for a month or more. It is so in all the royal residences. The show rooms are gorgeous, but the living rooms do not keep up the standard. They are plain and poor enough to make

a fair average. The ladies of the ordinary household have their party and dinner dresses from Paris, but the garments in which they appear when not on dress parade are made by their own servants at home, always plain, and often shabby.

Another peculiarity of the country is the proverbial dishonesty of the tradesmen, about which a great deal has



A RUSSIAN COOK.

been said by English writers. While the commercial conditions are steadily improving, and are not so bad as represented by English authors, who are more or less inspired by the national prejudice, one trades in Russia with a great deal of caution. The ordinary merchant always asks a greater price than he expects the customer to pay, particularly if he is a stranger and unfamiliar with the value of the

article. The native or resident knows what the article sought should cost, and "beats down" the salesman accordingly. The tourist who does not attempt to do so makes a mistake, and pays a heavy tax upon his ignorance. Of late the principal merchants on the Nevski Prospect and other fashionable streets have attempted a reform in this particular, mark their goods in plain figures, and hang a sign reading "Prices Fixed" in their windows. Their example will soon, it is hoped, extend into all branches of the commercial community; for experience, in Russia as elsewhere, teaches that honesty is the best policy.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE DROSKY AND ITS DRIVER.

Petersburg a City of Magnificent Distances.—Cheap Transportation.—Habits of the Ishvoshtnik.—Travelling in the Country.—Endurance of the Natives.—The Genuine Russian Bath.—Village Doctors.

INSTEAD of Washington, Petersburg should be called the City of Magnificent Distances. It is a ride of three quarters of an hour from the railway station to the hotels in the centre of the town, and it is so far to almost every place the stranger wants to visit, that he has neither the time nor the strength for walking. But he has the drosky, a curious vehicle that is found nowhere else, and street cars that take him anywhere and everywhere. Only the peasants use the street cars, however; and we were warned against them because of the vermin. The fares are very cheap, as cheap as the ferries in New York. One can ride from one end of the city to the other for ten copecks, and the usual fare is five—about two cents. But the droskies are quite as cheap when comfort is taken into consideration. I was about to take a street car one day, to go to a shop a mile or so distant from the hotel, when my courier remonstrated, and insisted upon a drosky.

“But what’s the use of taking a drosky,” I said, “when the cars go right to the place.”

“It is about as cheap for two of us,” he replied.

And so it was, for the cost of the journey for two passengers, about a mile, was nine cents, and we were hauled by a horse that would sell in New York for five hundred dollars.

The usual drosky fare for a course of three miles and less, as fixed by law, is twenty copecks, and a copeck is one hun-

dredth part of a rouble, which at par is equal to sixty cents of United States money. At the present depreciated condition of the Russian currency, a rouble is worth forty-five or forty-six cents in gold, according as you are buying or selling, so that twenty copecks is nine cents. By the hour the drosky fare is one rouble, with a tip, or "tea-money," as they call it in Russia, for the driver. For the time the vehicle is unemployed, while visiting or shopping or sight-seeing or at the theatre, there is a deduction of half a rouble an hour, so that the cost of taking a drosky to the theatre



READY FOR A START.

for three hours, and having it wait for you, is about ninety cents. In no country in the world are there such cheap, comfortable, and rapid facilities for city transportation as in Petersburg, and nowhere can one find such splendid horses.

The drosky would be very useful and popular in all our cities, particularly if it could be drawn by Russian horses. There is as much fascination in riding in a drosky as in a

gondola in Venice, and it is the first thing the traveller wants to do when he arrives in Petersburg. He will send his bags by the omnibus, and go to the hotel in a drosky. It is a low vehicle, the floor being scarcely more than a foot from the ground, on four wheels, not much larger than those of a wheelbarrow—a sort of miniature victoria. The ishvosnik, or driver, sits on a high perch, above the heads of the passengers, who have a low, narrow, backless seat over the hind wheels. It is not uncomfortable, but the sensation at first is alarming, particularly when you are whiz-



A TROIKA.

zing around a corner, for the drivers always go like mad, and you wish there was something to hold on to. But you can only fasten your hands on the seat with a good grip, and cling to your fellow passenger if you have one.

I should remark, by way of parenthesis, that when a gentleman is riding with a lady in Russia, in the daytime as well as after dark, in the principal thoroughfares as well as in the secluded portions of the parks, he always puts his arm around her waist. It is the custom of the country, and makes drosky-riding popular with young people—as popular as dancing; and it causes no more remark than the attitude of a waltz in a ball room. Every one expects it.

A little experience causes the alarm to wear off, and you become accustomed to let your body sway with the motions of the vehicle. I inquired if any one was ever thrown out of a drosky, and was told that such a thing never happened; and I think it is true, for I have seen men riding in them so drunk that I thought they would topple over the next instant; but they never did.

The horse that draws you, and the driver who holds the reins, are both Russian institutions, and you won't find their like elsewhere. There are poor horses in Russia, I suppose, but very few in Petersburg or the other large cities. They are tall, long-legged animals, with slender bodies and limbs, long silken manes and tails, the latter nearly always reaching to the ground, small heads, small feet, large, clear, intelligent eyes, and necks arched like the chargers one sees in pictures of the Bedouins of the desert. I always thought such horses were the creation of artists, but Russia is full of them. There is a familiar picture of wild horses fleeing from a fire on the prairies, with long manes and tails floating in the breeze, with eyes flashing fire and fury, and flecks of foam floating in the air from their lips and nostrils; and another of similar animals ridden by Bedouins with sheets wrapped around their heads and cimatars in their hands.

I have often admired these pictures as expressive of all that horses should be, but I never saw such animals alive till I went to Russia. There you can see a thousand that look just as if they had stepped out of that picture, on any street in the city every day, many of them harnessed to droskies that you can hire for forty-five cents an hour. The *ishvoshnik* is always proud of his stallion if he has a good one, and treats him much better than he does his wife. Nearly all the time he is disengaged, the *ishvoshnik* is either petting or rubbing his horse, and at intervals he brings out a little nose-bag from under the seat, to feed him oats or meal.

Not one in ten of these charioteers has a home, and not one in ten of the splendid horses knows the inside of a sta-

ble. They live in the harness, in the open air, summer and winter, being always on duty, eating when opportunity offers, and sleeping in their droskies between drives. Water troughs are erected at intervals, small packages of hay, oats, and meal are sold at the shops along the wayside, and the ishvoshtnik gets his coffee and his meat at the same places, feeding, as he lives, with his horse. Both horse and master seem never to tire, both are continually on the alert, the drivers are always cheerful and good-natured, and the horses always ready to start off like a whirlwind as soon as they get the word. Neither seem to care for the cold or rain, and the one is about as much an animal as the other.

The harness of the horse is as light as leather can be made, none of the straps being more than half an inch in width, and most of them are round, not larger than a lead pencil. There is no breeching, because there are no grades in Petersburg, the country being perfectly level. There are no blinders on the bridle, for the horse fears nothing. He will walk up to a locomotive with as much indifference as a man. He never shies, never gets rattled, never runs away, and is perfectly obedient to the voice of his master. There are no traces, as the vehicle is drawn by thills made fast to the heavy collar with a high hoop over the horse's neck. The collar is a part of the drosky, not of the harness, for when the horse is taken away from the vehicle, the collar goes with the latter.

The hoop over the horse's neck, which connects the ends of the thills, and looks like an exaggerated, badly formed horseshoe, is called the "dúga;" and underneath the apex, on equipages in the country, is fastened a big bell sometimes two or three bells, which jangle so loudly that they may be heard a half mile away. The purpose of the bell is to announce the coming of the horseman, to frighten away the wolves that infest the country roads, and to warn other travellers upon narrow and dangerous highways against collisions. The droskies in the cities were formerly decorated with bells, but they made such a din that the government



issued an edict to abolish them. Now, when the vehicle is approaching a corner at a high rate of speed, and it never goes slowly, the driver announces his coming by a shout—a peculiar, prolonged tone, like the gondoliers use at Venice. In winter, bells are necessary, for the sledges are noiseless, and the ordinary speed is so great.

A whip is never used. I did not see one during my entire stay in Petersburg; but the *ishvoshtnik* keeps up a continual one-sided conversation with his fleet-footed partner, now encouraging him with tender, caressing epithets; now stinging him with sarcasm and taunts of scorn; and again hurling at him profane expletives. The effect of the driver's voice is peculiar and powerful; and an observant rider will be interested in studying this odd relationship. Now the stallion—and only stallions are used—"is precious to the soul" of the *ishvoshtnik*, or is his "tender dove"; a few moments later he is accused of being something entirely different, in terms that cannot be permitted here; and the horse seems to understand every word.

"Come, pretty pigeon, let go thy legs. Go! go! pass the brute beside thee, my sweetheart; let not that worthless wretch kick dust in thy eyes. Go swiftly, my beauty, and thou shalt have more oats than thine eyes have seen for a month. Thou art lazy to-day, thou son of my heart; wilt thou freeze in thy tracks here, starveling? Look out for that stone there, little father; carefully, carefully; this road was not made for the Czar. What doest thou with thine eyes? accursed thing. Thy mother's colts ought not to run into holes like that one. Now speed thee, oh kitten! for the passenger has promised me a rouble if thou makest haste."

This sort of taunts and phrases are continually flung at the horse, and there is a good deal of poetry and pathos in the relationship between him and his driver.

When the reins are tight the horse goes; when they are relaxed he stops. The drivers use a queer sound made by rolling the tongue, a sort of troll-ll-ll-ll-ll, which means business. When the horse hears that he pulls himself together

and goes for all he is worth. Droskies never go slowly, but in the most reckless fashion, the drivers jeering and shouting at each other as they pass, with good-humored banter, while the pedestrian takes the best care of himself he can. People seldom cross a street at a walk, unless it is deserted. They give a look in one direction, then in the other, and gathering their skirts around them, run for their lives. Vehicles always have the right of way, and it is a popular tradition that the hospitals are established solely for the treatment of unfortunates who have been run over.

The costume of the *ishvoshtnik* is novel and peculiar. He wears either a cap of blue cloth, made in the *tam-o-shanter* style, with a wide frontpiece of stiff leather or a stiff silk hat about half the height of the ordinary "plug," with a long blue surtout that reaches to his heels, and covers his high top-boots. Under that surtout or *taftan*, which is bound around his waist by a belt, are supposed to be concealed all his worldly treasures, among which, from the dropsical appearance of the subject, one can imagine are several feather beds. His circumference is enormous, he fills up an ordinary doorway, and when perched upon his *drosky* laps over the seat many inches, on all sides. When you attempt to attract the driver's attention by poking him in the back with your cane or umbrella, you must use considerable violence, for the point will sink into his wrappings several inches before it reaches the sensible part of his frame.

Travellers in a province where there are no railways usually prefer to make use of the imperial post service, which exists upon all the principal lines of communication, and will furnish relays of horses at intervals of twenty or thirty miles. In order to obtain them, one must secure from the postal authorities a "*Podorozhnaya*"—a formidable looking document, which directs whom it may concern to assist the bearer on his way to furnish him promptly with a certain number of horses from certain points to certain points, for a price which is named, and must be paid in advance at the respective road-stations. The "*Podorozh-*

naya" costs a considerable sum itself, which is supposed to be devoted to the repair of the roads.

Armed with these credentials the traveller applies to the nearest post station for a postillion, horses, and a vehicle known as a "tarantas," a sort of overgrown droshky, heavily and strongly made, with exceedingly stiff springs, and a general condition of discomfort. Sometimes the horses are very fine and fast; sometimes they are only ordinary: but their appearance is no test of their speed, for I have seen the most distressing-looking brutes gallop over a distance of twenty miles in two hours and a half without turning a hair. Usually they are driven three abreast, but



THE TARANTAS.

often, when the passenger is in a hurry, or the roads are bad, or the distance is great, four or even five are harnessed abreast. There is no tongue or pole, but only a pair of thills, no matter how many horses. One is hitched in the thills, and does the steering. The others are fastened to the axle or the whiffletrees, and their heads are kept together by straps. Very seldom do they trot, but commonly go at a gallop, mile after mile.

In the winter months travelling is always more agreeable, notwithstanding the cold. The sledges are much more comfortable than the wheeled vehicles, and one can sleep in a nest of furs that is provided for him. Passengers are often frost-bitten, but a Russian thinks no more of such an accident

than of a mosquito bite. The latter would probably annoy him the more. He does not go to a fire to warm, when frost-bitten, but rubs the part with snow until the friction thaws it ; and no discomfort follows.

But the natives of all classes are capable of enduring an almost incredible amount of heat and cold. They dress warmly in furs and flannels, but even such garments would not reconcile an ordinary man or woman to a temperature which sends the mercury down to thirty or forty degrees below zero, day after day, and week after week, almost continually from November till April. The Russian peasant is frequently alluded to as a first cousin to the polar bear, and his habits and endurance seem to establish the relationship. He will drive a sledge across the bleak plains, with the wind blowing at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and the thermometer frozen, without the slightest apparent discomfort ; and he will sit on the box of a coach or a sledge before the theatre, or a house in which there is a reception, hour after hour, and chat sociably with his fellows, when the mercury is down to forty below zero.

The Russian bath, as we know it, cannot be had in the country from which it gets its name. In New York, one who takes a bath of this kind is placed in a chest, with his head sticking out through the top, and steam is turned on his body for awhile ; then he plunges into a pool of cold water and is thoroughly rubbed by an attendant. Such baths may be had in Russia, but I could not learn where. The real Russian bath—that which the mujik takes, and from which ours gets the name—is considerably different. The mujik crawls into the oven of his stove, which is built large enough to accommodate him, lies there till he is afloat in his own perspiration, and then runs out naked into the open air and rolls in the snow.

This extraordinary procedure is adopted as a cure for disease, as well as for the purification of the person, and is said to be effective. The upper classes have baths in their houses as we do, and have physicians of great skill to treat

them when they are sick ; but in the rural districts there are few Doctors of Medicine, and diseases are treated—sometimes cured—and wounds are dressed either by a “feldsher” or a “znakharka.”

The former is usually some old soldier, retired from the army, crippled or disabled by disease, and has some knowledge of surgery which he learned in the barracks or the hospitals. He can set a limb with some skill, is familiar with the standard remedies for fevers and other common ailments, and understands the uses of ordinary physic.

The znakharka is a midwife, a fortune-teller, a village gossip, a dealer in herbs, an interpreter of dreams and signs and omens, a manipulator of charms and amulets, a sorceress who exorcises evil spirits, and a witch who practises all forms of demonomy. She usually treats the women and children, while the feldsher treats the men. In addition to the exercise of sorcery and the practice of the healing arts, she is also useful in negotiating marriages among the peasants. In her capacity of confidential friend and gossip, she knows what hearts are loose, and may be tied together. If a maiden loves a young mujik, she confides in the znakharka, who endeavors to bring them together ; and the young mujiks often seek her mediation when the maidens of the village are indifferent to their attentions.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE TREASURES OF THE HERMITAGE.

Something about Catherine the Great, the Cleopatra of the North.—Her Rules of Etiquette.—Precious Relics of Peter the Great.—The Largest Collections of Coins and Gems in the World.—The Alexander Column and other Monuments of Petersburg.

ON one side of the Winter Palace at Petersburg is the Neva river, so close that you could throw a stone from any of the windows into the water, and on the other side a semicircle of vast and ugly rococo palaces, surrounding an enormous parade ground, in which fifty thousand troops have been manœuvred and inspected at one time. The palaces are imposing only because of their immensity, there being a dozen or more of them with several hundred rooms each, all built by the czars at one time or another, for themselves or their poor relations, and now occupied by government offices or for the quarters of troops. The city is reached through an enormous arch, similar to the Arc de Triomphe in Paris, although not so large, and surmounted with a bronze chariot and a lot of prancing chargers—a favorite model in all the capitals of Europe.

It was to this parade ground that the great Catherine came from the Winter Palace, when she led the revolution against her husband, and sword in hand, straddling her horse like a man, demanded the allegiance and support of the army.

Catherine was one of the vainest, most extravagant, most licentious of women. She had forty lovers with whom she lived as publicly as if the relations had been sanctioned by marriage, had children by seventeen of them, as she herself claimed, and founded an order of nobility for the classifica-

tion of her illegitimate heirs and their posterity, of whom she was very proud. It is said that she built at government expense and gave to her favorites more than a dozen palaces, and distributed among them ninety-two million roubles of public funds. When one of her paramours died, as was several times the case, she went into mourning for him, and gave a handsome present of money to the bereaved lawful widow, if there was one. She was a mixture of Cleopatra, Lucretia Borgia, Marie Theresa, Queen Elizabeth, and



THE FIRST OF THE ROMANOFFS.

Madame Pompadour. If one of her favorites would not provide for his family, she would renounce him and send him to prison. If he paid more attention to his own wife than to her, she would treat him in a similar manner.

Full of whims, of good-humor, candor, courage, vanity, and ambition, brainy and muscular, she had no general who better understood the science of war, or could lead an army in battle with greater personal courage; nor had she a statesman in her cabinet or a diplomatist in her service who could match her in craft and political wisdom. There was

no philosopher in Europe with whom she could not converse on the profoundest questions as an equal, or whose epigrams she could not surpass. In the Kremlin at Moscow is the skin of the horse she rode astride. Her sword is there,—as heavy as a strong man would care to handle,—and her revolvers, with which she killed a number of enemies and mutinous subjects ; also her uniform, of the most gorgeous fabrics, set with priceless jewels, her tent, made of the furs of wild beasts, and her camp-bedstead of iron, in which she many a time slept for weeks together in the snows of the steppes : while in the Imperial Library at Petersburg are her state papers, her poems and satires, with which in hours of peace she used to amuse herself and entertain her court. There have been wickeder women than Catherine, but few ; there have been wiser women, but few ; and there may have been greater women, but history conceals their names.

She was the only foreigner who ever ruled over the Russian race, being the Princess Sophia Augusta of Anhalt-Zerbst, married and brought to Russia by Peter III., the son of the Empress Elizabeth, and grandson of Peter the Great. He was a poor weakling, whom his wife could not tolerate, so after a honeymoon of eight months, she headed a revolution against her own husband, and had him strangled by tow of her favorites, Count Orloff of diamond fame, and General Bariatinski. Then, with grim humor, she forced the assassins to walk each side of the coffin that enclosed his remains, and carry the pall. Orloff was perfectly composed during the entire ordeal, but the other man fainted repeatedly and had to be carried away. Catherine sent him into exile for his cowardice, and it was only when he made his confession at death that the manner of the murder of Peter was known.

Catherine reigned for thirty-four years, and the epoch in the history of the empire in which she is the chief figure, was the most prosperous it has ever known. She achieved victories over the Turks and Tartars, added many thousand square leagues to the area of her dominions, and



did much to improve the condition of the people. She wrote books of stories for children, some of which are still in use, founded hospitals and asylums for unfortunates of all sorts; erected fortresses which she herself designed; established public libraries, and did much to elevate the taste of the people in literature and art, besides carrying on wars and amours. In her reign Russia reached its golden age, the nobles were rich, and their queen set them an example in extravagance which they did their best to follow.



The Hermitage, as it is called, although the name is a misnomer, was the palace of Catherine; at least it was her favorite place of residence in Petersburg: but she had a dozen other palaces scattered about. It adjoins the Winter Palace, being connected to that building by corridors; and is by far the handsomest piece of architecture in the capital except the Cathedral of St. Isaac's. It is one of the few structures of stone, is beautifully carved externally, and internally finished with great extravagance and better taste than most of the Russian palaces. Catherine called it "The Hermitage," for it was here that she used to retire from the cares of state,

and give herself up to ease and pleasure. Here she entertained the greatest men in Europe—poets, philosophers, travellers, and statesmen; gave informal dinner parties, and balls, not as an empress, but as a society queen; here she had a little theatre in which were given plays of her own composition, acted by the ladies and gentlemen of her court; poets came here to read their verses, artists to show their paintings; and if the walls of the beautiful structure could talk, they might tell tales that would shock the moral nerves of the universe, for Catherine never did things by halves. The Hermitage was to her what Sans Souci was to Frederick the Great, and the Palace of the Trianon to the Louis of France.

In the antechamber adjoining her great drawing-room there hangs a little frame, enclosing a list of rules to be observed by all who entered the Hermitage, written in Catherine's own hand, of which the following is a translation:—

I. Leave your rank outside, as well as your hat, and especially your sword.

II. Leave your right of precedence, your pride, and any similar feeling outside the door.

III. Be gay, but do not spoil anything. Do not break or gnaw anything.

IV. Sit, stand, walk, as you will, without reference to anybody.

V. Talk merrily, but not very loud, so as not to make the head of anybody ache.

VI. Argue without anger and without excitement.

VII. Neither sigh nor yawn, nor make anybody dull or heavy.

VIII. In all innocent games, in whatever one proposes, let all engage.

IX. Eat whatever is sweet and savory, and drink with moderation, so that each can find his legs on leaving the room.

X. Tell no tales out of school. Whatever goes in at one ear must go out at the other before leaving the room.

Whoever broke one of these rules, on the testimony of two witnesses, had to drink a glass of cold water, and read a page of the *Telemachiade*, a much-ridiculed Russian poem. Whoever broke three of the rules the same evening had to commit six pages of the book. Whoever broke the tenth rule could never again be admitted to the Hermitage.

The Hermitage is now the principal museum of Petersburg, what the Louvre is to Paris and the British Museum to London; and if it had been constructed for such a purpose it could not be better adapted for the display of the treasures of art and antiquity that have been collected by the later sovereigns of Russia around the magnificent nucleus which Catherine left. The Museum building is a parallelogram, 550 by 375 feet, enclosing two large courts, which Catherine had arranged so that they could be flooded for skating-parks in winter and gardens of luxurious foliage in summer. The entrance is a noble vestibule, supported by ten massive caryatides, in Finland granite. The main hall is supported by sixteen splendid monoliths of granite, terminating in capitals of Carrara marble carved in Florence; while the grand stairway, in three large flights, is hewn from great blocks of the same marble, which cause every one who sees them to wonder how they could have been brought from Italy before the days of railroads.

The rooms on the ground-floor are filled with the choicest collection of antiquities outside the British Museum, including two examples of incomparable value, the silver vase of Nichopol, and the golden vase of Kertch, both of which, like many other pieces in the collection, are well known to every antiquarian in the world, and have been the subjects of no end of scientific discussion. The upper rooms are finished with the most beautiful and costly materials, and are full of pictures. The hideous Siberian malachite appears in every conceivable form, in pillars, mantels, wainscoting, and even floors; while vases, urns, and other ornaments of the stone

are very numerous. There is a lavish use of lapis-lazuli also, and jasper enough to build a cathedral. Many of the paintings are very rare, and the collection contains examples of all the famous old masters, each having his room.

One of the longest galleries is devoted to relics of Peter the Great, illustrating the life and industrial activity of this remarkable man. Here are the lathes and instruments of carving he used, his carpenter's tools, his telescopes, which he made himself, and various mathematical and astronomical apparatus, which were constructed by his own hands, either from models he had seen in England or Holland, or on original designs. Numerous specimens of his handicraft are scattered about the room—some beautiful desks, sideboards, cabinets, and tables, heavily and handsomely carved ; and the tools with which he did the work are beside them. Here also are his canes and swords, many of them loaded with jewels ; but the most interesting of all is the staff of solid iron which he used to carry when he went about the city alone at night, and with which tradition says he beat to death many poor subjects who offended him.

A list of the relics of Peter in this room and the galleries adjoining would fill several columns. Passing into the next gallery one finds a chaos of gems in all sorts of forms and settings, signifying the luxurious splendor of the Russian courts in the past—ornaments for the persons of the sovereigns and their nobles, snuff-boxes that are worth thousands of dollars, fans that even surpass them in value, a perfect wilderness of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and precious stones of every sort that the world values, set in various forms for various uses. Most of these were gifts to Peter the Great, Catherine, and other rulers ; for although Peter was most abstemious in his personal habits, and never wore any personal decorations, he was quite as fond of receiving presents as Catherine, and many of the first families of Russia impoverished themselves that they might win the favor of the monarch. The results are here. The relics of Prince Potemkin, the most famous of Catherine's lovers, and on

whom she showered treasures, fill a large case, and are valued at several million roubles. They include many rare and curious articles of adornment, and a volume of bank-notes of different nations bound up as curiosities, representing in themselves a considerable fortune. When Potemkin had exhausted human ingenuity in his gifts to Catherine he gave her this.

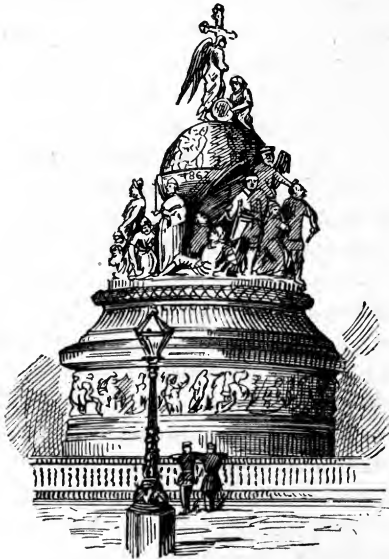
In another gallery is the largest and most valuable collection of coins in the world, comprising over two hundred thousand specimens, and containing every piece known to numismatics. Still farther on is the largest collection of gems in existence, commenced by Peter the Great,—who had a passion for gems, although he never wore them,—and increased from time to time by purchases made by his successors. The most conspicuous portion of the collection was purchased from the heirs of the Duke of Orleans, “Philippe Égalité,” the most renowned collector of jewels in history.

Like the British Museum and the Louvre in Paris, it requires several weeks to see the treasures of the Hermitage; and to describe or even to name them all would fill a volume. The catalogue is a book of several hundred pages.

Contiguous to the Hermitage are the barracks of the Regiment of the Transfiguration, a sort of prætorian guard, of which the Czar is always the colonel, composed of picked men of large stature, who have the privilege of entering the Winter Palace or the Hermitage at any time, and can be summoned by the Emperor by a signal from his private rooms whenever their presence is necessary.

A little to the north of the Hermitage, in the centre of the great parade ground I have described, stands one of the “lions” of Petersburg, the largest monolith in the world. It is a column erected in 1832, by the last Czar, in honor of his father, Alexander I., a single shaft of red granite from Finland, which, exclusive of pedestal and capital, rises 84 feet. It originally reached to the height of 102 feet, but had to be cut down, as the base and diameter were too small

to sustain it, and it was in danger of falling. The pedestal is a single block of granite, weighing 400 tons, and highly polished. The capital is made from cannon captured in Alexander's wars with the Turks, and on the summit is an angel of bronze, 14 feet high, holding aloft a cross that is seven feet in length, but looks like a toy at its elevation of 155 feet from the ground. The column was quarried in Finland, and brought to Petersburg on sledges one winter,



THE MILLENIAL MONUMENT.

being drawn by several hundred horses. It was raised in its rough state, and dressed and polished as it stands. The inscription on the pedestal is simply this :—

“TO ALEXANDER I. GRATEFUL RUSSIA.”

There are many other monuments in Petersburg, some of which are very fine, and another quite as remarkable in its way as the Alexander column. Peter the Great once stood upon a rock on the shore of the Gulf of Finland and wit-

nessed a victory by his infant fleet over a superior force of Swedes. This huge block of granite was forty-two feet long, thirty-four feet broad, and twenty-one feet high, and it was found by a geometrical calculation that the mass weighed 3,200,000 pounds. To remove it to the capital a solid road-bed was first built, and then, after four months of hard labor, under the direction of skilful engineers, the rock was raised so that heavy plates of brass could be placed under it. These plates rested upon hundreds of cannon balls, five inches in diameter, and they ran in grooves in other plates of metal which were laid upon the road. Then, by the use of windlasses, worked by a force of fourteen hundred men, the rock was slowly moved toward Petersburg. When the bank of the river Neva was reached, the rock was placed upon an enormous raft buoyed up by air chambers, and floated down to the city. The removal required seven months of labor to accomplish. The rock was placed in a park in front of the palace of the Holy Synod, and upon it was erected an equestrian statue of Peter, modelled and cast by a Frenchman, Étienne Maurice Falconet. The emperor is represented as checking his fiery horse on the edge of the rock, and pointing over the bay to the battle; while under the feet of the charger is an enormous serpent, supposed to be emblematical of the difficulties and dangers he had surmounted. The statue is balanced on the hind legs of the horse and the coils of the serpent, and is considered one of the most remarkable pieces of bronze art in existence.

Another fine monument, and rather a curious one, is that of Catherine the Great, which stands in front of the Imperial theatre. It is a handsome bronze figure of heroic size, upon a granite pedestal which is covered with smaller figures representing the most famous of this singular woman's lovers.

## CHAPTER VII.

## MEMENTOS OF PETER THE GREAT.

How he Gained the Throne to which he had no Legal Claim, and how he Governed.—Some of the Great Czar's Oddities.—The Cottage which he Built with his own Hands and in which he Lived for Nine Years.—Three Historic Boats.—The Tombs of the Czars.

ONE cannot look in any direction in Petersburg without seeing a monument or memento of Peter the Great. Some writer has said that he was the mighty hammer of which Russia was the anvil, and the capital of the empire is the greatest result he produced. The veneration of all classes for him amounts to idolatry, and every article he touched or used or produced, every dish that served upon his table, every ring he wore, is cherished and worshipped as devoutly as the nails from the True Cross they have in the churches, the drop of the Saviour's blood that is kept in the Kremlin at Moscow, the joints and saddles of the martyrs, or the robe that John the Baptist wore when he was preaching the coming of Christ in the wilderness.

The Russians will canonize Peter yet, although the readers of Mr. Schuyler's admirable biography of the great Czar will be puzzled to discover any saintly qualities in his character. That he was the greatest, most progressive and enterprising man Russia has ever seen, is not to be denied; but his vices were as conspicuous as his talents. Peter was not the hereditary heir to the throne. His mother was the second wife of the Czar Alexis, whose son by his first wife should have inherited the power, but was unpopular with the Streltsi, a powerful corps of the army, who captured the Kremlin, and insisted that little Peter, then only six years old, should share the sceptre with his half-brother. The two



boys were therefore crowned together, during a reign of terror in Moscow, and their sister, the famous Sophia, a very remarkable woman, was for years the actual sovereign. She was the power behind the throne on which the children sat, until she had a quarrel with the insubordinate Peter, who fled to the convent in which his mother had found refuge. There Peter was educated; and shortly before he was seventeen he returned to Moscow at the head of an army composed of all the disaffected soldiers and politicians in the empire, compelled his brother Ivan to abdicate his share of



PETER'S PEASANT WIFE.

the government, and drove Sophia to Poland in exile, where she finished her days, for Peter never forgave her. Before he was of age he showed great military and executive talent, and developed the ambition that was the crowning motive of his life, to extend his dominions.

He married, when he was seventeen years old, the daughter of a rich boyar named Eudoxia, and by her had a son when he was nineteen. He founded St. Petersburg when he was but thirty, in the meantime having visited England, and

worked for several months as a common carpenter in a shipyard at Zaandam, Holland. On his return he quarrelled with his wife, and shut her up in a convent during the rest of her life, the cause of the trouble being a common German woman named Mons, who soon after proved unfaithful to Peter, and was discarded by him.

He next took to his imperial bed and board a Swedish peasant girl of great beauty who had been brought back from Sweden as spoil of war by one of his generals. She, however, developed into a woman of great tact, and although she could never read nor write, proved an admirable helpmeet to Peter, and was the only person who ever successfully opposed his imperious will. She fell from grace once, but was forgiven; while her paramour, the Grand Chamberlain of the palace, was beheaded as an example to others who coveted the Czar's wife. This woman Catherine was formally married to Peter after she had lived with him twelve years, and her two illegitimate daughters acted as bridesmaids, while Peter's only legitimate son was his father's groomsman. She was then crowned Empress Catherine I., and after the death of Peter reigned for a while, during the minority of her son, Peter II.

Peter made an extended tour through Europe in 1719, was nobly received at all the courts where his fame had preceded him, and brought back many new ideas of civilization which were adopted for the benefit of his people. Peter's great disappointment was the behavior of his only son by his first wife, Alexis, who took no interest in either civil or military affairs, but spent his time carousing with low companions, and, deserting his own wife, a German princess, took up with a low Finnish woman. After a quarrel with his father, Alexis renounced his claims to the throne, and fled from the country; but was afterward induced to return, and was then thrown into prison on a charge of conspiracy, his accuser being the Finnish mistress whom he had discarded. He was imprisoned in the fortress of SS. Peter and Paul, was tried, or rather had his case investigated, by a military com-

mission, who reported him guilty, and left his punishment to be determined by his imperial father.

Peter visited the cell of his son shortly after receiving the report of the commission, and that afternoon the boy died under most mysterious circumstances. His fate was a topic the people were not willing to discuss freely, and there are various explanations; some said he was beaten to death with the iron cane the Czar used to carry, or strangled by the hands of his father, or killed on the rack Peter used to torture the secret of his conspiracy from him; but the theory



THE FIRST OF THE ROMANOFFS.

advanced by loyal Russian historians was, that, overcome by shame and remorse, he died in a fit of apoplexy.

Peter had a great mind, a great body, a will that was resistless, an energy that overcame all obstacles, ambition that was boundless, the most inordinate vanity, and believed himself designed by the Almighty to erect in Russia the greatest political power of the earth. At the same time he was possessed of the most childish and unaccountable whims. For example, he was seized with the notion of having all his subjects go about

with shaven faces, although it was a tenet of the Greek religion that all men should wear beards. On this point, however, for once in his life he was compelled to yield, as the church and the people rebelled against his decree, as requiring them "to deface the image of God," so he compromised by making all who desired to wear beards purchase for fifty roubles a license to do so, and wear a copper medal around their necks to indicate that they had such a license. He was a man of heroic stature, as is shown by the clothes preserved in the museums; of enormous physical strength, which is demonstrated by the staff he carried; of incredible physical endurance; of great mechanical ingenuity and skill; of unusual military talent, for he was the greatest soldier of his age. He was a carpenter, a ship-builder, a wood and ivory carver, a worker in all sorts of metals, an artistic draughtsman, a designer of great taste, and altogether as great a genius as history tells us of. It is said he was an accomplished artisan in fourteen trades.

In the fortress of SS. Peter and Paul, on an island in the Neva, commanding the approach to the city of Petersburg, is a church which he designed and erected as a mausoleum for the burial of himself and his successors. There he designated and marked out the place for his own grave, and designed his own tomb, a plain box of white marble which has been imitated for the burial of all the sovereigns since. The church is always open, protected by a guard of soldiers, although the remainder of the fortress is not to be inspected, as political prisoners are confined there. Its spire, a slender, gilded needle, rises to a height of 340 feet, and is one of the most conspicuous objects in Petersburg, the wonder being how it could be made so long and so slender. On one occasion the metal angel at the top of the golden needle needed repair, and a sailor climbed it hand over hand as he would go up a mast or telegraph pole, carrying a rope with him by means of which the men and materials for the repairs were enabled to reach the top. It is one of the tallest and undoubtedly the slenderest spire in the world, and the thick

gold-leaf with which it is overlaid is worth an enormous sum of money.

It is a Russian custom to have every new-born child carefully measured, and over the grave of Peter stands the marble image of an infant, exactly the size he was when he was born. There are also other interesting relics of him in the church. Resting beside him is the body of the Swedish peasant girl who became the Empress of all the Russias—Catherine I.; and next, her handsome and amorous daughter, Elizabeth, who finally succeeded to the throne, and led a life of the most shameless profligacy, having inherited all

the passions of her parents. She never married, but lived openly with her lovers, and cut out the tongues of people who talked about it. She was in other respects a woman of good deeds, and did much to carry out the designs of her father for the extension and embellishment of Petersburg.



EMPRESS ANNA.

Next comes the grave of the Empress Anna, a niece of Peter, who succeeded Elizabeth, and like her was a woman of strange disposition. She never married,

but lived with a man named Biren, a Frenchman, who governed the empire during the time she was on the throne. Near her lies Peter III., the weak and depraved husband of Catherine, who was strangled by her lovers, and beside him the remains of the great woman whom he elevated to the throne, and for whom he was murdered. Next come the tombs of the Emperor Paul and his family. He too was assassinated, and I will give the story elsewhere. His widow, Marie, was one of the best of the Russian sovereigns, had a most charitable disposition, and did much to ameliorate the condition of her subjects by establishing hospitals, asylums, and schools. The next tomb is that of Alexander I., the son of Paul and Marie, and the grandson of the great Catherine. Russia prospered and progressed during his reign, and it

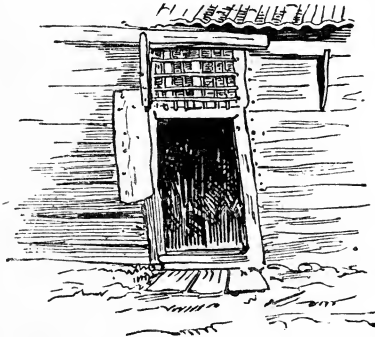
was he who fought Napoleon. His wife and children lie beside him; and next him are the remains of Nicholas, his younger brother, and successor on the throne.

In the same aisle are the remains of the late Czar, assassinated in 1881, whose death robbed Russia of the best ruler she ever had, and the peasants of their wisest and most sympathetic master. He was enabled, under the Providence of God, to confer the blessing of liberty upon the fifty million serfs, and benefit a greater number of the human race by a single act than any man who has lived since the crucifixion; yet none could meet with a more frightful end. The sympathy and grief of all Christendom, as well as that of his own subjects, followed his mutilated body to the grave; and he will live in history as the noblest and the wisest of the Czars. His simple marble sarcophagus is inscribed with these words alone: "His Imperial Majesty, Alexander II."

In a little building within the fortress is an historical boat known as "the Little Grandsire," and always referred to officially as "the Grandfather of the Russian Navy." It is said by some writers to have been sent to Ivan the Terrible as a present from Queen Elizabeth of England, while others hold to a tradition that it was built by the Czar Alexis. The origin of the boat is of little importance, but its consequences are far reaching, and its influence is seen in the great navy yard that stands across the Neva within sight, and the enormous steel cruisers moored in the stream. It was the first boat Peter the Great ever saw, and inspired him with a taste for ship-building. It was the cause of his going to Holland to learn the trade, and from the seed thus sown grew the Russian navy. It is a clumsy affair about thirty feet long, with three masts. In the stern is a rude image of wood, representing a priest stretching out his arms in the attitude of blessing the waters, a ceremony of great moment among the Russians. The "Grandsire" was deposited in the fortress by Peter himself, who had a good deal of sentiment in his composition; and by an imperial edict all

the men-of-war are required to salute it as they pass by on the river.

Some distance up the island on which the fortress stands, is another boat of historical interest, about the size of this one, preserved in a glass house. It was made by Peter's own hands, and was used by him for nine years, during the building of Petersburg. The cottage beside which it stands, a low, one-story affair of logs, was also built by Peter, and occupied by him during the building of the city. Every morning at four o'clock, during the long summer days from 1803 to 1812, he used to row across to the opposite bank of the Neva, to see that the laborers were at work.



ENTRANCE TO PETER'S HOUSE.

The little cottage is sacredly protected from wind and weather by a shell of a house in which it has been enclosed, and planks are placed on the floors so that the boards laid by Peter's hands shall not be worn out. The main room is used as a chapel now, and service there is perpetual from sunrise to sunset, by relays of priests, who follow one another in singing mass before a miraculous picture of the Saviour which has been carried in battle by all the Czars since the time of Demetrius, and to which Peter ascribed all the credit of the victories he won against the Tartars, the Poles, and the Turks. As it is believed to have the power to heal the sick, to relieve distress of all kinds, and work

miracles generally, it is constantly visited by those who require the interposition of divine mercy, and is covered with votive offerings, some of which are very valuable.

It is the practice of the people to come to this Icon before starting on a journey or commencing any undertaking of difficulty or importance; and as soon as they are old enough to endure the exposure, young children are brought to it, and their lips pressed upon the glass that covers the Saviour's face. There is also an image of Peter in the house, before which candles are kept burning constantly. Men and women of whatever station buy a candle of the priests before they leave the house, light it, and place it in a rack, in order to propitiate the spirit of Peter, which is supposed to be as influential in the affairs of heaven as it was on earth. The lighted candle is the symbol of remembrance. As the old hymn says,

“While the light holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return.”

At another place down the river is still a third historical boat, the same in which Peter was caught in a terrible tempest in Lake Ladoga, when the boat was capsized, and Peter nearly lost his life by drowning, and by his exposure and exertions in trying to save the members of his crew. Under his rough shell, as this anecdote shows, Peter had not only sentiment, but generosity. He cut off the heads of his subjects by thousands; he cut out their tongues; he had them whipped to death; he beat them with his own hands till they died; and used all the forms of torture known to his age: but he risked his own life to save a few common sailors. When he drew his last breath, the words, “Lord, I am dying, help thou mine unbelief,” were upon his lips.

The veneration with which Peter the Great is regarded by the army of Russia has ripened into a pathetic song, a monody, ever since sung by the soldiers, which closes with an allusion to the honorary ranks he and all the Czars since his time have held as colonel of the Regiment of the Trans-



figuration, and captain of a company of Bombadiers. The following is a literal translation, without any attempt at versification, but a close following of the poetic idioms of the text :—

“ In our Holy Russia, in the glorious city of Peter, in the cathedral of Peter and Paul, on the banks of the great river Neva, by the tombs of the Czars, a young soldier was on duty.

“ Standing there he thought, and thinking he began to weep. It was a river of tears that flowed. He sobbed ; it was the throb of the waves of the sea.

“ Bathed in an ocean of tears, he cried : ‘ Alas, Alas, our Mother, the wet land, open and desolate on every side. Open, ye marble coffins ! Open, ye golden coverlids ! and thou, Oh Orthodox Czar, do thou awake, do thou arise !

“ ‘ Look ! Master, on thy faithful sentinels, that guard thy tomb. Contemplate thy loved and loving army ; see how the regiments are disciplined, how the colonels are with their colors, the majors with the batallions, the captains at the head of their troops.

“ ‘ They wait, they weep for thee, oh Czar ! the greatest, the wisest, the bravest the empire has ever known. They wait, they weep for their leader. Arise thou, then, Oh Master, from thy long sleep. Awaken, Oh Colonel of the Regiment Preobrajenski, Oh Captain of the Bombadiers.’ ”

## CHAPTER VIII.

## ALEXANDER II.

The Character of the Late Czar.—How the Assassins' Bomb prevented a Constitutional Government in Russia.—The Attempts to Assassinate Alexander.—Instances of his Generosity.—The Morganatic Marriage with the Princess Dolgorouki.—Examples of Police Tyranny.

AFTER the construction of Petersburg was pretty well advanced, Peter the Great left his little cottage of logs, and removed with Catherine to a small palace he had built on the other side of the Neva, in a park half a mile long by a quarter of a mile broad, in the centre of the city. He was well enough satisfied with the log hut himself, but by this time a great many strangers were coming to the new capital, and he must have some place to receive them. It would be, even now, a commodious and comfortable private residence ; but is the humblest affair in the shape of a palace in all Europe. Everything is kept just as Peter left it, and visitors always go there. The park itself is well laid out, much frequented by the people in the summer season, and has a statue of Krylof, the famous Russian writer, in the centre. In olden times it was the practice for all betrothals among the common people to take place in this park on Whit-Monday, but the custom is now obsolete.

At the entrance to the park, on the river side, is a small chapel, erected to commemorate the escape from assassination of Alexander II., the late Emperor, in 1866. He was in the habit of coming every day from the Winter Palace to this park for exercise, and to play with the children, of whom he was very fond. Just as he was entering the gate one day, a crazy student by the name of Karakazof fired a

revolver at the back of his head. A baker's boy, just passing, seized the assassin's arm, which threw the bullet into the air, and saved the Czar's life. The boy was fêted, given an order of nobility and an appointment in the army, which completely ruined him, and he died long before his time, a worthless wretch. The little chapel was erected by the citizens of Petersburg in honor of their Czar, and the inscription over the door is quite appropriate.

“TOUCH NOT THE LORD'S ANOINTED.”

Not far away a similar chapel is now in course of erection to mark the spot where the assassination of 1881 was successful. The Czar, coming from a military review, stopped for luncheon at the palace of his cousin, the Grand Duchess Catherine, and then proceeded in his coupé, along the opposite side of the summer garden, toward the Winter Palace, followed in another carriage by Colonel Dvorjitski, the Chief of Police, and a third containing Captain Kosck, an aide.



A COSSACK GUARD.

A bomb was thrown by a student named Ryssakoff, which struck the ground under the rear of the carriage of the Emperor, and tore a great hole in the back part of it. The coachman tried to drive on, but the Czar, who was uninjured, seeing that one of his Cossack guards and a small boy who stood by were wounded, insisted upon getting out of his coupé and examining their injuries himself. Then he turned to reproach the assassin, who, in the meantime, had been seized by Captain Kosck. The guards implored him to leave the place at once, but the Czar insisted upon inquiring into the character and motives of the man. After having done so he started to return to his carriage, when a second bomb was thrown by an accomplice, another student

named Elnikoff, striking the ground behind him, tearing his body in the most frightful manner, and killing and wounding twenty-two persons who had been attracted to the scene by the first explosion, including the assassin. It was proposed to carry the Emperor to the nearest house, but he whispered, "Quick, home; take me to the palace—to—die." Thither



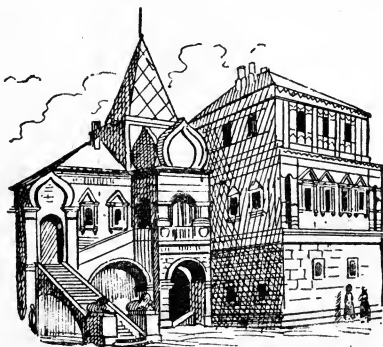
FUNERAL OF THE LATE CZAR.

he was carried, leaving a line of blood along the snow. An hour later he expired, after having received the sacrament and bidden his family farewell.

A few weeks before his death the Czar had been secretly married to the Princess Dolgorouki, who had been his mistress for many years, and by whom he had a family of children during the life of the Empress. This relation was one

of the few blots upon the character of an otherwise exemplary man, although it did not affect him in the esteem of a people who are not only accustomed to have their sovereigns behave in an infinitely worse manner, but look upon such peccadilloes as proper to practise themselves, so far as they are financially able to do so. The present Czar is the only ruler Russia ever had whose marital obligations are strictly observed. Against him there is not and there never has been a breath of scandal.

It is probably true that Alexander II. loved this woman better than his own wife. The latter, the Empress Maria,



OLD PALACE OF THE ROMANOFFS.

was of excellent character and accomplishments, but between them there was never any sympathy. The Princess Dolgorouki was of a noble family and a distant relative of the Czar, being descended from another branch of the Romanoff family. Her great-grandmother was betrothed to Peter II., but died before the day of her appointed wedding, and he afterward married Catherine the Great.

Upon the death of the late Czar the Princess cut off her hair, which was said to be the most luxurious and beautiful of any woman's in Europe, and placed it upon his breast as he lay in his coffin, saying as she did so that the Czar admired it most of all her attractions, and should sleep with it in his grave. Her demonstrations of grief were so conspic-

uous as to give offence to the legitimate family, and they had her sent out of the country. She was in the habit of going early every morning to the cathedral where the remains lay in state, and prostrating herself upon them, sobbed and groaned in the most distressing manner, until she was removed by the police. She several times tried to lift his body from the coffin, and called loudly upon the crowd that constantly filled the church to testify to his love for her and her grief for him. Refusing to cease her public demonstrations when directed to do so, she was sent to a convent by the orders of the present Czar, and then into exile with hermorganatic family. She inherited much wealth of her own, and was given considerable property by the Czar, which in addition to an allowance made for her support by the present government permits her to live in luxury in a *château* in France. She is still a beautiful woman, forty-two or three years of age, highly accomplished and intellectual, and has written some works of literary merit. She dresses in the deepest mourning still, and is as conspicuous in her sorrow as the Empress Eugénie.

One hears many anecdotes of the late Czar which commend him for justice, toleration, and generosity; and it is known that at the time of his death he was preparing a system of government similar to that demanded by the Liberal or Constitutional party, but which under the present régime is impossible. Thus the bomb which destroyed his life prevented the very purpose which it was intended to accomplish. The Czar had placed in the hands of the most liberal of his ministers, and the one who had been most urgent in advocating a Constitutional Government, a scheme which he was directed to perfect. It contemplated a Parliament similar to that of England, a house of hereditary nobles, and a Commons composed of Representatives of the people, to be chosen however by the Czar himself, and to have limited powers, including that of law-making and of selecting the Judiciary, the Czar reserving full executive authority, the veto autocratic upon the action of the

Parliament; and his approval was necessary to carry the statutes into effect. While this was not as great a concession as the Liberals demanded, it was a long step forward, and would ultimately have resulted in a liberal form of government. But there is no longer any prospect of even "a consultive assembly," as the late Czar termed it. The assassin's bomb put things back about half a century. Had Alexander II. lived a week longer, Russia would enjoy a constitutional government. A proclamation announcing it was found unsigned upon his table after he died. While he was not a Washington, or a Lincoln, or a Grant, and would not have been tolerated as a ruler in the United States, still, in comparison with his predecessors, he was a just, humane, liberal, and generous man, the best of all the Czars, the most tolerant in his opinions, the purest of motive, and solely actuated, as I believe, by a desire to benefit his subjects. The people idolized him, and by the people I mean the masses. The nobles resisted the emancipation of the serfs, and felt very much as the planters of the Southern States did at the emancipation of their slaves; but they recognized in the Czar, as those same planters now recognize in Lincoln, a noble motive and a philanthropic desire.

Some years ago there appeared in print a most scurrilous attack upon the morals of the late Czar and the Empress, in rhyme, which was discovered to be the work of a young noble famous for his literary gifts, but strongly suspected of Nihilistic tendencies. When the identity of the author was reported to the Czar, he sent for the young man to come and see him. They chatted together a few minutes on commonplace topics, when the Czar invited him to take luncheon with the imperial family. After the luncheon was served, and the Czar sat sipping a cup of tea, he turned to the young noble and said:

"I understand you are a very clever poet."

The author blushed, and acknowledged that he did some verses now and then.

"And I am informed that you are the writer of a most

beautiful tribute to your Emperor and Empress lately—one of the most charming things I have ever seen, so pure and elevated in sentiment, so nobly and beautifully conceived, and so honorably published. I have asked you here that you may see the family you have made the subject of your lines, in order that you may judge for yourself how truthful you are, and witness ‘the old boar,’ as you called me, and ‘the old sow,’ as you called my wife, and ‘the litter of pigs,’ as you called my children, eating from ‘the trough,’ as you were pleased to call my table. Now that you for the first time have had an opportunity to see what degraded beasts we are, I must ask you to return the favor by reading your little work aloud in our presence. Here is a copy,” said the Czar, drawing from his pocket one of the brutal and obscene pamphlets that had been published anonymously and circulated secretly.

The young poet dropped upon his knees and begged for mercy. He denied and confessed the authorship in the same breath, and actually fell over in a faint. He said he would rather be hung, rather be sent to Siberia than read the poem in the presence of the family, and tore the pamphlet to tatters. The Czar took him by the hand, bade him ask the forgiveness of the Czarina, and then, with a word of admonition, dismissed him.

At another time there was discovered a serious disaffection among the nobles, led by a man the Czar had promoted rapidly in office, and to whom he had given a large share of his confidence. The conspiracy was not ripe when it was discovered by the secret police, and there is no telling what it might have led to, as the purpose was to secure the coöperation of all the rich nobles and *boyars* who had been robbed of their property, as they considered it, by the emancipation of the serfs. When the details of the affair were made known to the Czar, he sent for the leader, a member of his own household, and said to him :

“There has been discovered a most dastardly conspiracy. This one is in it, and that one, and the other,” he said, go-



ing over a long list of names, "but I cannot give the name of the leader, the originator of the plot. I want you to discover him for me, and will give you until to-morrow to do so. If you do not then report to me who he is, and every act of treason he has committed, I shall send you to the mines; I shall give you a wolf's passport,"—the slang for a sentence to Siberia.

The young officer saw in a moment that all was up with him, that the Czar had possession of his secret and knew his implication in the plot, so he commenced to explain.

"No, no!" replied the Czar, "think it over, get me the details, prepare me a report in writing."

The officer's first impulse when he left the presence of the Emperor was suicide, but after thinking calmly, he concluded to make a clean breast of it and throw himself upon the Emperor's mercy, which he did, was forgiven, and thenceforth was one of the most trusted and prominent men in the Empire.

In 1880 General Von Schwienzit was the German Ambassador at the court of Russia, and between him and the Czar there grew up a great intimacy, although at the time the attitude of Bismarck was anything but friendly. The Emperor and the Ambassador, however, never talked politics, but met frequently for a pipe and a game of cards. One evening the former was very nervous and out of sorts, and when the General presented himself for the usual game, broke out in the most furious passion, denouncing the German Kaiser, Bismarck, and the entire Teutonic race in violent language. The Ambassador kept his temper, but told the Emperor that loyalty to his Sovereign as well as good breeding forbade him to listen to such a tirade, and left the palace.

Going at once to his chamber he wrote a detailed account of what had occurred to Bismarck, and then, exhausted with labor and excitement, went to bed. His sleep was disturbed by a nightmare, and he dreamed that a dreadful war was going on between Germany and Russia. When he awoke

he thought the matter over, and realizing that his report would cause his recall as soon as it reached Bismarck, and without doubt interrupt the relations between the two governments, if it did not cause a war, decided to hold it back for further development. Even while he sat thinking, at seven o'clock in the morning, there arrived an aide-de-camp from the palace who said that the Czar desired to see him at once. He went, and upon reaching the little library in which the Czar did his writing, was astonished to hear him beg his pardon with the deepest humility for the passion he had shown the night before.

“I was very much provoked,” said the Emperor, “by a report I had read just before you came in, of what was going on at the capital of your country, and lost control of myself entirely, but as a gentleman I owe you the deepest apology for my unseemly conduct, and could do nothing till I had seen you and asked your forgiveness. I have not slept since I saw you. I have not even removed my clothes. I have been in the greatest distress, and twice dispatched messengers to you during the night, but your Legation was closed, and they could not awake your servants.”

The predecessors of Alexander II. upon the throne did not treat their critics with so great generosity as he, for he was most lenient, and usually endeavored to study criticism in the proper light and draw some benefit from it. He twice asked assailants who had failed to kill him what their motive was, and what wrong he had done to them ; and if he had not been so anxious to question the Nihilist who first attacked him on that March afternoon in 1881, and to assist in the care of the wounded, he might be alive to-day. In a public square in the centre of the city, surrounded by several of the principal buildings, the Imperial Theatre, the Public Library (in which are the two libraries of Voltaire, placed there by Catherine the Great, who bought them after the death of her correspondent and friend), and by the private palace of the Czar, was committed one of the great-

est outrages the world has ever been disgraced by, and it was inflicted by a woman upon a woman.

The Empress Elizabeth, as I have said elsewhere, was not discreet in her relations with men. She was never married, but had several children, and a good many lovers, with whom she lived openly and appeared constantly in public. She was as profligate a woman as Catherine, but hadn't her brains or sense. She was simply a beautiful animal. The Countess



THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH.

Lapoukyn, a lady of the court, was also very beautiful, and even more admired than the Empress, who was jealous of her, and resented the attentions she received. While the Countess, according to the narratives of the case, was not entirely sinless herself, her life was angelic compared with that of Elizabeth, and what is more, she had a bright wit and a keen tongue.

One day she made a witty epigram upon the loves of the Empress, which reached the royal ears. Elizabeth had her

arrested for treason, and imprisoned while a nominal investigation took place. Then she was taken to this public square, stripped to the skin in the presence of thousands of spectators, and cruelly whipped with a knout till the blood from her lacerated back and limbs besmeared the platform. Then, as if this was not enough, her tongue was cut out and thrown to a dog which ate it, and she was sent at once to Siberia, "for speaking evil of God's anointed." Scandal



A RUSSIAN MAIDEN.

was pretty effectually silenced during the rest of Elizabeth's reign.

It is not safe to-day for any one to speak his mind freely in Petersburg. All the walls have ears, and the people have had examples enough to teach them caution. I found it extremely difficult to persuade any one to discuss the Czar, Nihilism, the Police, or any other tabooed topic. Sometimes when I was out in a carriage with a friend he would talk politics, but he could not be induced to do so in the pos-

sible hearing of any of the secret police ; and a man does not know but his wife or his children or his servants belong to "The Third Section," as it is called. I had a courier, a Protestant Russian, an honest, intelligent, and faithful fellow, who would discuss every subject but those relating to the government of the country. He told me very frankly, it was one topic he never talked about, and of which he knew nothing. "The less a man knows of public affairs here," he said, "the safer and happier he is."

Not long ago two men sat talking at a table in a *café* in one of the summer gardens on the islands of the Neva. One was a Russian native who had never been outside the country ; the other a Fin, who had been for several years in the art schools and University of Paris, and had come to Petersburg to reside. They were discussing Nihilism. Neither belonged to or sympathized with any of the Nihilistic organizations. They were simply talking of the causes and consequences of the movement, and supposed they were so far from any listener as to be perfectly safe. The next day the two men met in a prison. In the meantime both had been called upon by the police for an account of the conversation, the doctrines they advocated, and the opinions they held. It was their good fortune to have influential friends who secured their release, but it could not have been effected had not the reports they gave of their conversation tallied to a dot. Both were examined separately without the knowledge of the other, both adhered to the truth with the strictest accuracy and detail, for their lives were at stake, and when the two statements were placed side by side they could not have been nearer alike if they had been made by the same man. The only explanation of their denunciation is that their conversation was overheard by a woman waitress at the *café*, who was in the employ of the police. Strangely enough, many of the plots are hatched in *cafés*, and at the same time spies are thickest there.

I heard of another case. A most estimable noble living in the country, a man of considerable wealth, established a

school for the education of the children of his employés. Some of their fathers and mothers desired to learn to read also, and in order that their work might not be interfered with, one hour each night was occupied by the noble and his wife in teaching them. A stranger came along one day, and as the custom is, went to the best house in the neighborhood to ask for food and lodging, there being no inn for several miles.

He witnessed the gathering of the servants and noticed that the noble and his wife were closeted with them for an hour or more in what to him was a mysterious manner. His host explained that he was teaching a night school. The visitor whispered to his drosky driver, who was also under the same roof, to pump the servants. As the peasants are always close-mouthed he was unable to learn anything, and the mystery was deepened. The visitor was an agent of the secret police, engaged in the investigation of some secret organization in that part of the country, and being anxious to distinguish himself and win the favor of his superiors, he denounced the noble and his wife for conspiracy. When the arrest was made the noble was of course very much astonished. His explanation went for nothing, as the police had never heard of one of his class being engaged in such an occupation as teaching peasants to read. Besides, there is a law prohibiting the establishment of schools without the consent of the government. He and his wife got "a wolf's passport," were banished to Siberia, and died there a few years afterward, their property being in the meantime confiscated to the crown.

Such cases are frequent, and silence is sometimes as dangerous as speech. The afternoon the late Czar was assassinated, a man came running into the counting-house of a certain merchant with the news. All those present expressed themselves freely about the terrible affair except one clerk, a reticent, moody man who was incredulous, and thought it best not to say anything till the information was confirmed. The next day he was arrested and banished to

the mines. His silence was considered suspicious to one of his fellow-clerks, who was a member of the secret police, and at once reported the fact to headquarters and received a reward.

While I was in Petersburg a similar case occurred. There is an Englishman who has a print factory on one of the islands in the Neva river. One day an officer came to the factory, arrested the foreman, and took him away. He never was seen again. The employer made as much inquiry as he dared, and vouched for the loyalty and integrity of his foreman, but he could ascertain nothing more than that the man was a "suspect." His fate is only a matter of conjecture. It is not safe to inquire too particularly into the actions of the police.

Near the print works of this Englishman, on an adjoining island, is a prison in which are supposed to be detained suspected or accused persons awaiting transportation to the mines. The guards are so thick upon the banks of the island that they can speak to one another, and their orders are, as they pace their beats, to shoot any person who attempts to land. No warning is given, no password is asked. As soon as the



AN EXILE IN CHAINS.

foot of a stranger touches the turf on the banks of the island a bullet is fired at his heart. His body falls into the stream and floats down to the sea. No questions are asked. Only one boat is allowed to land on the island. That is painted black, and belongs to the police. No one has ever returned from that prison. People may have been released from it, but if so they have never confessed the fact, and the popular belief is that whoever lands there once never leaves alive except to go to Siberia.

One day while I was in St. Petersburg an empty boat was found floating on the river. It belonged to an old man who keeps such boats to hire, and was rented from him by a

stranger ; a foreigner, he thought. The next day the body of a man was discovered between two vessels, where it had caught while floating down the tide. There was a bullet mark in the breast, and the boatman said the features were the same as those of the foreigner who had rented a boat of him. No further investigation was necessary. The man had either committed suicide, or had been shot while trying to land on the island of Schlüsselburg.

The prison on this island is the scene of some of the



AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS EXILE.

most tragic events in Russian history. It was here in 1741 that Ivan VI., the great-nephew of Peter the Great, was imprisoned for sixteen years after the revolution which placed his cousin Elizabeth on the throne of Russia. This heir to an empire was shut up in a dungeon which the light of day never entered, and in which only one candle was allowed to burn. No clock was permitted, so that for sixteen years Ivan knew no difference between day and night. The guard, who was always in the dungeon, was not allowed to speak to him, not even to answer the simplest question. He



could talk to the soldier, and any reasonable request he made was gratified; but the sufferings of Bonnivard, the famous prisoner of Chillon, were not to be compared to his. His death resulted from the attempt of one Vassilli Mirovitch, a lieutenant of the garrison, to release him. Having wounded and secured the governor of the castle, and reached the dungeon in which the Prince was confined, Mirovitch and his men attacked the guards that were kept in the outer chamber. At the noise of the firing Ivan awoke from sleep, and attempting to assist his rescuers by unfastening the door of the dungeon, was killed by the soldier in the room with him, who then opened the door and showed Mirovitch the bleeding body of the prisoner.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE IMPERIAL STABLES.

They Illustrate the Wicked Extravagance of the Sovereigns.—Carriages and Harnesses that are Mounted with Gold and Jewels.—The Sledge that Peter Made.—The Czar's Eight Hundred Horses.—Sanitary Condition of the City.—The River Neva, and the Ceremonies that Annually Occur.

THE extravagance of the Russian sovereigns is nowhere better exemplified than in the imperial stables, which are located not far from the Winter Palace. The Czar has eight hundred horses, the finest in the world. Russia is the country of fine horses, and he has the best of them. These stables cost the government 2,000,000 roubles a year (about \$900,000), while we pay the President of the United States \$50,000, and make him find his own horses. Two thousand men, hostlers, coachmen, footmen, grooms, equerries, secretaries, quartermasters, purchasing agents, harness makers, carriage builders, veterinary surgeons, are employed to look after the stud, which is distributed around among the several palaces the Emperor inhabits. There are some at Peterhof, some at Gatschina, some at Tsarskoe Selo, but the most of them are in Petersburg. The stables, or *konivshennayas*, as the name appears in the Russian tongue, which makes the best possible use of the thirty-six letters in the alphabet, give one as good an idea as he can get elsewhere, not only of the extravagant tastes and wicked wastefulness of the Czars, but of the vastness of the city. They cover as much ground as an ordinary village, are a series of rectangular two-story buildings, enclosing large courts, the upper floors being used for storage and the lower for the stock.

The halls in which the imperial carriages and harness are kept are hung with Gobelin tapestry. Think of it!—a stable hung with the rarest and richest fabric in the world. The gilded chariots of a circus procession will have no further interest for those who have visited Russia. Many of my readers doubtless have seen the imperial carriages at Versailles, or in Berlin, or Vienna; have visited the Royal Mews at Buckingham Palace, London, and have enjoyed looking at the carriages of state. They can appreciate the grandeur of the Russian stables when I say that the combined collections of London, Versailles, Berlin, and Vienna would be lost sight of among the equipages of the Czars.

The tapestry with which the walls are covered is alone worth a visit, for it is one of the finest and most extensive collections in the world, and nowhere can the work of the

*Сочиненіи Впавс. С. Императорской Палаты*  
*Уланъ Аннобуръ Дункавъ*  
*Младшій Собранный.*  
 A VISITING CARD.

famous French factory be studied with better results. Much of this tapestry was presented by the several sovereigns of France to their contemporaries in Russia. Some of it was sent by Napoleon I. to Alexander, when he was trying to make an alliance against the other European powers; more was given to Catherine by the three Louis; and some was manufactured at the Gobelin works at the order of the Czars, to commemorate incidents and epochs in Russian history. There is one very large and fine piece representing the apparition of the Cross to Constantine, and another equally fine portraying the scene at the coronation of some Czar. Peter the Great, who always adopted good ideas, endeavored to create an establishment similar to that of the Gobelins at St. Petersburg after his visit to France, and brought back with him artists and weavers; but when he

died the factory was closed. Much of the work it produced while it was running is here preserved.

I will not attempt to give a description or even a list of the carriages in the Czar's stables, but only allude to some of the most conspicuous. The least costly of them would be a great curiosity and attraction in any museum in the world. One of the finest is an immense coach of gilded metal, presented in 1746 by Frederick the Great of Prussia to the Empress Elizabeth. The arms of its royal giver are set in jewels on one door, and those of the lady to whom it was given are on the other. The Princess Dagmar of Denmark, the present Czarina, made her *entrée* into the capital of Russia in this carriage at the time of her marriage with the Crown Prince. Number 4 in the official catalogue is a carriage obtained in Paris by Count Orloff, and presented to his royal mistress, Catherine the Great, by whom it was commonly used, for the Empress rode in great style in those days. The exterior is painted with a series of allegories by Gravelot, the court painter of Louis XIV. Next comes another gift of Orloff to Catherine, a carriage she only used on state occasions. The Count had it made in England, and it was decorated by Boucher with allegorical designs, representing Love, Labor, Industry, Commerce, Science, Abundance, and other similar ideas. The coachman's box is upheld upon the beaks of two large eagles, handsomely carved in wood, while the platform for the footman in the rear is guarded by St. George and the dragon. The exterior is covered with very heavy gold-leaf, about as thick as cardboard, and on the panel of either door are the arms of Catherine, as large as a man's hat, set in diamonds. This carriage cost as much as a palace, as much as the house in which the President of the United States resides. There are several other carriages that belonged to Catherine set with jewels of all sorts, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, turquoises, pearls, and other stones, strewn over them in the most reckless manner.

There are a number of similar equipages that belonged to

Elizabeth, Anna, Paul, and the other sovereigns. Down to the time of Alexander, about the commencement of the present century, the Czars and Empresses began to conceive of some other use for money than the decoration of carriages with jewels. Then it became possible for one of the sovereigns of Russia to ride in a coach the handles to whose doors were not of gold and set with diamonds worth a dozen



CORONATION OF THE CZAR.

school-houses; but before that time every successive monarch tried to out-rival his predecessors, and eclipse the splendor of everything that had been seen before. Catherine especially, the most extravagant woman that ever lived, had her carriage covered with jewels, every one of which was of a value greater than the cost of an elegant carriage to-day.

And the example of this extravagance is still felt. For the coronation of the present Czar, himself a man without extravagant tastes, precedent required a lot of new carriages,

and ten were made at a cost of \$40,000 each, to be used but once, and then for only an hour or more, when they were shipped to Petersburg to be stared at, like the carriages of Catherine and Paul.

In olden times it was the fashion to draw kings and queens about with twelve white, or twelve black horses. Sometimes in Russia they used to vary the effect by harnessing black and white ones together; and it must have been a glorious sight to see these magnificent equipages drawn by such splendid animals as lived in the Czar's stables. I saw a team of twelve white stallions, ridden by outriders, drawing the imperial family around the park at Peterhof on the occasion of the Empress' *fête* day.

In the harness house of the royal stables are full sets of harness for all the carriages I have spoken of, and they correspond in elegance and extravagance. On some of the harness for the chariots of Catherine every strap is set with double rows of jewels. There is a double row of pearls all over a red harness for twelve horses, and a double row of turquoises on another that is made of white morocco. The mountings of all of the harnesses are of solid silver. Much of it is gilded to look like gold. Nickel or iron or brass could have been gilded just as well, but would not have cost a hundredth part as much, and it was the amount of money they spent and not what they spent it for that troubled the Czars. Some of this harness cost \$100,000 for a single set. When Catherine went out to ride in her best coach, with her finest horses and her most expensive harness, the sum of two or three million dollars was drawn along the road.

It is a welcome relief to turn from all this magnificence to the sledge of Peter the Great, made entirely with his own hands, and used by him for twenty years or more. It is protected from the tooth of time by a glass case, is in an excellent state of preservation, and was made by a good workman of enduring materials. The windows are of mica, the interior is upholstered in the coarsest sort of leather,

there is a shelf arranged for Peter to write upon as he slid over the snow, and the seats are so fixed that he could make it quite a comfortable bed for night travel. Behind the coach is a box in which he carried his clothing and papers, which can be opened from either the inside or the outside. Peter used to go all over his empire in the winter on this sledge, and travelled rapidly with relays of six horses, which were always hitched abreast.

Beside it is another holy historical relic, which loyal Russians approach in silence and sometimes with tearful eyes. It is the *coupé* in which the late Czar was riding when he was assassinated. The damage of the bomb is left without repair. The under part of the box between the hind wheels is torn away. Here too are the toy sledges which the present Czar used when he was a boy, and the little carriage he drove to a couple of Shetland ponies thirty years ago, with a lot of other relics of the past reigns, including some harlequin sledges Catherine used for carousals on the ice.

In one room in the upper portion of the stables are the liveries of eight hundred footmen and coachmen, and they are dusted every day. The carriages that are in common use are kept in the lower part of the building, where they can be conveniently reached when wanted. When the Czar drives out ordinarily, he goes like any other gentleman in a *coupé* or landau, with a driver and footman in a livery of white and silver, silk stockings, knee breeches, and cocked hats. Four Cossack guards always accompany him, riding on either side of the carriage; and often an officer of the Cossacks takes the place of the footman on the box. The Czar uses a basket-phaeton in the country, which he drives himself, but of course has a large number of carriages of all sorts.

The favorite carriage of the Empress, and the one in which she is most frequently seen, is a victoria purchased in Paris. She is always accompanied by an officer on horseback, and usually has one of her children in the carriage with her. Her favorite horses are splendid black stallions, with tails

that sweep the ground. The Grand Duke Alexis, who is a knock-about sort of a fellow, and goes everywhere regardless of Nihilists, rides in a drosky as often as anything else; while his brothers Sergius and Paul imitate his example in a mild way.

There is considerable rivalry among the wealthy families of Petersburg in the matter of riding and driving, and one can see, on the islands in the summer and on the Neva or the Nevski Prospect in winter, the finest horseflesh in the world. The pavements of the city are distressingly bad, worse than those of New York, and of a similar style—stones laid in the roughest manner. There is some excuse for them in Petersburg however, as the streets are so wide that it would bankrupt the city to pave them with anything that would wear out. A sort of compromise with comfort has been effected, however, by laying a strip of wood pavement on each side of the roadway, next the sidewalk, wide enough for two carriages to go abreast; and the drivers usually stick to that. The streets are kept very clean, under the direction of Dr. Duncan, a jolly Scotchman who occupies the office of Director-General of Public Health; and squads of men are kept constantly at work sweeping them with little brooms and carrying off the dirt in carts. There is a law against throwing paper or other refuse in the street, and it is rigidly enforced. There was formerly a law prohibiting smoking in the streets, but that is obsolete. The roadways are constantly watered during the summer season, not by sprinkling carts such as we have, but by a gang of men with hose, which they attach to the hydrants. One man with a line of hose is given a couple of blocks, and keeps sprinkling from sunrise to sunset. In the winter, after every snow-fall, the pavements are cleared by the soldiers, leaving only a few inches in the road for sleighing, which lasts constantly from November to April.

The sanitary condition of the city under Dr. Duncan is absolutely perfect. He has imperial power, can condemn a house for bad sewerage and order it taken down, and has as



much authority in his department as if he were the Czar. If a sewer is found defective he does not have to go to the Common Council and get an ordinance passed to repair it; he simply orders out a gang of men and has it done. If a butcher in the market does not keep his stall clean the Doctor simply notifies the police who close out the establishment and confiscate his property. If there is a nuisance of any sort existing, there need be no process of law to abate it. The Doctor's power is unlimited. He can do exactly as he considers proper, can burn it down or cover it up, whichever he thinks is the best. As far as the health of

### ТОРГОВЛЯ

### РАЗНЫМЪ МѢДНЫМЪ ТОВАРОМЪ

АФОНАСИЯ ПЕТРОВИЧА

— **МАРКОВА.** —

ПРИНИМАЮТСЯ ЗАКАЗЫ НА МѢДНЫЯ ИЗДЕЛІЯ.

На Никольской улицѣ, въ домѣ Алексѣева

— **ВЪ МОСКВѢ.** —

A RUSSIAN CARD.

the city is concerned he is the Czar. He speaks with the Czar's voice, and has the entire army of Russia at his back to execute his orders. The law against the sale of adulterated food and liquors is positive and inexorable, and all intelligent sanitary measures are enforced.

There was a theatre in Petersburg which was paying its proprietor a profit of two thousand roubles a month. The inspectors decided that it was not safe from fire, and directed some improvements. The proprietor made them in a slipshod sort of way, without regard to the directions of the officers, trusting to the popularity he enjoyed to carry him through. When the inspectors saw how he had evaded their orders and tried to circumvent them, they at once closed up the establishment, and took the proprietor to prison, where he spent several months reflecting upon the danger of playing with an autocrat.

On one of the islands in the Neva is a summer garden, with a magnificent *café*, an open air theatre, and a fine collection of wild animals, a mixture of restaurant, circus, and park. It was fitted up at an enormous expense, was the most popular resort in Russia, and the owner was a Prince who was coining money out of an enterprise conducted under the name of his active manager. A guest at the place was assaulted by a waiter, and complained to the police. They investigated the case, or attempted to do so, but found themselves thwarted at every turn by the manager, who thought a man with a Prince behind him could do what he pleased. The police directed that the man who committed the assault should report at their headquarters the next morning. He did not come. An officer went to the gardens and asked why. The manager told him he thought enough fuss had been made about a little affair already. His opinion changed, however, for he was at once arrested, sent to prison, and the place was closed the rest of the season, despite the efforts of the Prince, whose money was invested, to have it reopened. A little autocracy of this sort keeps a high state of discipline in Petersburg.

So far as the enforcement of the sanitary laws are concerned, however, Dr. Duncan has the reputation of being strictly just. He is a man of great ability and influence both with the people and with the Czar, who, like his father, is very fond of him, and particularly relishes the blunt way he has of expressing himself. He was born in Petersburg of Scotch parents, but was educated at the Royal College of Surgeons in Edinburgh. All his life he has practised medicine in Russia, succeeding his father, who was also a physician. He is respected and esteemed by every one, and, as I have often heard, is the only man in Russia who speaks his mind on all occasions to all persons. A good many stories are told of his relations with the late Czar, which were intimate, and of the good advice he used to give him once in a while with a strong Scotch flavor. His candor and his courage have saved him a trip to Siberia many a time, for no

other man in the empire could do and say what he does without getting "a wolf's passport."

The river Neva is at once the blessing and the curse of Petersburg. Upon its banks the most magnificent palaces are erected, the Art Gallery, the Chamber of Commerce, and the finest of the residences of the nobles and the merchants. The numerous islands are the parks and pleasure grounds of the people, and are filled with resorts that are thronged during both the summer and winter months. On the islands also are many fine residences occupied during the summer only. Little steamers like those upon the Thames and the Seine are constantly running up and down, carrying persons bent on pleasure or business, and offer an enjoyable and convenient mode of transportation. There are several fine bridges, only one of which, however, is permanent. The remainder are constructed so that they can be removed when the stream freezes over, as it usually does in November, when the teams and the pedestrians pass over on the ice till April, and the bed of the river is again the scene of pleasure for skating and sleighing. The Jockey Club of Petersburg always holds its racing meetings on the ice, and there is a fine display of horses and horsemanship every day during the winter months, when the droskies are stored and sledges take their place.

Although the river is the source of great pleasure, it is the source of great terror also, for when the spring thaw comes, or when a strong northwesterly wind blows the water in from the sea for several days in succession, there is always danger of the city being flooded, for its length upon the river is more than thirteen miles, and the streets are not more than four feet above the water at <sup>771 et 607</sup> mean level. A northwesterly storm often raises the river above its banks, and after the thaw the flood is even worse. Great damage is done to property, and the break-up is sometimes attended with loss of life. Precautions are taken, however, and when a flood is coming the inhabitants are warned by the firing of guns from the fortresses along the banks, in sufficient time to

make preparations. Ice jams are removed by dynamite, and the army is ordered out with axes; but there is no way to prevent the floods that come with the winds.

The spring break-up generally occurs about the middle of April, when all crossing upon the ice is stopped by the police, and the ceremonies of opening the river take place. No boat is allowed to be launched till the governor of the city has passed up and down the entire distance, and taken a goblet of water with his report to the Emperor, who drinks it, and fills the silver cup with gold coins for the poor. Then



INUNDATION OF PETERSBURG.

the governor rows over the course again, declares the Neva open to navigation, and all the inhabitants who have boats or can hire them, follow with bands of music by day and fireworks by night, great festivities occurring in their houses and the places of public resort. A state ball is sometimes given to celebrate the opening of the river.

Another interesting state ceremony is "The Benediction of the Waters," which takes place on the 6th of January. A temple of ice is erected, richly decorated with ornaments from the palaces and the churches, and dedicated to St. John the Baptist. The river is then called the Jordan, and religious services are conducted in the temple by the Metro-

politan, or high priest of the national Church, attended by the Emperor and all his court. The ceremony is in memory of the baptism of Christ, and is supposed to be a safeguard against dangers from the floods, as well as to benefit all those who make their living on the sea. A hole is cut in the ice in the centre of the temple from which the people are baptized by sprinkling by the priests, and nearly every



BLESS YOU, MY CHILD.

faithful member of the Greek Church in the city goes to get his share, while religious devotees often plunge into the ice-cold flood through the hole. If they catch cold and die, as they often do, heaven is secured for them. On the evening before the ceremony all good Russians make crosses on their thresholds, to prevent the evil spirits that are driven from the water from taking refuge in their houses.

One of the whims of the Empress Elizabeth was to marry

her court jester, a dwarf, to a giantess who was discovered in one of the interior provinces, and erect a palace of ice upon the Neva, in which she compelled them to spend their honeymoon. The palace was handsomely furnished and decorated for this ill-sorted couple, and great hilarity followed. Balls and banquets were given, and all the nobles of the court were made to bring gifts.

Peter the Great laid out the capital on both sides of the Neva, in his comprehensive, matchless plan, and it is the only city in the world of size, except Washington, which was platted before the erection of a single wall. The streets are all straight and at right angles with each other, and are intersected by canals for the purpose of aiding heavy transportation. This idea Peter got during his apprenticeship in Holland, and the waterways lead from the great artery, the river, like veins in all directions, affording easy and cheap carriage for heavy merchandise, between the harbor and the warehouses throughout the city. No heavy hauling is permitted on any of the fashionable thoroughfares.

## CHAPTER X.

## SOME OF THE PALACES AND JEWELS.

The Homes of the Grand Dukes and the Czars of the Past.—Peculiarities of the Emperor Paul and his Tragic End.—Potemkin's Romance.—The Imperial Crown of Russia, and the Coronet of the Empress.—Story of the Famous Orloff Diamond.

ONE may look in vain for the picturesque in the architecture of the residence or business portion of Petersburg. No buildings are notable for originality of conception, nor has there been any attempt to introduce variety. One building follows the other, mile after mile, along the broad streets, all of them constructed on the same pattern and of the same height, like those of Paris. The eye is nowhere gratified either by artistic groupings or novel effects. The entire city is a monotony of five or six story stuccoed palaces or apartment-houses, of enormous size, there being no distinction between those used for dwellings and those for business purposes. It is the rule for the banker to live in the apartment above his counting-house, for the lawyer to rent the ground-floor of his residence for a shop, and for the merchant to live under the same roof with his stock of goods.

There are one or two variations to the monotony of architecture. One is known as the Marble Palace, although there is very little marble about it, scarcely enough to justify the name. It was erected by Catherine the Great for one of her lovers in 1770, but subsequently fell into the possession of the Grand Duke Constantine, the brother of the late Czar, whose widow still resides there and is famous for the value of her jewels. It is an imposing building, the roof and window-frames being of gilded copper, which afford a very striking effect as they reflect the rays of the setting sun.

Another exception to the prevailing order of sameness is the Michael Palace, a castellated structure built by the Emperor Paul, who fortified it and dedicated it to the Archangel Michael. It is a gloomy pile, and an architectural monstrosity, the exterior being loaded with all sorts of incongruous ornaments and each of the four fronts being of an entirely different design. Over the principal entrance are inscribed the words :

“ON THY HOUSE WILL THE BLESSING OF THE LORD REST FOREVER.”



A COUNTRY VILLAGE.

This castle was a whim of the Emperor Paul, who built it in the most extraordinary manner, having five thousand men employed upon it for three years until it was finished. The more quickly to dry the plastering he had large iron plates made, which were heated red hot and fastened to the walls. The palace cost 10,000,000 roubles, or about \$7,000,000, but if any sort of economy or common-sense had been applied in the construction it need not have cost more than two millions. The interior is, however, very fine, some of the great halls being entirely of Carrara marble, exquisitely



carved by artists imported from Florence to do the work. It is now occupied as a school of engineers for the army.

The room in which Paul was murdered was walled up for fifty years, but is now used as a chapel for the students. He was as eccentric a monarch as the late King Ludwig of Bavaria, and one can scarcely read the accounts of his conduct without believing that he was insane. He inherited the luxurious tastes of his mother, Catherine the Great, and sometimes during his lucid moments showed glimpses of her talent, but he was an habitual drunkard, and gave way to fits of passion in which he was nothing less than a murderous maniac. One day when he was inspecting his incom-



THE EMPEROR PAUL.

plete palace the skirts of his coat caught on the arms of a chandelier of Venetian glass that had been manufactured to order at Venice upon designs of his own, and had only been unpacked the day before. Although it cost more than 100,000 roubles, he turned around and, instead of disengaging himself, smashed the whole thing to atoms with his cane, at the same time nearly murdering his escort, who remonstrated with him.

His friends and *attachés* knew when his passions were coming by a quivering of his lips, and usually fled for their lives. He brutally killed a number of people by beating them with his cane or sword, and once cut off the ears of his coachman with his own hands. He was an ugly-looking man, and exceedingly sensitive about his appearance, suspecting that every one who laughed or smiled in his presence was making fun of him; and they suffered for it.

One of his edicts was that whenever he passed along the street every one should stop, and turning their faces toward him, bow their heads till he went by. He invented forms of dress for the people and compelled everybody to adopt them. He would send women from his balls to prison because their gowns were not cut to suit him. If he thought a woman

appeared in his presence too plainly dressed, he would punish her, or if he considered another too richly dressed, she would go to prison for that offence. As he was seldom in the same mood, and as what pleased him one day would throw him into a furious passion the next, the lords and ladies of his court were continually in a state of painful uncertainty whether they would spend the next day or month of their lives in a palace or a prison.

One evening at a ball he saw a gentleman whose style of dressing his hair did not please him, so Paul called an officer, and sent the poor victim to a barber with orders to have him brought back with his head shaved. He issued an edict setting forth the amount of money travellers might carry with them when they left Russia. The ordinary man might take with him 200 roubles or so, according to the length of time he was to be away; the nobles might have a little more, say 500 or 1000 roubles, while the princes might take two or three thousand in their wallets. The theory of this edict was that too much money was being spent out of the country. Paul wanted his subjects to spend their wealth at home. He organized his army on the same whims. He had one regiment composed of 1000 men, every one of whom was pock-marked, another was organized of men with large noses, another of men with small noses. There was a rule also that all the men in each company or battalion should be of exactly the same stature, the same complexion, and the same color of the eyes.

The manner of his death was tragic, for his brutality finally wore out the submissive spirit of even the Russians, and he was killed by the officers of his court. The day of his death is said to have been the most tranquil he had spent since he ascended the throne. He wrote a letter to Napoleon I., criticising the crown of his hat, as it appeared in a picture, visited an orphan asylum where there were 800 children of his soldiers boarding at his cost, and walking back to the Michael Palace, spent an hour or two with his wife and children, who usually saw very little of him. While he

sat with them, Nicholas, afterward Czar, then four years old, asked :

“Father, why are you called Paul the First?”

“Because no one of that name ever ruled in Russia before me,” was the Czar’s reply.

“Then I shall be Nicholas the First,” replied the boy.

For an instant the Empress feared something dreadful would happen to the child, for any allusion to his successor on the throne usually threw Paul into a raving passion. To her surprise he simply took up the boy and kissed him. Then he left the house and dined with his mistress, where he spoke of Alexander I., his oldest son and heir, in such a manner that the woman, excusing herself from his presence for a moment, sent a messenger to Alexander, warning him not to encounter his father while he was in his present mood. As Paul left the house he remarked that people would be astonished at the way heads would fall during the next few days, which looks as if he had some knowledge of the conspiracy to kill him. After he had retired, the conspirators, who were mostly officers of his own household, outraged beyond all endurance by his cruelty to them, made their way to his chamber, and offered him the choice between abdicating the throne in favor of his son Alexander, or death at their hands. He chose death, and attempted to defend himself, having an arm broken and one eye put out in the struggle that ensued.

Near the Michael Palace is another of the remarkable buildings of Petersburg, and one which is considered the handsomest of them all. This is called the Taurida Palace, and was built by Catherine the Great, for the most famous of her lovers, the Prince Potemkin. It was here that he is supposed to have been secretly married to the Empress. Potemkin’s life was a romance, and he owed his elevation to a feather. During the revolution which Catherine incited against her husband, and by which she reached the throne, Potemkin was a lieutenant in a regiment which followed her fortunes. The day when Catherine came out to take com-

mand of the troops, he, seeing that she had no feather in her hat, left his place in the ranks, and kneeling before her offered his own. He was a handsome young fellow, and Catherine was as much taken by the act of gallantry as was Elizabeth of England by the courtliness of Sir Walter Raleigh. She at once had him detailed as her aide-de-camp; he soon became her lover, and afterwards, as is supposed, her husband.

She made him Prince Taurida, and built him this palace, in which she spent a good part of her time. The ball-room is considered the finest room in Russia, being of different



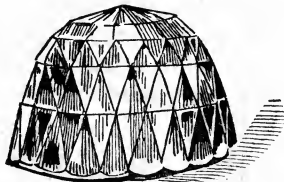
DEATH OF PAUL.

colored marbles, and lighted by 20,000 wax candles; and the rest of the palace corresponds. The building was occupied by Marie, the widow of Paul, after the murder of her husband, and has seen many royal tenants, but is now used for a military barracks.

It was Count Orloff, another of Catherine's favorites, whose name is associated with the great diamond which surmounts the imperial sceptre, and is a worthy ornament for the emblem of a dominion so rich and extensive as that ruled by the Czar. The Orloff diamond, the first in size and third in value in the world, once formed the eye of an idol in a temple near Seringham, India. Into this temple, as the story goes, a French adventurer introduced himself in

some menial capacity for the purpose of stealing the treasure, which he did, and before the theft was discovered escaped to Malabar, where he sold it to a ship captain for 20,000 guineas. The captain disposed of it to a Jew named Lazarus, who offered it for sale at Petersburg. Catherine refused to accept his terms, so he carried the jewel to Amsterdam, where Count Orloff saw it, purchased it for 450,000 pounds sterling, and laid it in the lap of his imperial mistress the next time he saw her. The stone weighs 185 carats, and is valued at \$2,399,410. It is the largest of all the great diamonds, but has a slight flaw or black stain.

The imperial crown of all the Russias, and the finest



THE ORLOFF DIAMOND.

and costliest of all in Europe, is in the form of a bishop's mitre, and carries on its crest a cross composed of five of the most beautiful diamonds ever cut, supporting the largest ruby in the world. Eleven great diamonds in a foliated arch, rising from the front and back of the crown, support this cross and ruby, and on either side is a hoop of thirty-eight vast and perfect pearls, whose value is simply a matter of conjecture—or what any trillionaire would be willing to pay for them. There are no handsomer ones known. The domed spaces on either side of these arches of pearls are filled with leaf work of silver, every spray being thickly set with large diamonds, and the whole underlaid with purple velvet. The band on which the crown is supported, and which surrounds the brow of the Emperor, is studded with enormous diamonds, twenty-eight

in number. The orb carries a large sapphire, of a greenish color and elongated form.

The coronet of the Empress is said to be the most beautiful and valuable mass of diamonds ever brought together in a single ornament. The four largest are remarkable for their perfect shape and color, being exactly of the same weight and size, so that even an expert cannot tell one from another. There are eighteen other stones of a slightly smaller size which are also perfectly matched, the whole being set in a pattern and surrounded by a great number of stones, any one of which would be a prize to its owner.

Besides these costly treasures, there are a number of other ornaments fit to bear them company. There is a necklace which the Czarina sometimes wears, which is composed of twenty-two of the largest diamonds known, and another of fifteen stones, even larger. The famous plume of Suveroff, an *aigrette* composed entirely of diamonds, was presented by the Sultan of Turkey, as a price of peace, to General Suveroff, and by him transferred to the crown. Another famous jewel in the collection is known to lapidaries as "The Shah." It is a long, peculiar shaped crystal, presented to the Emperor of Russia by the Shah Mirza, also as a price of peace. It has Persian characters engraved upon it. There is also a necklace, composed of three hundred truly imperial pear-shaped pearls, several strands of which hang over the breast of the Empress like a net when she wears them, and are of enormous value. Among the collection there are also several decorations worn by the Czar on occasions of great ceremony, the collar and badge of St. Andrew, the order of St. George, and numerous other decorations of great value presented to the rulers of Russia from time to time by their contemporary sovereigns. Several years ago the Czar placed an order with the leading jeweller of Paris to furnish him the finest necklace of emeralds that could be obtained. The whole earth has since been searched for stones, and the collection, set in diamonds, was presented to the Czarina as a Christmas gift in 1887.

An American lady writing from St. Petersburg thus describes a court reception at the Winter Palace in 1888 :

“ We women folk are accustomed (through ignorance, I suppose) to think and speak of Russia as a semi-barbarous country. It is in some respects ; but in others it is the most splendid country—with the exception of our own—in the world, and St. Petersburg is the most interesting of all European cities. Through the introductions we brought with us, we have been enabled to obtain *entrée* to the presence of royalty and see the interior of the finest of all the palaces. It was a bitter cold day when we drove in a gorgeous sleigh to the Winter Palace—which was like a fairy picture in the fading light without, and illumined within with the brilliancy of thousands of candles—to attend a court reception. The effect of the light on the snow and upon the gay equipages of the numerous guests was indescribable. We approached the Empress through 3,000 officials. First through superb state departments, each blazing with a thousand wax tapers and gorgeous with priceless hangings, malachite pillars, works of art, and tropical flowers and ferns. The sight was worth the journey from New York to Russia. The floors were things of beauty, inlaid with ebony and rosewood and ivory.

“ As we waited for our turn I had a good opportunity to see, and I made much of it. At last we entered the throne room, and there, surrounded by a sea of splendor stood the Empress, herself a moving mass of diamonds. She was the most dazzling sight of all. On her head was a crown once worn by the great Elizabeth. It was the first time I had seen a real crown on royalty, for the diamond tiara worn by Queen Victoria last summer at her reception was not a crown except in name. Mrs. Astor used to wear as fine a one. But this one on the imperial head was worthy to adorn the Empress of all the Russias. Describe it ? No. I only saw millions of colored rays and white sparks of light emitted from it at every motion of the royal person. The necklace was made from what was left over of the crown. It reached from her neck to her waist, and had rubies, sapphires, and diamonds enough in it to have supplied a thousand ordinary royal necklaces. The imperial orders worn on her breast contained all the gems of the East. They scintillated with light, and that is all I can say of them. The stuff of her gown was emerald velvet, with a train of white velvet embroidered with enough gold to stock a mine, and bordered with real gold balls. The front of the gown was ornamented with ropes of linked pink coral, set in diamonds and fastened at intervals. Never saw I human being thus arrayed. Solomon might have put on more, but I do not believe it. She was enough of herself to take the breath out of a body, but surrounded as she was by grand duchesses, each one ablaze with jewels

worth a kingdom, she was the most wonderful sight I ever witnessed in my life. I did not know a mortal could look so magnificent.

"The position of her sister, the Princess of Wales, is almost obscure as compared to the peerless destiny of this Empress of all the Russias, and if the war party succeeds, Empress of Asia as well. The officials in their semi-barbarous grandeur numbered hundreds upon hundreds, but I paid no attention to them; the Empress and the palace were what I went to see, and the sight has thrown me into a peculiar mental condition. My less fascinated companion, who had been to court before, took my breath away from me by remarking that she pitied the poor woman. Why? Because she will not find anything new in heaven in the way of jewels or surroundings. How about peace of mind? Of that indeed I think she stands in great need now, poor thing!"

#### A letter to a New York paper says :

"No woman in the world wears so many jewels as the Czarina. Even her sister, who, when she comes to the English throne will wear the Kohinoor, will not have such jewels or wear so many of them at one time. The Russian crown jewels are something simply fabulous. It is to be doubted whether any one outside of that country has any definite conception of the extent of the Romanoff possessions in the way of precious stones. The Russians still retain their old barbaric love of splendor, and when the Empress shows herself she is a vision of unmatched gorgeousness. She is one of the few monarchs who still make a practice of wearing a crown on great occasions. There are several she uses, but the favorite one is that made and worn by the great Elizabeth of Russia, and which is loaded with gems of great price. The pearls alone are said to be valued at something like 80,000 roubles. When the Empress danced the other night with the Austrian Ambassador, causing the significant fact to be flashed around the world, over mountains and under oceans, before morning, she was arrayed in a fashion of which Solomon never dreamed nor Balkis ever saw. On her head was the Elizabethan crown. Her gown was of heavy white watered silk, with a white velvet train, embroidered heavily in gold, and hung about all the edges with gold balls. The front of the gown was ornamented with ropes of linked pink coral, set in diamonds and fastened at intervals to the dress. The necklace she wore contained over a thousand stones and reached nearly from neck to waist—a mass of rubies, sapphires, and diamonds—a veritable breastplate of gems. Besides this she wore on her breast about half of her orders—she has over forty in all—and they too were flashing with precious stones. Her rings, bracelets, and earrings were all equally magnificent, and when she danced it was like the northern lights in a misty sky; a myriad flashing



rays of all hues glittering and changing with every movement. Yet the Czarina, when she goes back to her early home in Denmark, is absolutely simple in her costumes, wearing for the most part print frocks in the morning, and a plain straw hat with merely a ribbon around it for her walks and drives. As the Danish Princess she had no jewels, and very few of even the simplest gowns, for the royal house of Denmark is poor, and neither she nor the Princess of Wales knew anything of luxury until they married."

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE FAMOUS VOSPITATELNEY DOM.

Where Fatherless Babies are cared for.—Twenty-four thousand Foundlings.—The Theatres and other Places of Amusement.—Merchants' Exchange.—Russian Methods of Doing Business.—Peculiar System in the Banking Houses.

ONE of the most important public establishments in Petersburg is known as the "Vospitatelney Dom," a Foundlings' Home, and those who are familiar with such institutions in the United States will be astonished at its dimensions and the extent of its usefulness. The building occupies 26,325 square fathoms of ground, and last year over 7000 fatherless babies were received under its sheltering wings, from a city of seven hundred thousand inhabitants. As this is one baby for each one hundred of the population, counting all who appear in the census, and about nineteen daily for every one of the three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, it will be recognized not only as a pretty high average, but as an index to the morals of the people. It should be said, however, that it is claimed that girls who have forgotten to get married come to Petersburg from all over the Empire, knowing that their babies here will receive excellent care, and grow up among much greater comforts than they would know if they remained with their mothers. It is also claimed that many legitimate children are brought here by mothers to whom they were not welcome, so as to be rid of their care; but it is nevertheless the fact that the parentage of nine-tenths of the children is unknown, and no questions are asked by the nuns who conduct the institution.

Children are received at the gates at all hours of the day or night. All a woman has to do is to deposit the little half-

orphan in a basket always kept in the vestibule for the purpose, and pull a bell which summons an attendant to take the baby. No attempt is made to recall the mother, or whoever left the child, but the waif is taken in and cared for. The mother may come around the next morning and apply for employment as wet nurse, as many of them do, and usually gets her own baby to take care of, for the good-hearted nuns always let them take their pick of the new arrivals, and it is an unnatural mother who does not recognize her own. Often a tag is attached to the neck of the



FOUNDLINGS' HOME AND ORPHAN ASYLUM.

child, or a paper pinned to its clothing, telling what its name is, but if there is no such information, the nuns call him after some saint, give him a bath, dress him in coarse but clean garments, put a rubber band around his neck with a tag attached, on which is a number, and then notify the book-keeper of all the circumstances attending the arrival. These are noted down on the books, together with the name given to the child; and any clothing found upon it is bundled up, labelled with the youngster's number, and stowed away for purposes of identification. Those who have a cross around their necks are accepted as having

received the rites of the Church, but those who have not are sent at once to the priest to be baptized before they get their suppers.

There are 24,000 children in the institution, which is lower than the average; and there is a similar hospital at Moscow, in which are eighteen thousand, increasing at the



“BOUND OUT.”

rate of over three thousand a year. A Lying-in Asylum is connected with both of the homes, and its beds are always full of poor girls.

What becomes of the children? Many are adopted by childless families; there is scarcely a day that several bright-eyed little ones are not taken out for this purpose; others, as they reach the age when they can be made useful, are disposed of as servants in the families of the nobles, and the

poor things have a hard time of it, I expect, for they are "bound out." Hundreds of them go out every year to work in factories; the boys are educated for the army; many of the girls are trained for nurses in the hospitals, and lots of them are saved by death from a worse fate. The mortality in the institution is very large, although every possible care is taken of the children, and they are much better off than in the homes where they were born. This institution was founded by Catherine the Great, who had a number of illegitimate children herself, and had a kindly heart towards the unfortunate from any cause.

Catherine founded another hospital, which stands on the banks of the Neva, and is one of the most conspicuous landmarks of the river, being situated at the head of the wide curve where its vast proportions can be seen from all directions. It has a frontage of six hundred feet, is four hundred feet wide, and has 650 beds, which are free to those who cannot afford to pay. Those who are not paupers are charged a small entrance fee, and are required to pay such a sum weekly as corresponds with their accommodations. There are several other fine hospitals, with an average of 4,250 patients, all cared for by Sisters of Charity.

There are five public theatres in the city, with any number of *cafés chantants*, and other less reputable places of amusement. The Imperial Theatre, in the park in which the great monument to Catherine stands, and which the private palace of the Czar overlooks, is a fine building, seating 3000 people, and is occupied each winter by one of the best Italian opera companies in Europe. The Russians are famous for their musical taste, and are satisfied with nothing but the best that can be obtained. A large sum is devoted by the government each year as a subsidy to the opera, and the high prices charged are sufficient to command the best talent. All the great singers of the last and the present centuries have appeared here in opera; and one who reads their biographies will learn of the enthusiasm and royal gifts

with which they have been received. The finest jewels Patti has were presented to her in Petersburg.

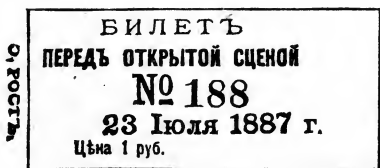
Attached to the theatre is a school, also under the patronage of the government and liberally subsidized, for the education of singers, actresses, and ballet-dancers, there being as many as a thousand pupils each winter in the various classes. During the summer the *corps-de-ballet*, with much of the scenery and stage machinery, is transferred to an open air theatre on one of the islands of the Neva, where spectacular presentations are given with the greatest magnificence. These performances are also subsidized by the government, which does everything possible for the entertainment of the people, but very little for their education. Think of a policy of statesmanship, a theory of political economy, that subsidizes the ballet, and prohibits free public schools!

Nowhere in the world are ballets and kindred spectacles given with greater magnificence than in Petersburg, and the summer prices are merely nominal. I saw, at the summer theatre to which I have alluded, the spectacle of "The Last Days of Pompeii" given in the presence of eight or ten thousand spectators, in a style that surpassed anything I had seen at the grand opera houses of Paris or Vienna, or at the Alhambra in London. There were a thousand or more people upon the stage, with many horses and animals from the Zoological Gardens, with costumes beyond criticism, and scenic effects that were simply superb. I also saw "Excelsior" given in similar style, with elephants, lions, camels, and other animals on the stage, and a full company of cavalrymen. The cost of witnessing this performance, to those who stood on their feet, was thirty copecks, less than fifteen cents; while the best seats, under the footlights, were only fifty cents. Second-rate seats were thirty-five, and third-rate twenty cents, but only about one-fourth of the audience were seated. The remainder stood in an arena behind the seats, with an inclined plane for a floor, so raised that everybody could see.

Attached to this summer theatre, and others like it in the

same neighborhood, were *cafés*, billiard-rooms, bowling-alleys, and other forms of amusement, which are crowded every evening, for the summers of Petersburg are very short, and the populace make the most of them during the season of two months and a half. The islands are covered with *cafés chantants*, concert-halls, dance-houses, and low resorts, which during the summer months are always thronged with the lower classes. Several lines of street cars run to them from the city, and every convenience is offered for the gratification of the low tastes of the common people.

The Marie Theatre, so called from its founder, the Empress Marie, the wife of Paul, is the home of the native talent, operas and plays in the Russian language being given



THEATRÈ TICKET.

exclusively. The company is recruited from the school at the opera house, and the theatre is managed by the same direction, being also subsidized by the government. At the Alexander Theatre, comedy is given exclusively, in all languages, some of the fine old English plays being occasionally presented, although the greater part of the performances are in Russian and French. There is usually a comic opera company engaged at the Bouffe Theatre during the winter, with French performers, and it is one of the most liberally patronized houses in town, although under private management. Several other minor theatres supply any needed entertainment during the season.

But the most enjoyable amusement in Petersburg is driving in droskies during the summer over the fine roads, and in sledges during the winter season over the snow or ice of the Neva. The handsomest residences front the river upon

either the English or the Imperial quays. The former is lined with royal palaces, the latter, a little farther along, is the fashionable residence street, and upon it the United States Legation is situated.

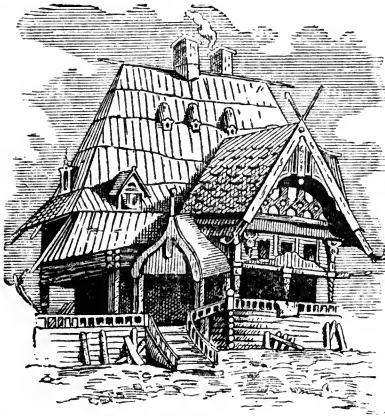
I may say here that our minister to Russia, Mr. G. V. N. Lothrop of Detroit, is one of the most popular, and highly esteemed of the diplomatic corps, both because of his ability and for his personal traits. He is a man of genial dignity, and although somewhat past the age when men seek honors in the diplomatic service, is rounding out a brilliant career at home by receiving the homage he is entitled to at one of the finest courts of Europe.

Many of the residences along the quay are of enormous size, and might shelter an army. The entertainments given in them during the winter vie with the splendor of those of the palaces, for there is no city in Europe where the homes of the rich are equipped with such sumptuousness, nor where so great an effort is made in the direction of display. Whether a rich Russian is at home or in London or in Paris, his balls and dinners are proverbial for their elegance; and he has natural gifts for entertainment. But it is in Petersburg that the people are seen at their best, for the rivalry among the leading families is great, and each tries to outstrip the other in the introduction of novelties in hospitality and in parlor spectacles. I was shown a palace in which the floors were once flooded with water, frozen and decorated with evergreens for a skating party given indoors by the light of thousands of wax tapers. All ladies and gentlemen in Russia skate as well as they dance, and this evening the rule was for the ladies to appear in white furs, and the gentlemen in dark. After the skating was over, the guests were led to the supper-rooms of the house, where they threw off their wraps, and sat down in ball dresses to a sumptuous banquet.

During the winter a portion of the river is always kept clear of snow for skating, just as the parks in summer are kept clear of leaves and rubbish, and the streets of dirt, by



the police ; and of late the ice has been illuminated by electricity. Gay crowds of people gather each evening, the young on skates, and the elderly on cushioned chairs set on runners, with bands of military music to entertain them. As the nights are long in winter, the sun setting at three or four o'clock in the afternoon, and at midwinter not rising till nine or ten in the morning, such methods of killing time are very popular. The shops do not open until nine o'clock, and it is useless to seek a business man at his office before



THE DATCHAS.

eleven. Then he leaves for his home at four, and devotes the intervening time to gambling, gayety, and rest.

The fashionable drives during the summer are on the islands of the Neva, which are laid out in parks and interspersed with fine residences, or "datchas," as they are called, villas of the Italian style or Swiss *châlets*. Some of them are occupied the entire year by their owners, but the greater part are used only in the summer by the wealthy residents.

Conspicuous about the city are peculiar-looking towers, rising far above the roofs of the houses, and crowned with flagstaves, to which tackle is attached. These are ancient institutions still retained as lookouts for watchmen, who,

when a fire-alarm is given, run up a red ball by daylight and a red lantern at night, with a system of signals by which it may be known where the danger exists. It is a clumsy and inefficient affair, and is about the only feature of their city government in which the Russians have not introduced modern improvements. They have electric lights and telephones, but this system of fire-alarms has been used since the time of Peter the Great.

The telephone is in common use. One can find instruments in every hotel and most of the offices and stores about the city, and this convenience is already extensive and rapidly increasing in private houses. The electric light is also popular, and has been introduced into many of the public buildings and palaces. There are over 3000 lights in the Winter Palace alone. The streets are lighted with gas generally, and are as brilliant as those of Paris; while electric lamps are used in front of the hotels, theatres, restaurants, and other places of resort. The summer gardens are also hung with them. The streets are not disfigured with telegraph poles, but the wires are strung on brackets attached to the walls of the houses. As the brackets are of ornamental patterns they do not mar the architecture.

A very handsome effect can be seen nightly at the Imperial Exchange or Bourse, which is a noble building of pure Grecian architecture, and contains a large hall, 170 by 120 feet in size, where the brokers meet each day and speculate, as on the Stock Exchange in New York or the Board of Trade in Chicago, in both financial securities, agricultural products, and oil. Stately flights of steps lead from the quay to this edifice, and upon a wide terrace of marble rise two massive columns, 100 feet high, decorated with the prows of ships, in honor of Mercury, and each surmounted by three statues of Atlantis, that support hollow globes, containing a large number of electric lights so arranged that the rays can be concentrated upon the noble *façade* of the building.

Most of the banking houses and the offices of the wholesale merchants are in the neighborhood of the Exchange.

The system of doing wholesale business is somewhat peculiar. A wholesale dealer in dry goods or crockery or groceries has his office and a line of samples near the Exchange, and there receives his customer, who buys by sample, his orders being filled at the warehouse in a distant part of the city. There is no long list of salesmen to be paid, only the proprietor and his one or two assistants receive the customer as he calls, and if he is a large buyer they invite him into a drawing-room, like that of a private residence, adjoining the office, for a chat and a cup of tea. Then the samples are sent for, the bargain made while sitting around the samovar. The public see only a half dozen persons or so representing the house. There may be a dozen book-keepers and corresponding clerks somewhere on the premises, and at the warehouse may be a hundred or more porters, but the buyer never sees them.

The banking houses are usually upon the second or the third floor of a building, and whoever has business is invited into a handsomely furnished drawing-room, and invited to take a chair and read the morning paper or the last review. Pretty soon the banker or one of his clerks appears, to see what is wanted. If you wish to have a draft cashed the banker or his clerk retires again, and after awhile returns with the papers drawn for your signature. Then, as you return it to him, he hands you a memorandum made out in duplicate, one copy to be retained by you, and the other to be handed the cashier, who is a uniformed personage, sitting in an iron cage, and does nothing but handle the money. The cashier in a Russian bank is not a person of as much importance as the man who has a similar title in an American bank. He simply looks after the cash, is a sort of paying and receiving teller combined, and his room is entirely distinct from the rest of the bank. He enters his cage at the opening of office hours, and does not leave it till the bank closes.

Bank cashiers and cashiers for the larger stores and business houses are not employed by the banker or mer-

chant, but are furnished by the "artel," a sort of Guarantee Society, from its list of members. The bank applies to the director of the "artel" for a cashier, and a man is sent him. Sometimes he has a different man this week or this month from that he had last. He has no option in the matter, except where he applies for a particular person, and is assigned him. The Guarantee or Trust Company becomes responsible for the honesty and the accuracy of the cashier, whose wages are paid to the company and not to the man. But while he is in the bank he is the master of its funds. The president himself, nor the sole proprietor, cannot get at the cash-box nor the vaults as long as he is a patron of the society. Every dollar that is paid into the bank goes into the cage, and not a dollar can be taken out without a check, which the cashier keeps as his voucher. He issues certificates of deposit to the depositor, and a duplicate to the bank, from which the books are posted. The owner of the institution can find out from his books what is in the vaults, but he cannot count it until the Trust Company is relieved of responsibility.

If financial gentlemen who read this will think over the Russian plan, I believe they will decide that it is a good one. At least it removes all temptation from tellers and other employés, and the funds of depositors as well as the stockholders are insured. No bank president nor cashier nor other employé can rob the institution without the cooperation of the Trust Company ; and the shifting of cashiers, like the shifting of policemen, prevents collusion.

## CHAPTER XII.

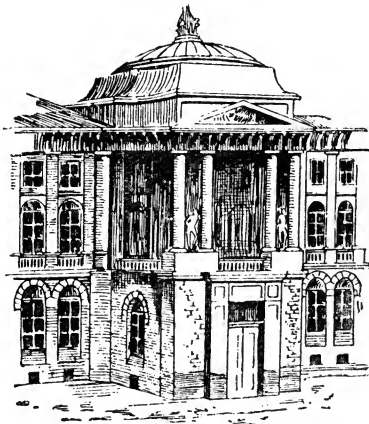
## EDUCATION IN RUSSIA.

The Small Proportion of the Population that can Read or Write.—The Policy of the Government keeps the People in Ignorance.—Superior Universities but few Common Schools.—Every Facility for Amusement of the People but not for their Education.—Schools of Fine Arts, Science, and Industry.—The Imperial Library and Museums.

THE stranger in Petersburg, when he takes his first walk on the Nevski Prospect, feels an irresistible curiosity to discover what a tall, thin, gilded spire, piercing the heavens like a needle, may be. It rises at the head of the street from a massive building that does not look like a church nor like a palace, but whose dimensions seem unreasonably large, like the Louvre at Paris. It is the Admiralty, the headquarters of the Russian Navy, with the Imperial Naval Academy under the same roof, in which four hundred cadets are being educated for the sea. The spire, 280 feet high, as slender as a spire could possibly be, is surmounted by a golden cross, and rests upon an artistic doric cupola, with innumerable slender pillars, one of the most graceful architectural designs in Petersburg, pure, simple and impressive, the effect being greatly heightened by the gilding. The gold upon this needle is laid like that upon the dome of St. Isaac's, in large sheets, just as tin is put upon a roof, and soldered together. I have forgotten the exact value, but ducats received as a gift from the King of Holland by Peter the Great were melted down and used for this purpose instead of being turned into the treasury.

In front of the Admiralty is a large parade ground, 1,360 feet square, which in olden times was used for the inspection

of troops by the Czar and his generals, but is now given to the public as a place of resort. Around this square are grouped the chief official buildings of the capital, the Foreign office, the Customs department, the headquarters of the Police, the War office, the Senate or Council Chamber, the Palace of the Holy Synod or the headquarters of the Church, and several other civil establishments. These buildings are all of brick, covered with stucco and painted in dark colors, without any attempt to disguise the monotony. The evident intention was to indulge in a harmless



ENTRANCE TO ART GALLERY.

bit of deception, and paint the structures to look as if they were made of stone; but no stone was ever found in Russia or elsewhere of the colors that are used. Nature rejects such tints, except in disease and decay. The roofs of nearly all are painted green, which makes the jaundiced walls look more distressing still. Some of the stucco work would be admirable if it

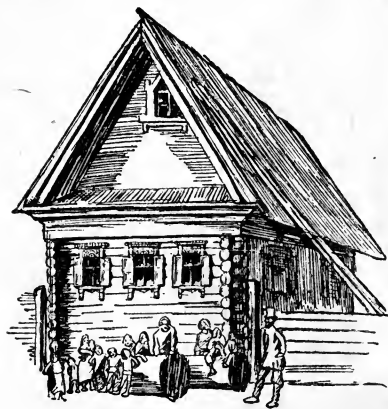
were left alone, but from the time of the Tartars it has been the custom to paint the outside of things, and no nation so hallows tradition as the Russians.

The view from the cupola of the Admiralty building is very fine, and one is at once struck with the number of the churches. Petersburg seems to have more than her share. A different conclusion is arrived at when the traveller has been longer in the country and seen the other Russian towns. Moscow, with her seven hundred thousand inhabitants, shows 524 spires; and the rest of the cities are supplied in proportion. The first thought that strikes one

as he enters a town is that if more money had been put into soap, fine-tooth combs, and school-houses, and less into fine churches there would be more comfort and prosperity in the empire. You find a church for nearly every hundred inhabitants, but you cannot find any school-houses at all. The government rests upon the Church. Loyalty to the Czar is taught as the thirteenth commandment, and the most important of all. Scratch a Nihilist and you will find an infidel. On the other hand the policy of the Church, like the

policy of the State, is to resist every form of progress that comes without the endorsement of the Czar.

Still it is difficult to reconcile this policy with the existing evidences of liberal, even lavish expenditures of money for the entertainment of the people and the cultivation of their tastes. I said to one of the leading men



A VILLAGE SCHOOL HOUSE.

of Russia, a man who is loyal to the Czar and "the Administrative System," as they call the autocracy, as a less rasping expression, I suppose :

"Why has your government spent so much for public libraries, for art galleries, and pictures to fill them, for academies of science, schools and museums of minerals, schools and museums for the promotion of agriculture and other useful arts, for theatres and opera houses, and has utterly failed to provide means for the education of the young, for instruction in the rudimentary branches of education? There is a splendid university here," I said, "but few common schools."

He smiled, and said, "I'm used to answering that ques-

tion. Everybody from your country asks it, and most of the strangers who come here from England and Germany. The difficulty is that you do not comprehend our 'Administrative System.' There are two classes of people in Russia—the upper class and the lower class, the educated and the ignorant, the rich and the poor. The government provides in-



MY LITTLE TRAVELLING COMPANION.

struction for the upper classes, and amusement for the lower classes. The sons and daughters of the nobles must be educated, but the children of the lower classes we prefer to remain in ignorance. The less they know the better. A mujik is seldom a Nihilist."

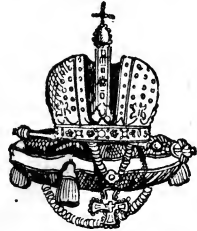
"Then from what class do the Nihilists come?"

"From the families of the upper classes who have felt the iron heel of the Administrative System, and resist it; from the families of the lower classes, who, in spite of the system,



have got a little learning at home or abroad; and most of all from the students in the universities," was his reply.

The children of the upper classes, I find, are educated by tutors and governesses till they are sufficiently advanced to enter the University. There is scarcely a family of wealth or position in Russia which does not have at least one teacher in the household, and in many families there are both English and French governesses or tutors. There is scarcely a child of ten years in any of the noble families who cannot read and speak English, French, and German fluently. The Russians are the most accomplished linguists in the world. Coming from Moscow to Vienna we had as fellow passengers in our compartment a lady from Minsk, one of the smaller cities of the empire, with a beautiful little girl nine years old. Their nationality was evident, and we commented upon them in English, as travellers often foolishly do, thinking that they are not understood. I made some remark about the little girl, fortunately a complimentary one, when she looked up in a roguish way, and in as good English as my own, remarked, "I understand everything you say," and I blessed the child for her frankness in preserving me from possible mortification.



THE IMPERIAL  
CROWN.

They proved to be not only agreeable, but very accomplished people. Neither the mother nor the child had ever been outside of Russia, but both spoke English, French, and German as well as their own language, and the mother spoke Polish also, having lived on the borders of Poland. The child was one of the most beautiful creatures I ever saw, and her mother afterwards sent me her photograph, a sketch from which I give. She had always had a German nurse, from whom she learned that language, then an English governess, and finally a French maid, and could converse in one tongue as readily as in the other.

Nor is this an exceptional case. It is a common one, too

common to cause remark among the people. I was telling of the incident to a Russian gentleman afterward, and he remarked sententiously :

“All my children can do the same. My youngest, seven years old, can speak three languages, and has had a governess from England since she could talk. She cannot read English or French, but speaks both languages as well as natives.”

The University of Petersburg is one of the finest in Europe, and has at this time 1400 students, somewhat less than formerly, because the curriculum has recently been restricted for some reason. It has faculties of law, science, history, engineering, and various other branches. The medical branch was recently divorced, and established as a separate institution, with 1600 students. The motto of the University is a significant one, “Orthodoxy, Autocracy, Nationality, Learning,” and was suggested by the Emperor Nicholas. In every lecture-room of the University, in fact in every school and council chamber and public office of the empire, hangs a triangular mirror, called “The Mirror of Conscience,” set up to typify the

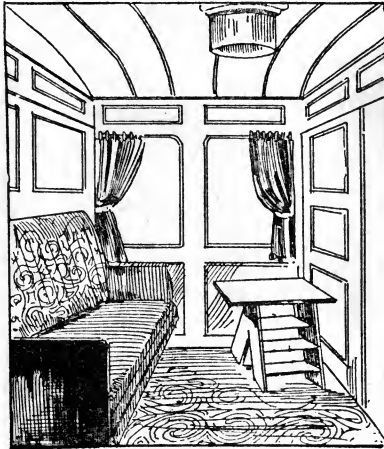


A DVORNIK.

presence of the Emperor, the eternal solemnity of the Church and State. There are seven other universities in the empire, that at Moscow being better equipped and having a larger faculty than the one at Petersburg.

All the universities are hot-beds of Nihilism, many of the professors as well as the students being infected with the virus of revolution. It is difficult to see how they can be otherwise, for a cultivation of the reason and a knowledge of the liberty that exists in other portions of the world cannot but inspire the student with hatred for the despotism under which he lives. While the minister of education,

who is a member of the imperial cabinet, has autocratic power, like all the Czar's officials, and tries to prevent the dissemination of revolutionary doctrines in the schools, it is difficult for him to obtain as teachers men of thought and education without opinions of their own. The faculties for the most part are composed of political syncophants and religious fanatics, who believe in the divine origin of the empire and the inspiration of the Czar; or else they are men who are willing to suppress their independence of thought



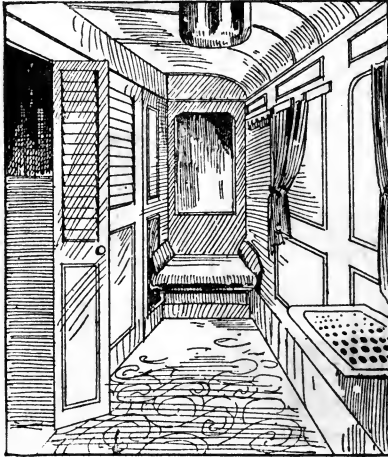
COMPARTMENT ON SLEEPING CAR.

and action for fear of Siberia, or for the sake of the generous salaries they receive.

It is not only difficult but impossible, however, to keep Nihilism out of the universities, and every year hundreds of students, and maybe a professor or two are sent to air their liberalism on the snowy wastes of Siberia. The assassins of the late Czar were all students.

With that tendency which all boys have to do what is forbidden and dangerous, the students in Russian universities, particularly those at Moscow and Kief, are much given to the formation of political clubs and secret societies, in which

they debate prohibited questions, and read essays upon topics that touch the marrow of the "Administrative System." The very fact that such things are offensive to the police makes them popular, and draws into the conspiracies boys who have no desire to transgress law or defy authority. There is a constant and unrelenting warfare between the students and the police, as is the case in every college town—at Oxford, or Harvard, or at Yale, Amherst, or Cornell. To outwit the detectives is the highest ambition of the



CORRIDOR IN SLEEPING CAR.

adventuresome student; but in Russia, to defy the police means something more than such an act at New Haven or Ithaca. It results in exile to Siberia, and sometimes death. The police do not consider the escapades of the students as harmless, by any means. They are accustomed to regard all reflections upon the "Administrative System" as treasonable, whether they come from school-boys or men of experience.

But, as I have said, the very fact that freedom of speech and secret societies are prohibited, makes the violation of the prohibition popular. Resistance, innocent at first, soon

grows into conspiracy, and conspiracy into crime. The genuine Nihilists, the professional agitators and propagandists, get admission into the students' clubs, fan the flames that are ever existing, talk about heroism and martyrdom, invoke the ambition of the boys, feed them with revolutionary literature, until the clubs develop into regular Nihilist organizations, with dreadful oaths, secret ballots, underground printing-presses, mysteries of all sorts, and finally exposure, arrest, prison cells, and banishment. That is the story of



SLEEPING BERTH MADE UP.

half the clubs that are innocently organized at first, and of the fate of many young men who originally did not care whether they lived under a despotism or a republic, but were led into treason by a boyish fondness for mystery and midnight meetings.

The Nihilistic conspirators use the students to great advantage as cats'-paws to pull their chestnuts out of the fire. The universities are the depositories of socialistic literature, left with young men who have been flattered by the confidence of a political exile, and who take charge of the documents without knowing their danger in doing so. The boys in the chemical classes furnish the conspirators with the

materials for their bombs, and assist in their construction without realizing the measure of the crime they commit.

But in all the universities, wherever students are in the habit of gathering, there are those who sincerely believe in the doctrines of socialism as well as republicanism, and deliberately assist in conspiracies from motives of patriotism or vengeance, as most of their companions do from dare-deviltry. These are, however, comparatively few in number, and are the sons or the brothers of political exiles, of men who have suffered for opinion's sake justly or unjustly, and whose friends and relatives live for revenge. The most of the young men who graduate from the universities into the prisons are reckless fellows who have been drawn into treason from the love of mysteries, and the natural penchant for doing that which is forbidden.



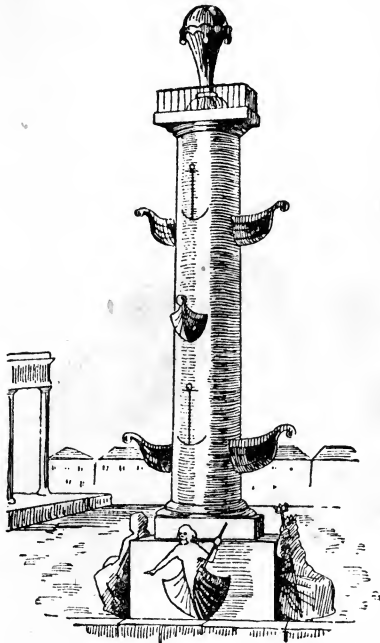
A CORNER IN A CAR.

The discovery of every Nihilistic plot, the arrest of every group of conspirators, involves more or less members of the universities. Whenever the police make a haul of Nihilists, about three-fourths of the fish in their nets are students—youngsters from nineteen to twenty-five years of age. The statistics of political crimes show that ninety-five per cent. are committed by men under thirty, and over one-fourth by those who have not reached the legal age—mere boys. The last batch of political conspirators that was tried consisted of forty-two men who were under twenty-five, thirty-seven who were between twenty-five and thirty, and only six who were over thirty years of age. One was fifty, a cashiered officer of the army, another was forty-seven, a Professor in the University, while the rest were discharged employés of the government, who had done the planning and used the students as the tools of their revenge.

The police, understanding the situation, naturally keep a close watch upon the universities, and have their spies among the students. It is there that they get the most important information, the clews which lead to the discoveries of conspirators. A boy who is timid and lacks self-control, can easily be induced to disclose the secrets of the

societies to which he belongs, especially when promised protection and assured of secrecy; and that boy, when the snares of the police are once coiled around him, will never be anything else than a spy.

Although her universities are superior, Russia has the most defective and the most limited educational system of any of the great nations. The mass of the people cannot read or write their own names, and it is the policy of the government not to permit them to do so. It was only in June, 1887, that the minister of education issued a decree forbidding the education of the



A FIRE TOWER.

children of peasants, because, as he explained truthfully, it bred discontent. A little learning is a dangerous thing, particularly in Russia. Ignorance, also, is bliss throughout the great empire.

Russia has over a hundred millions of people. The United States has over fifty millions. The comparative conditions of the two nations may be judged by the fact that the liter-

ate population in Russia is about the same as the illiterate population in the United States. The last statistics show that in a population of one hundred and four millions in Russia, there were less than two millions of children enrolled in the schools and universities, about one and two-thirds per cent. In the United States, with a population, say, of fifty-five millions, there were at the same time over seventeen million children in the public and private schools.



A RUSSIAN STUDY.

I find by late statistical reports that in Russia proper, exclusive of Finland and the Polish provinces, there are but 524 schools for boys, with an average attendance of 129,000 pupils, and 431 schools for girls, with an average attendance of 91,000. The schools for boys are mostly taught by the priests, and those for girls by the nuns.

Instruction in the fine arts is given at the Academy, one of the handsomest buildings in the city, which was estab-



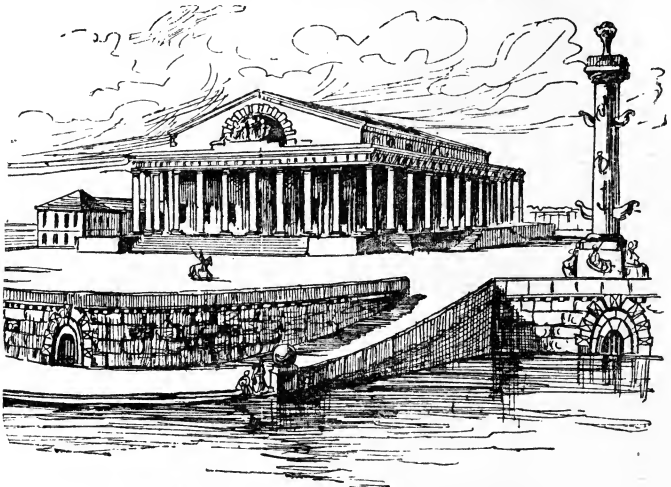
lished by Peter the Great, and enriched by Catherine. Both Peter and Catherine brought instructors from Italy and other countries, and encouraged the ambition of the artists of Russia by paying princely prices for all their work that was worthy. In the time of Catherine II. the country was crowded with the best painters in the world, and she compelled her Court to give them employment, as she did herself. It is said that Catherine gave a sitting to some portrait painter every day.

The present Academy is not only one of the finest but one of the largest buildings in Europe, being 400 feet square, and ornamented without by superb carving; while the rooms within are filled with the work of native painters and many fine examples of the great masters. There is a library of books on art subjects in all languages, of 38,000 volumes, and a collection of 300,000 engravings, etchings, etc., to which all the students have access. There is a large faculty of instructors in painting, drawing, and architecture. The latter study receives a great deal of attention.

The School of Mines is on a corresponding scale, for the mineral wealth of Russia is great, and the government encourages its development in every possible way, even going so far as to furnish men for the mines in large numbers, in the shape of political exiles. Instead of sending them to rot and rust in prison, they are transported to the Colorados, the Arizonas, and the Nevadas of the empire. There are 250 pupils in the School of Mines, most of whom are graduates from some branch of the University, and being supported by the government, they are compelled to wear uniforms similar to those of the cadets of the Military Academy. The students of the latter institution are also instructed in the science of mining engineering. The collections of minerals in the museum attached to the school is the richest and most extensive in the world, containing specimens from every country, and models of all the famous mines in Europe, Asia, and America. Among other objects of especial interest is a nugget of nearly pure gold worth five thousand dol-

lars as it was discovered. In the park connected with the school is a model of a mine in natural size, which has been built by the students, and the visitor is led through its intricate tunnels by guides with torches, fifty feet or more underground. The surfaces are painted to represent different kinds of quartz.

The Imperial Library is a grand building, and contains over a million volumes, as well as some three hundred thou-



THE IMPERIAL EXCHANGE AT PETERSBURG.

sand manuscripts of historical interest and value. It owes its origin to collections which were captured at Kief, Warsaw, and Cracow, and many, in fact most of the books are the spoils of war. There is a larger collection of French state papers than exists in France, for during the French revolution the archives of Paris were dragged out by the mob and sold to the highest bidder, who happened to be the Russian Ambassador. Writers on French history often have had to visit Petersburg to determine points in dispute about their own country. Here also is the largest collection of oriental manuscripts in the world, most of which were captured in the

wars with the Turks and Persians, and taken to Petersburg. The Hebrew collection is also very rich, and many of these papers were seized during wars from the Jewish scholars and libraries of Poland. There have also been a good many valuable contributions to the library by private collectors, by legacy, and otherwise.

Voltaire's entire collection of books and manuscripts was purchased after his death by Catherine the Great, and is preserved here ; and there are a number of other priceless mementos in manuscript and print. In the manuscripts that were brought from France are the letters which passed between Mary, Queen of Scotland, and the King of France, several hundred being in her own handwriting. Here also is a collection of Bibles, including a copy of almost every edition that was ever issued in any language. The director of the library claims that the collection is entirely complete, but that is disputed. There are many valuable musical manuscripts as well, original scores of Mozart, Handel, Hadyn, Beethoven, and other of the masters.

The Artillery Museum is also an interesting place, having the largest collection of arms and armor of all ages outside the Tower of London, with many other objects of historical interest. The flags which the Russian armies have captured in battle are here ; the uniforms of their great generals are preserved with religious care, with their swords, and in many cases the stuffed skins of the horses they rode in battle. One of the greatest curiosities is the stool of the old Robber Chief of the Caspian sea, who used to sit upon it and deliver judgment upon the captives of his band, which he usually executed promptly with his own hands by the aid of eight pistols that are set in sockets around the stool. His war club, which was his sceptre as well as his favorite weapon, leans against the stool, studded with big nails, which are popularly supposed to represent the number of his victims. He kept tally by driving in another nail whenever he killed a man, and if the popular tradition be true he must have nearly depopulated the country. The Russians had to send

an army to suppress his depredations, and he was finally captured and beheaded. The stories of his courage and cruelty fill the novels of the nation.

The Petersburg Academy of Sciences is well known to every man of scientific learning in America, for it contains one of the largest and most valuable of collections, only being surpassed, I believe, by the British Museum in its general display, and containing many unique specimens that can be seen nowhere else. The institution was founded in 1714 by Peter the Great, who entrusted the plans and their execution to Leibnitz, the famous German. It is now divided into three departments of instruction, Mathematical Science, Natural History, and Philology and Literature, and has in its faculty several men of universal fame. The library contains 247,000 volumes, including the collections of Kepler, the astronomer and mathematician. There are 300 students, some of them coming from the other nations of Europe to enjoy the facilities afforded.

The museums are numerous and varied, there being a separate department for each of the several branches of scientific inquiry. To the layman the zoölogical collection is the most entertaining, for it contains the remains of the two great mammoths that were some years ago discovered under the snows of the Lena delta, in Siberia, where through countless centuries, not only the bones, but portions of the flesh and integuments were preserved by the ice so completely that the bears and wolves used to feed upon them, and by their tracks the skeletons were discovered by a Tungusian fisherman. He reported the fact to the governor of the district, and ultimately the news reached Petersburg, when a company of scientific men were sent to secure the curiosity. By removing a portion of a cliff the scientists were brought face to face with a creature that ceased to exist centuries ago, and the existence of which was known only from the finding of fragments elsewhere. The monster is in an excellent state of preservation, and scientific men have come to pay their respects to it from all portions of the

globe. There are many other rare animals in the collection including a species of extinct rhinoceros found also in the snow and ice of Siberia, and not less interesting than the mammoth.

There are naval, agricultural, architectural, timber, topographical, mechanical and military equipment museums in Petersburg also, but they are interesting only to those who are studying the branches they represent, and are not often visited by the ordinary tourist.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE PRESS AND THE CENSOR.

How the Newspapers of Russia are Throttled.—No News allowed to be Published.—The Operations of the Censor.—Katkoff the only Man who dared defy Him.—The Mails Violated.—Private Letters opened by the Police.

THERE is no such a thing as a newspaper in Russia. There are 430 daily journals, printed throughout an empire of 104,000,000 population. Current information is strictly excluded. There is always a continued story in the sheet, an elaborate puff of the leading actress, announcements of the principal theatres, a description of some new painting at the gallery perhaps, or a paid notice of the opening of a new store; while in the telegraphic corner are a few dispatches announcing the loss of a ship at sea, or a railway accident in America, or an account of the latest duel in France. But any reference to occurrences in Petersburg in one of the newspapers of that city would create the biggest sort of a sensation.

While I was there the birthday of the Empress was celebrated by a grand *fête* at the Summer Palace at Peteroff, at a cost of a quarter of a million dollars for illuminations and fireworks. It was the grandest display I ever saw, and it is difficult to conceive of one any grander. The next morning the several newspapers of Petersburg contained a four line paragraph, announcing that the *fête* had been successful, and that was all. This same paragraph appeared verbatim in all the papers of Europe. It had been furnished to the foreign news agency as well as to the local press by the censor. In the same papers on that day, I noticed a half-column account of a street fight between two "Ama-

zons" as the reporter called them—two degraded women, and three-quarters of a column devoted to a speech made a few evenings before by a young man at a banquet given him by his friends, prior to his departure for a visit to Paris.

The papers are reasonably well supported, as the advertising columns show. I do not know what rates they get, but there is little expense of publication, and the profits must be comparatively large. Every one takes the *Journal of St. Petersburg*, the official gazette, printed in both the French and Russian languages, in which are published all the army and navy details, the official reports from all branches of the government, and whatever information about the Court it is considered well to give the people. The editors of other papers get their cues from this, and follow the lead of its editorials with the same promptness that a squad of soldiers follow their file leader.

The usual editorial in the Russian paper is about the effect of some new system of sanitation, or the different views of the eclipse, the usefulness of some new fertilizer, or on the extension of the railway system in the Soudan. Never does the editor strike out into politics till he gets his cue from the *Journal*, when he commences to howl as loud as he can with the rest of the pack, anxious for the Czar to hear him bark.

There may occur in the city of Petersburg an accident of great seriousness, under the nose of the editor, but he will never refer to it in his columns without a hint from the censor, lest he may by inference or otherwise cast a reflection upon the efficiency of whoever was responsible. If there is a murder he dare not write it up for fear the police may be offended, or if there is a robbery he is obliged to keep silent



KATKOFF.

out of respect to the same authority. The life of an editor is therefore an easy one, and reporters are almost unknown. There is no rivalry about news, no "scoops," no investigations of official corruption, and no "boodlers'" trials to report. There has been but one editor in Russia for a century who dared to speak his mind, and whose paper was issued without the endorsement of the censor, and that was Katkoff of *The Moscow Gazette*, who died not long ago, and was buried with great honors. He was a man of much force of character, of unsuspected loyalty and devotion to the Czar, of great ability and patriotism, and discreet enough to criticise the conduct of the government only when he knew that his words would be effective in changing it. Between Katkoff and De Giers, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, there was a bitter feud, and the *Moscow Gazette* was seldom issued for two years or more without some stinging criticism upon that officer's course. It is understood that the Czar several times remonstrated personally, but Katkoff convinced him that he was right and the minister wrong. Then the Czar would go to the minister and advise him to shift his course to suit the breezes from Moscow, when the minister would argue so effectively as to destroy the force of all the editor had said.

"I think they both are right," said the Czar one day, "and it may be well for them to keep on quarrelling. Both are able men, and as long as they don't carry the dispute too far we shall all profit by their discussions."

Katkoff won the affections and the confidence of the late Czar, and no man in Russia had more influence with him. His relations with the present Czar have been similar. They were frequently together. Katkoff was always admitted to the Emperor's apartments on presenting himself, a favor few of the ministers enjoyed. When a minister of the empire wants to see the Czar he sends a messenger to say that he is awaiting his Imperial Majesty's pleasure on a matter of official importance. If he wants to see him badly he says it is a matter of urgent importance, or impera-



tive importance if he wishes to speak in the superlative degree. Then the Czar tells him to call to-morrow or the next day, or the day after. The present Czar is usually very prompt. He is an excellent man of business, in fact he seems to care for nothing but his official duties and the pleasure of his home circle, and seldom keeps his ministers waiting; but in former times official matters were always postponed till the pleasures were over.

Katkoff, as I have said, was always admitted to the Czar at once, no matter what was going on, and he used often to run up from Moscow, spend the day with the Emperor, and return home the following night. The Czar never, or at least seldom, decided upon any policy of importance without consulting the editor, and the editor actually introduced into Russia something like public opinion. He was given a pension of a considerable amount, a subsidy toward the support of his paper, a decoration by the Emperor as a reward for his services, and when he died the ruler of Russia was one of his most sincere mourners.

Almost immediately after Katkoff's death, however, the subsidy which the *Moscow Gazette* had received was taken away and given to the *Grazhdanin*, edited by Prince Meshtcherski, which will hereafter be the oracle of the government, in that city. It is not only common but habitual to subsidize newspapers in Russia. The official organ always receives a bounty from the government, and the editor or proprietor is thus recompensed for his devotion, as he is reimbursed for his expenditures in publishing official documents. Often other papers receive financial assistance, and faithful editors get pensions or decorations, thus affording an inducement to be loyal and obsequious. Nearly every minister in the empire has his personal organ.

But the censor must examine every copy before it is issued to the public. For his convenience the papers are printed one day in advance. The type of Thursday's paper is set on Tuesday. On Wednesday morning the forms are made up, one copy is printed and sent to the censor, who

looks it over at his leisure during the day and returns it to the office with his stamp of approval on each page. This copy is carefully filed away as a protection for the editor, who then sets his presses to work and orders the edition distributed to the subscribers. If there is anything in it that the censor cannot approve he marks the objectionable article, which is taken out of the forms and something else substituted. If the censor is otherwise engaged the papers have to wait. Sometimes the issue of Tuesday will be detained till Wednesday, and sent out with the Wednesday issue, but it makes very little difference, for last week's paper is just as interesting as to-day's.



THE CENSOR'S STAMP.

All foreign mails are also submitted to a censor, not the same man who reads the local papers, but another who has his headquarters and a staff of readers at the general post-office. All newspaper mail is dumped on his table, except that addressed to the members of the diplomatic corps, and high officials, which is supposed to be delivered promptly without examination. So the American minister gets his papers sometimes a week ahead of other residents. Every wrapper is opened. If the paper contains an objectionable article, something in the way of criticism of the "Administrative System" of Russia for example, the censor takes a large pad, dips it in the ink, and stamps it upon the article, obliterating it. Thus no incendiary ideas are

permitted to obtain circulation among the people; no criticisms of the government are allowed to be read, and no news from exiled Nihilists.

At the time I was in Petersburg there was a good deal of comment in the foreign papers about the policy of the Czar



A COUNTRY SALOON.

in relation to the Bulgarian question, and the entertainment of a mutinous Indian prince who had been under the surveillance of British officers and had escaped to Moscow, where he was fêted by all the enemies of England. All references to these subjects were blotted from the English,

French, and German papers received in Petersburg; and the files in the hotel reading-rooms looked as if there had been an epidemic of accidents in the press-rooms of Europe.

When the censor has read one copy of a paper, the *London Times*, for example, he tucks it back in its wrapper and throws it into a basket for delivery, picking up the next paper that comes to his hand. If he finds that is a copy of the *London Times* of the same date he stamps out the objectionable article he has already read, and throws it into the basket without further examination. If the first copy examined was found to contain nothing exceptionable, he examines no more of them, but throws them into the basket as fast as they come. To simplify matters the circulation of very few foreign papers is allowed in Russia. The censors cannot possibly read everything sent through the mails, so they confine their labors to the principal journals of Europe, and destroy all the remainder. One can receive the *London Times*, or *News*, or *Standard* in Russia, but no other London dailies. He can have *Punch* and the monthlies, provided they contain nothing objectionable. He can have *Figaro*, *Gil Blas*, the *Petit Journal*, and one or two other of the Paris papers, but he cannot get the strong Republican papers of that city. The New York *Herald* is the only American daily that can be taken. The censors will not read any others, so there is no use in having them sent. I had two daily papers sent to me from the United States all the time I was in Russia, but not one of them was delivered. I was told at the post-office that the censor did not have time to read every transient paper that came by mail, and none could be delivered till he had read it. He read only one American paper, and if I wanted to subscribe for that it would be delivered.

This censorship of the mails is the most cowardly and contemptible feature of the Russian Administrative System. It is a confession of official weakness, and an invasion of private rights that tempts the average man to sympathize with the revolutionary element, who justly make it one of

their chief causes of complaint. The Russian post-office is under the direction of the police, like everything else, and is one of their strongholds. They have the authority to open letters as well as papers, and often exercise it. In fact, there is no limit to their power. If a citizen or a foreigner is suspected of sympathy with the revolutionary element, or is supposed to be in communication with agitators, whether at home or in exile, the police give orders to have all his letters delivered to them. The gum upon the lid of the envelope is moistened by being held over a jet of steam, and so opened, a thin knife with a keen edge being slipped under the seal. The letter is read, resealed, and sent back to the post-office, or it is retained as evidence of treason.

Not long ago it was openly charged that the mail of one of the Foreign Legations was tampered with, and a great fuss was made. The post-office officials indignantly denied it, but every one believed the charge was true.

There is no doubt that the police obtain a great deal of important information from the letters they read; and it is dangerous to write to or receive a letter from a suspected person. Not long since a lady was sent to Siberia for corresponding with a fugitive Nihilist. She was not aware why he was living in England; there was nothing in his letters that implicated either her or him in any conspiracy against the government; but he had been engaged in a plot and had escaped to London, where he wrote innocent letters that ruined a girl he loved.

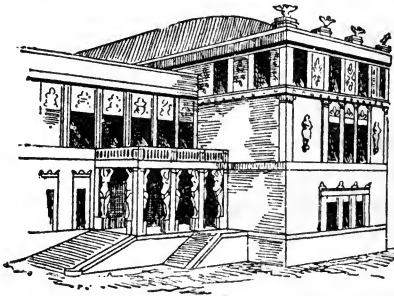


A RUSSIAN SHEPHERD.

Letters going out of the Russian post-offices are examined as well as those that come in. All packages addressed to foreign newspapers are opened and their contents read.

Correspondents residing in Russia write upon the thinnest sort of stationary, and address the envelopes to individuals or business firms so as to avoid the espionage of the police, who destroy everything that in any way reflects upon the "Administrative System." If I had attempted to send these articles through the Russian post-office they would have been confiscated. This page alone would doubtless cause my arrest.

All manuscripts carried in bags or trunks by travellers are examined at the Russian custom-houses to prevent the circulation of incendiary literature. All newspapers found in the cars that cross the border are seized and destroyed. I had a lot of newspaper clippings in an envelope which I had cut



ENTRANCE TO THE HERMITAGE.

from time to time, relating to Russia. A gentleman in Berlin who was familiar with the operations of the Russian police advised me not to take them with me, as they would certainly cause me trouble if discovered by the inspectors. A gentleman connected with the police at Petersburg to whom I spoke of this said that my friend's advice was good. If they had been found by some policeman or custom officer, they would certainly have resulted in my detention until my character and purposes had been investigated. He kindly suggested, too, knowing my business, that if I intended to write anything about the country, it would be better not to commence till I had passed over the border.

I had a chance to feel the heel of the despot myself. There was in Petersburg a gentleman from whom I received many attentions. I had taken letters of introduction to him from mutual friends in America, and he gave up almost his entire time to my entertainment. He was an official of the gov-

ernment occupying a high and lucrative station, was a personal friend of the Czar, saw him frequently, and was not only loyal but devoted to his sovereign. I spoke to him of some information I wanted from the police about a certain exile I had met in London. He volunteered to get it for me, as he was on friendly terms at police headquarters, and had official relations there. From that time I saw noth-



IN THE KITCHEN.

ing more of him. He cut me completely, broke engagements he had made to go sight-seeing, declined to answer notes I sent him, and refused to see me when I called. I discovered the reason for his strange conduct through a mutual friend. He had gone to police headquarters for the information I wanted, as he promised he would. Inquiry was made there as to the use he intended to make of the information, and

when he told them it was for a newspaper correspondent from the United States, they not only refused to give it, but warned him not to have anything farther to do with me, at his peril. Although he was a man of prominence in the empire, and an official of the Czar's household, he knew that the warning was quite as serious as if it had come from the autocrat himself, and he dared not even come or send to the hotel for an overcoat he had left in my room. When I learned what the trouble was I wrote him a note of sympathy and regret, but doubt if he dared to read it.



ON A JOURNEY.

The same espionage is exercised over the telegraph as over the mails. A correspondent dares not send a despatch by wire from Petersburg to a newspaper. It would never be delivered if it contained anything objectionable; and if it did not, the fact of his having sent such a message would make him the object of suspicion and police attention. Correspondents of foreign newspapers in

Russia have arrangements by which they send their news by a messenger to some agent across the border who opens the envelope and telegraphs its contents.

To pay for all this trouble and annoyance the people are taxed. Upon every newspaper received at an hotel or private residence, there is a stamp for postage dues, like that on an overweight letter in the United States; and the revenue from this source goes to support the censorship. There is a similar tax in Austria, although there is no censor there. In the latter country a publisher cannot lie about his circulation. He has to pay so many kreutzers (pennies) on every copy



published, and each copy is stamped by an automatic machine as it passes through the press. The stamp appears upon the margin of the paper near the title, numbered, so that the reader knows whether his copy is number one or number 18,756 of the edition of that day. The machine registers every paper passed through the press, and the revenue collector comes around in the morning, takes down the number of copies printed, re-adjusts the machine for the next edition, and going to the counting-room, gets his money. On all newspapers passing through the mails from foreign countries a stamp is placed, which means so much postage due.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## ODD FEATURES OF RUSSIAN LIFE.

Bewildering Signboards.—The Alphabet with Thirty-six Letters.—Curious Method of Selling Cigars.—The Hotels and Markets of Petersburg.—Shopping in the Gostinnoi-Dvor.—Silver and Gold Work.—Jewels from Siberia.—The “Thieves’ Market.”

ANY one who is troubled with nostalgia will find Petersburg a dreary place. To those who have not seen the East it will have a picturesqueness that cannot be found in any other of the countries of Europe, and everyone will find much in Russia that cannot be seen elsewhere. Oriental mysticism has a stronger hold upon the country than European civilization, and the exclusive policy of the government protects the old Tartar and Muscovite customs from the spirit of progress. But there is nothing in all the strangeness so strange as the signs over the shop doors.

In other countries, the foreigner, even if he does not speak the language, will find the letters of the alphabet the same as those he is accustomed to, and occasionally catch a word on a sign or poster that looks like the face of an old friend; but in Russia, it is bewildering to try to seek one’s way by the same means that are used elsewhere, and to reconcile one’s self to the Russian letters is simply impossible. The street signs look as if the alphabet was on a strike, and a lot of new letters who don’t understand their business had been employed in the places of the old ones. The letters to which we are accustomed mean usually something else in Russian; our orthodox P is their R: they make some of our letters stand on their heads, and join others together like Siamese twins or diphthongs. In the midst of these contortions, you will sometimes see a syllable that spells something you are

accustomed to, but you find its meaning is entirely different. Then a feeling of homesickness comes over you, and you realize how far away from anywhere you are. The name Moore translated into Russian appears as Mype, the name Cannon appears as Kohhoh, while Curtis is Kepmuch, and even the familiar name of Moscow is transformed to Mockbe under the influence of the spell. Plain honest John is HBAHA, New York is HPIO-IOPKb, and Paris is ApAnne.

In other cities where you don't know the language, you can get about by writing the names of the places you wish to go to, the numbers and streets, and giving the paper to a cabman; but in Russia even that is useless. In the first place you would have to know the Russian language in order to write the address, and the drosky driver would not be able to read it when it was written. I took pains one day to copy the sign of a shop I wanted to visit in Russian characters, and handed the paper to the drosky driver. He looked at it, turned it upside down, and then returned it to me with a mystified shake of the head. I appealed to the hotel porter, and told him what I had done.



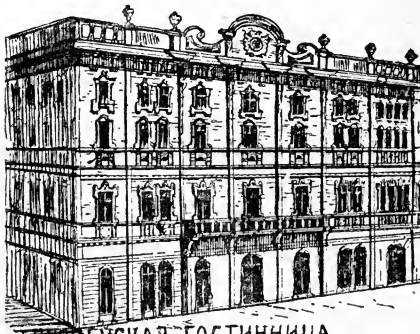
FRUIT PEDLER.

"The fellow can't read," he replied contemptuously. "There isn't a drosky driver in all Petersburg who would recognize his own name if he saw it in print. The only way for you to do is to tell him where you want to go, and he'll take you. He knows all the streets and the principal business houses, and can tell the numbers on the doors; but he can only understand spoken language, not written."

I had difficulty, too, in getting back to the hotel. In any other city you can speak the name of your hotel and any

driver will take you there; but in Petersburg the Hôtel de l'Europe is Europeiskayinski Gostinnitza, or something like that; and it took a long time to learn the sounds. Even the word St. Petersburg puzzled me, for it appears in print as С. ПЕТЕРБУРГЪ, and pronounced is the most unintelligible jargon.

The Russians had no written language till the year 865, when the brothers St. Cyril and St. Methodus were sent by the Emperor Michael to the Christian princes of Moravia to translate the Gospels from the Greek into the language of



ЕВРОПЕЙСКАЯ ГОСТИНИЦА  
С. ПЕТЕРБУРГЪ  
Михайловская улица

HOTEL DE L'EUROPE.

the country. For this purpose these two pious monks invented the barbarous alphabet, a mixture of the Arabic and the Greek, and when they could find no letter in either language to represent the Russian sound, they created a combination new one. There are thirty-six letters in all, and they are used for all they are worth. I had thought the Germans and the Hollanders occupied more space in the world with their names than is necessary, but the Russian people are worse still.

The hotels in the city are excellent. The Hotel de l'Europe, the largest and most expensive, has no superior in any city on the continent. It is an immense building, covering half

a block, with elevators, bath-rooms, and all other modern improvements. The bath-room of the apartments we occupied was one of the most gorgeous affairs I ever saw. The walls were hung with crimson, and the windows were set in red glass, which imparted a ruddy glow to the body; while the tub was even more artistic, being cut out of a solid block of marble, six feet by four, in oval shape, with a swan in bronze sitting at either end, through whose bills the hot and cold water came. All the apartments were luxuriously furnished, and the chandeliers, in gilt and crystal, were big enough and resplendent enough to adorn a palace. There is no gas in the house,



WOMAN &amp; CHILD.

nor in any other public or private houses, gas being used almost exclusively for lighting the streets and the shops. In its place everybody uses candles. The chandelier in our room had places for sixty candles, and when they were lighted the effect was superior to either gas or electric light.

In each room is an enormous stove made of white porcelain in the shape of a tombstone, with an urn on the top, exactly as if it had been transferred from some marble works or cemetery; and the sensation of looking at it in the moonlight would not be calculated to soothe the slumbers of a nervous man. In these stoves wood is burned, and a great deal of fuel is required, although the rooms have double windows and doors. In winter the windows are ceiled up, and are not opened for any purpose till spring.

STREET MUSI-  
CIAN.

The cooking is all French, and most of the cooks are Swiss or Frenchmen. The meats and fish are particularly good, but there is a lack of fresh vegetables, scarcely any-

thing but peas, beans, cucumbers, and cabbage being obtainable. At the large hotels the waiters usually speak English and French as well as Russian; and, in fact, the former languages are heard more than that of the country. Prices are nearly the same as in other first-class hotels in Europe and America. Comfort and good living costs about as much in one part of the world as another. Corresponding accommodations at the Hotel de l'Europe can be had for the same sum that one would pay at the first-class hotels in New York, an average of five dollars a day, but with fires, wines, baths, and



THE DANCING BEAR.

other comforts extra. If a parlor is wanted in addition to the bedroom, and it is usually necessary, as there is never a public parlor, the increase in the bill is about the same as in New York. Every imported article is expensive, as the custom duties are high, especially on wines and cigars; but the native wines of the Crimea are as good as those of France, especially the red wines and champagne.

Tobacco and playing cards are government monopolies, and shops are established in charge of revenue officials for their sale. The Russians are habitual gamblers, both ladies and gentlemen, and no party gathers for an evening without engaging in games of chance. There are plenty of clubs, but they are little else than gambling-houses, and are resorted to by all classes. The drosky drivers have their resorts as well as the nobles.

There are more cigarettes used than cigars, and very little chewing tobacco. Cigars are sold in a peculiar manner, by wholesale alone. Samples are hung on a card, with prices attached, and when you enter the shop to purchase, the attendant hands you down the card, you examine the different colors and sizes, select that which suits you, and then receive a box containing ten, twenty-five, fifty, or a hundred, as you please. All the boxes have covers of glass, so that the purchaser can see what he is getting, but he cannot open the box or break the seal. If he does he must buy it. The prices are about the same as in the United States. A good Havana cigar costs from twelve to twenty cents. The Russian cigarettes, made of domestic tobacco similar to that of Turkey, are very good, and are almost exclusively used. Ladies always smoke them at dinner, and you will see fifty people using cigarettes to one who is smoking a cigar.



A RUSSIAN RAILWAY STATION.

The markets of the city are fine and well-ordered, being as neat as it is possible to be, and filled with tempting products. The retail shops are almost exclusively in *portails* or arcades, like those of the Palais Royal or the Rue de Rivoli of Paris. The principal shopping-place for the better classes is called the Gostinnoi-Dvor, a colossal building, covering an area as great as three or four blocks in New York or other American cities, and divided into small shops twenty feet square by about forty deep.

The different trades are classified, which adds much to the

ease and convenience of the buyers. If you want furs you go to one portion, jewelry to another, dress goods to another, and so on. Nearly all the stock is in the show windows, and it is difficult to buy anything you cannot point out in the display, for if you don't see what you want and ask for it, you are usually met with an offer to send it to your rooms at the hotel or to your residence. The shopkeeper goes to the wholesale dealer as soon as your back is turned, and borrows or buys what you want, on the chance of selling it. A Russian never buys anything until he wants it, and he wants



ENTRANCE TO THE WINTER  
PALACE.

a little at a time. Tea is bought by the ounce for each day's consumption; coffee, sugar, and other articles in a similar way. There is never any baking in the household, for all the bread, cakes, and other pastry comes from the confectioners.

Furs are cheaper and finer than anywhere else in the world, and are used more extensively for clothing. The mujik uses a sheepskin for a coat, while

the noble wears one made of astrachan or some other of the fur-bearing animals of Siberia or the steppes of Tartary. The famous Russian sable, the most expensive fur known, is almost obsolete, it is so scarce. I searched over all Petersburg without finding any of the genuine, except at one shop, where there were a few skins held at a price greater than their weight in gold. There is plenty of imitation, however, and it is much handsomer as well as cheaper than the original.

The authorities allow the merchants to cheat their customers in everything but furs, silver and gold plate, and adul-



terated food. The latter is prohibited from sale under penalty of imprisonment. Imitation-furs must be marked so that the customer may tell what he is buying, and all silver and gold must bear the government brand to attest its fineness. There is no plated silver to be had, but the shops are full of the genuine solid article, in every possible form and for every possible use, and it is generally all gilded. You see little silver in the natural state. Spoons, knives, watches, chains, articles of personal adornment in every possible variety, plates, platters, cups, goblets, all sorts of table-ware,



A BANK CASHIER.

are made of silver and then gilded to look like gold, so as to gratify the Russian taste for display. The solid silver dinner-service of the Winter Palace, which will serve three thousand people, is gilded: and the shops along the Nevski Prospect and other fine streets are blazing with the same sort of stuff. But the merchant must inform the customer of the character of his wares. If he sells gilded silver for gold he goes to prison. The ladies of the country load themselves with ornaments of gilded silver, bracelets, chains, brooches, pins, and every other form of decoration. Even marble and wood are gilded. Everything is for display.

There is a great deal of enamel-work in colors that is beautiful and inexpensive, particularly that which comes from the Caucasus, where the silversmiths do very artistic work in enamel and filigree. A set of silver spoons, with the handles done in enamel of bright colors, is very handsome and not expensive, costing perhaps thirty dollars a dozen, and cannot be elsewhere obtained. The Tartars are ingenious in the manipulation of metals, like the Turks and

Chinese, and the shops of the Gostinnoi-Dvor are filled with their products.

The jewels and precious stones of Siberia are of great variety and beauty, and while they do not command the prices that similar articles from other mines bring, are very popular and much worn in Russia. The Siberian diamond will not hold the light like one from Brazil or the Cape, but looks so much like it that it can scarcely be distinguished unless placed in juxtaposition, when its lack of lustre is shown. Emeralds, rubies, topazes, turquoises, and similar



IN THE MEADOW.

stones are found in Siberia in great quantities, and are very brilliant when new, but do not hold their lustre, and require constant polishing.

The most interesting shops in Russia are in what is called the "Thieves' Market," where you may be sure that everything you see is stolen property. There is a law under which a merchant in the thieves' quarters is permitted to buy at his own risk from anyone who comes to sell; and after a certain time has been given the owner and the police to recover his property, he may expose the article for sale to the public. The pawn-shops are conducted by the government, and there all unredeemed pledges are sold at public

auction after a year and a day have expired ; but the purchaser is not allowed to examine the goods nor purchase what he wills. All articles are put up in the order of their numbers, like unclaimed packages at an express office, and if one wants to bid on a particular article he must wait till it is reached on the list. In the "Thieves' Market," however, there is no pawning. Everything is purchased outright, or left by the thief with the merchant for sale on commission.



RUSSIAN PEDLERS.

Usually a thief who has an article to sell is compelled to wait thirty days before he receives his pay. The thieves are usually the servants of the higher classes, who pilfer their masters and mistresses of ornaments, clothing, china, books, and other articles, which are not missed till long after the limit of exemption from recovery. In these shops the bric-a-brac hunter can find a mine of curios and jewelry that can be purchased very cheap. I found china that had been stolen from the Winter Palace and other imperial residences, and was told that after an entertain-

ment the thieves' quarter was always full of it, the waiters carrying it away under their coats. We knew it was genuine by the marks and the patterns, for we had been through the china closets of the palace the day before. All sorts of clothing, hats, boots, shoes, shirts, cravats, dresses, skirts, stockings, and every conceivable article that enters into the use of men and women can be purchased in the thieves' quarter, and the buyer need ask no questions. An article exposed for sale there that has not been stolen is as rare as an honest dealer.

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE CATHEDRALS OF PETERSBURG.

The Church of St. Isaac's.—Said to be the Finest Specimen of Greek Architecture in the World.—The Cathedral of Kazan, where the Czar goes to Worship.—Devotion of the Peasants.

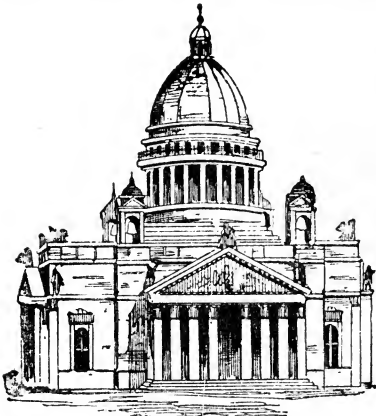
THE churches of Petersburg are commonplace, with one exception, and do not compare in architectural taste and richness with those of any city of its importance. The one exception is the church of St. Isaac's, a splendid structure of the most costly materials, and an example of the purest architecture, but unfortunately with foundations so insecure as to require constant repairs, and an interior arrangement so peculiar as to conceal instead of display its richness. St. Isaac's is severely simple, so plain that one whose eyes have become accustomed to the elaborate ornamentation of the Gothic cathedrals of the continent, has to study it awhile to comprehend its beauty. It is, however, one of the finest and richest specimens of the pure Greek in the world, and the longer and oftener one looks at it, the greater do its glories appear. The only other ecclesiastical edifice of this order of architecture that can compare with it is the Church of the Saviour, at Moscow, more recently built and on the same general plan, to commemorate the destruction of Napoleon's army.

The gem of Petersburg architecture is not dedicated to the son of Abraham, as people usually infer, but to St. Isaac of Dalmatia, a Greek martyr. Ever since the foundation of the city the Russians have had a place of worship on this spot. Under Peter a wooden edifice was erected that was destroyed by fire. Then Catherine built one, which was fin-

ished in 1801, but did not suit her. With the reckless way she had of doing things, it was torn down, and foundations laid in 1809 for what was to be, and until recently has been, the finest temple in the empire.

The foundation itself is a wonder, for it is a perfect forest of piles, a million or more of them, sunk in the marsh on which the city is built, at a cost of a million and a half dollars; but even this work is not sufficient to carry the enormous weight of stone resting upon it, and for more than fifty years all the engineers of the empire have been experiment-

ing at an enormous cost to make it more secure, without great success. The walls towards the river are gradually sinking, and there seems to be no way to prevent it. Enormous scaffolding continually conceals the walls, destroying the appearance of the building, but giving continual employment to a large number of workmen who undoubtedly need the



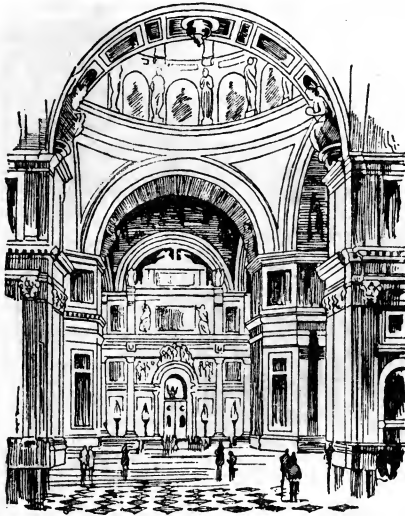
CHURCH OF ST. ISAAC'S.

money more than the church. The total cost of the building originally was sixteen million dollars, three million more than the Capitol at Washington; but the repairs since it was completed in 1858 have been enormous.

The building is in the form of a Greek cross, like all the Russian churches, each of the four grand entrances being approached by three broad flights of steps, each flight composed of a single block of granite brought from Finland on sledges over the snow. The level roads and the snow makes possible in Russia the transportation of large masses of rock from the Finland quarries, that could not be carried on wheels or railway tracks. These steps lead from the four

sides of the building to the four grand entrances, each of which has a superb peristyle.

Each portico has 112 massive pillars of polished granite 60 feet high, with a diameter of seven and a half feet; the finest assemblage of granite monoliths in the world, all from the same quarry in Finland. The pillars are crowned with capitals of bronze. Over the peristyles, and at twice their height, rises the chief and central dome 296 feet, supported



INTERIOR OF ST. ISAAC'S.

by 30 pillars, which, although gigantic in size, look small compared with those below. The dome is covered with copper, overlaid with gold bullion, hammered to the thinness of the American dollar. The value of the gold upon this roof is nearly a million roubles, and it glitters in the sun with amazing brilliancy. Very naturally, the dome of St. Isaac's, reaching far above anything else, and so bright, is the most conspicuous object in the city, and can be seen for miles around the country like a golden mountain.

At the crest is a miniature dome, an exact copy of the

great one beneath, looking like a little chapel, and that is surmounted by a golden cross, the tip of which is 356 feet from the ground. The Washington monument is 555 feet high, the dome of St. Peter's at Rome 448 feet, and the Goddess of Liberty who stands guard at the top of the Capitol at Washinton is 360 feet from the ground, or four feet higher than St. Isaac's. The dome of St. Isaac's is not so cone-like as the dome of the Capitol, but is of the Byzantine order, the shape of a turnip.



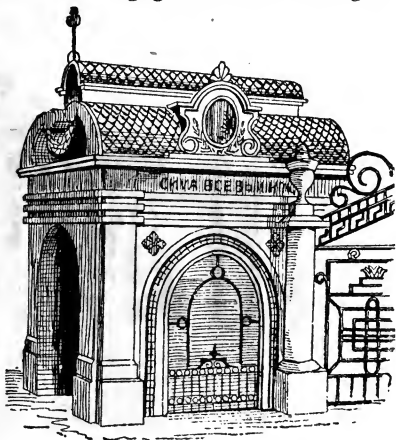
AN IKON-ASTAS.

Four small domes, exact duplicates of the church in miniature, are placed at the four corners of the edifice, and complete what is considered the most harmonious and beautiful piece of architecture of the Greek school. The embellishment of the façade has occupied the lives and genius of some of the most celebrated artists in Europe, some portions being the work of natives, but the greater part done by Frenchmen and Italians. The great doors, 44 feet wide by 36 feet high, are of bronze, and represent *in relief*, the incidents in the life of the Saviour. I should say here that the



Greek Church elevates the Saviour above the Virgin, and one of the bitterest reproaches directed toward the Church of Rome is that it worships a woman. The exterior of St. Isaac's is adorned with 198 figures in bronze representing religious subjects.

The interior demonstrates what the mines and quarries of Russia are capable of, for all the material is of domestic production and all the labor was done by Russian workmen, although foreign artists have been engaged to furnish designs. Nothing can exceed the simplicity of the model. No style of decoration could be more severe; no meretricious ornamentation meets the eye, but the architect has permitted the effect to be produced by stupendous proportions and costliness of materials. There is nowhere in the world, except in the new Church of the Saviour at Moscow, such an assemblage of rare stones.



WHERE THE LATE CZAR WAS  
ASSASSINATED.

There are pillars of malachite, columns of lapis-lazuli, friezes and wainscoting of both materials whose proportions exceed anything that has hitherto been done in those beautiful materials; and a great part of the floor is of jasper, so slippery that matting has to be spread for people to walk upon. The attendants keep slippers of felt for tourists to draw over their shoes when they inspect the interior of St. Isaac's, to save them from broken bones. The columns of lapis-lazuli came from the mines of Siberia, and the cost of transporting them to Petersburg was \$30,000 each. The malachite columns and pillars are also from Siberia, from

the quarries belonging to the Government, and the cost of their transportation was enormous, but not so great. The jasper comes from the same place.

The inmost shrine, or sanctuary, corresponding to the altar of the Roman church, and called the Ikon-astas, into which women are never admitted, is a small circular temple, a model of the dome of the church—for the same design is repeated everywhere—supported by pillars of malachite eight feet high, with capitals and bases of gilded copper. The cost of this work was \$200,000. There is a fine



MICHAEL PALACE.

window of stained glass by a Russian artist, representing the ascension of the Saviour. The effect is, however, destroyed by gilding the lead in which the glass is set. The Russians gild everything.

The walls of the interior are decorated with large pictures in mosaic or distemper by Russian artists, and the work is still going on, only a third or more of the surface being so far covered, although it is the intention to decorate all the panels in a similar way. When the church is finished, the entire interior, with the exception of the columns and other work of malachite and rare stone, will be covered with mosaics and frescoes, and the effect will be very fine. As it is now, the interior is too dark to display the beautiful work-

manship. The colors on the walls will light it up. There are some fine statues and silver shrines in the interior, but very few compared with the older churches.

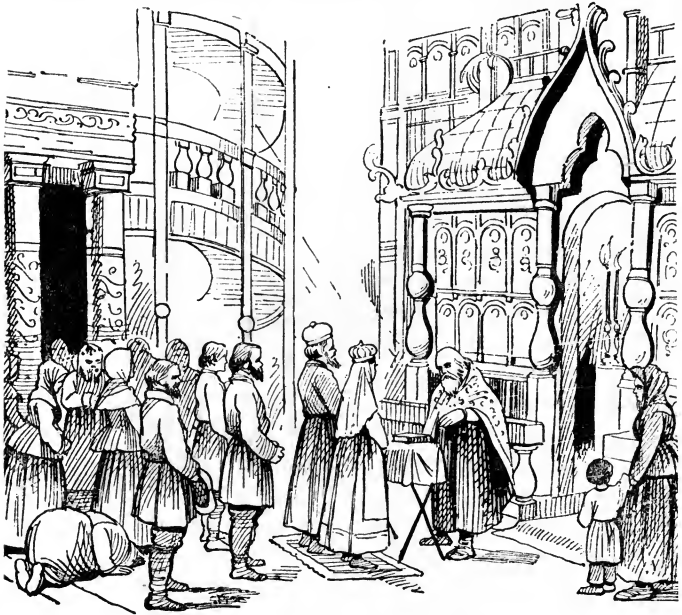
Service is held at St. Isaac's daily and almost continuously. Strangers in the city usually attend to hear the music, which is the most effective part of the service. The singing of the monks justifies its fame. Women are not permitted to take part in the service, neither is anyone whose life is not consecrated to the duty. Nor are musical instruments of any sort permitted, not even a tuning fork; but there is a trained choir of boys and monks, whose voices are superb, and one can hear no finer music than they give. For this choir all the convents and monasteries in Russia furnish material. Young boys are educated expressly for the soprano parts, and when their voices change, others are found to take their places. The boys afterwards become monks or priests. The basses are especially fine, and in the choir I heard voices that would make a sensation on the operatic stage. The effect of the music is heightened by the appearance of the monks, who do not sit as the choirs of other churches do, but stand in a semi-circle two or three rows deep, as the case may be, in front of the Ikon-astas, or altar. Russian priests and monks may never cut their hair



CATHEDRAL OF SS. PAUL & PETER.

or beards, and wear long gowns of black, with peculiar head-dresses, stove-pipe hats without brims, covered with crape, which hang down over their shoulders like a widow's veil.

The service is all chanting, all harmony, but no melody. There are often solos for the tenor or bass voices, which are finely rendered, but they are always in a monotone. The severest test that can be applied in music is the recitative,



A PEASANT MARRIAGE.

and the Russian masses are composed of nothing else. There are no offertories or Ave Marias, no chance for the display of a fine voice, but simply a series of harmonious chords, full and round like the diapason of an orchestra.

The only other fine church in Petersburg is the Cathedral of our Lady of Kazan, the head of the diocese. The saint to whom this church is dedicated is the most popular on the Greek calendar, and is supposed to have the Russian empire

particularly under her charge. Her portrait, kept here, performs miracles, and so obtained her fame in the city of Kazan more than a thousand years ago. She was brought to Moscow in 1579, and to Petersburg in 1821, when this cathedral was finished to receive her. All the Emperors and Empresses kneel at her shrine before setting out upon a journey, or undertaking any important act, and implore her assistance and protection. Before the Czar is crowned he spends several hours in devotion to her image, with his imperial forehead pressed upon the floor, contemplating his sins and beseeching her intercession; and to her he comes upon a return from a journey, or after some great emergency has passed, to offer thanksgiving and make vows. Alexander is said to have spent an entire night in prayer to this image before his campaign against the great Napoleon. When he returned victorious, and the remnants of Napoleon's shattered army were floundering through the Russian snows, Alexander came to the shrine



MUJIK AT PRAYER.

again and spent another night in thanksgiving. The present Czar went at once to our Lady of Kazan to seek consolation upon the assassination of his father, and is a frequent worshipper at her shrine. The people of St. Petersburg say that when the Czar comes to the cathedral it is a sure sign that something important has happened, or is to happen soon.

The miraculous picture of the Virgin is covered by a screen of solid gold, embossed and heavily loaded with jewels presented by those whom she has interceded for; and there is

one emerald said to be worth fifty thousand dollars. A huge sapphire in the collection was the gift of a Grand Duchess fifty years ago.

The Cathedral of Kazan is a plagiarism of St. Peter's in Rome, although of course upon a much smaller scale. It was erected in 1802 during the reign of Catherine, is 238 feet long, 182 feet wide, and has a dome 230 feet high. There is a semi-circular colonnade, in imitation of St. Peter's,



A RUSSIAN JEW.

supported by fifty-six monoliths of Finland granite thirty-five feet high, resting on pedestals of bronze and terminating in capitals of the same. The Ikon-astas is of solid silver, as well as the balustrade that surrounds it, and bears an inscription to announce that it was a thank-offering of the Don Cossacks after the campaign against Napoleon in 1812. The church is full of trophies of the war against France, as the Virgin of Kazan is supposed to have been influential in

securing victory for the Russian arms, and the common people will tell you that without her intercession Alexander could have done nothing against the invader. The two great generals of that war, Field Marshals Tolly and Kutusof, are honored by fine bronze statues that stand before the church.

There are plenty of other churches in Petersburg, and many of them contain rich offerings of silver, gold, and precious stones; but they are not worth visiting except to see the treasures, of which one becomes very tired. There are diamonds enough in the churches to make every distressed family in the empire comfortable, and to build school-houses in every town; there is gilding enough, and vessels of silver and gold enough, to clothe all the naked and feed all the hungry in Russia; but the veneration of the people is so great that the beggars



A RUSSIAN BRIDE.

who sit before the doors of the churches give half the alms they receive to enrich the overflowing treasuries of the priests.

The Israelites were taught to pay tithes, to give one-tenth of their incomes to the Lord, but the Russian mujik gives half he possesses, and often more, to justify his hope in heaven. The churches are always full of devotees. You can never find one empty. Usually there are from fifty to two hundred wretched creatures with their foreheads on the pavement, before the image of the Saviour, and their lips muttering prayers. It is not well to get too near them, for the Russian peasant seldom takes a bath, seldom removes

his clothes till they fall to pieces, and the purpose of a comb is unknown to him. His hair and beard are worn long and thick, and the consequences can be imagined. One always feels like rushing straight to a bath-tub when he leaves a Russian church ; and when he perceives a peculiarly pungent odor, something his olfactories have not known before, he may be sure there is a mujik very near him.

One sees more men than women in the churches, which is exactly the reverse of what is the case in Roman Catholic countries. This is explained by the fact that the women are detained at their homes, while every man in town, no matter what his engagements are, be he laborer or drosky driver, merchant or banker, never fails to enter the church and say a prayer or two once a day.



## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE RUSSIAN-GREEK CHURCH.

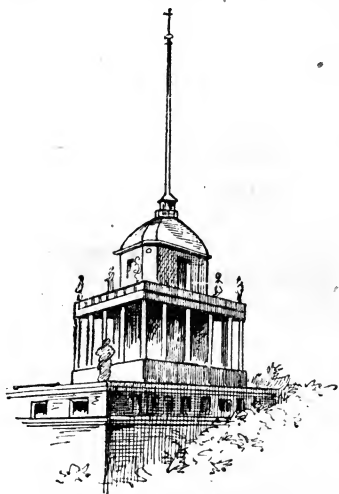
Riches of Alexander Nevski Monastery.—Difference between the Greek and Roman Catholic Creeds.—The Worship of Icons.—The Black and White Clergy.—Hardships of the Russian Priests.—How they are Married.—The Morals of the People.

AT one end of the Nevski Prospect, the great thoroughfare of Petersburg, the Fifth Avenue of the city, is the Palace of the Admiralty, over which the Grand Duke Alexis presides, with its needle-like spire, and at the other end the great Monastery of St. Alexander Nevski, from which the street gets its name. It is the Westminster Abbey of Russia, one of the largest, wealthiest and most celebrated of all the Russian houses of seclusion, the seat of a Metropolitan, the residence of some of the most famous scholars in the empire, and endowed with enormous wealth. The monastery occupies extensive grounds just on the limits of the city, which are enclosed by walls, and protect a number of churches, towers, dormitories, cloisters, and other buildings devoted to both secular and religious purposes. This monastery was founded by Peter the Great when he built St. Petersburg, in honor of the Grand Duke Alexander, who in 1241 fought a great battle on the very spot where the cathedral now stands, drove the Swedish invaders out of the country, and for his great piety and military services was canonized three hundred years afterwards.

The church and monastery were completed in 1711, when the remains of St. Alexander were brought there from their resting-place at the convent of Vladimir, with ceremonies of great pomp, and placed in a massive silver shrine, which contains nearly two tons of pure metal, and is decorated with

the most beautiful chased work illustrating scenes in his life. The design is pyramidal, surmounted by a catafalque and angels as big as men, of solid silver.

The church is very gorgeous and filled with magnificent ornaments, but the exterior is shabby. The crown of St. Alexander and the bed on which Peter the Great died are among the most precious of the relics ; and there are paintings on the walls much superior to what we find in other Russian churches,



TOWER OF THE ADMIRALTY.

by Raphael, Murillo, Guido Reni, and other famous artists. The Nevski monks got most of the presents that were sent to Russia by the Shah of Persia in 1829, when the Russian ambassador was cruelly murdered at Teheran. These gifts consisted of a train of rare animals, precious fabrics, gold stuffs, and jewels, a sort of peace-offering to reconcile the Czar to the loss of his diplomatic agent. The caravan reached Petersburg in the dead of winter. The pearls and other jewels,

and the gold stuffs were carried in large silver and gold dishes by magnificently-dressed natives. The Persian Prince in charge of the caravan, Khosra Mirza, was in a state carriage drawn by thirty white horses; the elephants bore on their backs howdahs filled with Indian warriors, and wore leather boots to protect them from the cold, while the cages of the lions and tigers were sewn up in skins of the polar bear. The animals soon died from the severity of the climate, but the gold and jewels were given by the Czar to the Nevski Monastery, and are still kept in the treasury with other things of the same sort.

There are a large number of beautiful vestments in this monastery, as fine as can be found in any cathedral in Europe. The vestments of the archbishop at Notre Dame, Paris, which are shown to visitors, will not compare with them in richness or costliness. Any one article in the collection would attract attention elsewhere, but here, in the great mass, one becomes bewildered. In the library connected with the monastery are a large number of rare manuscripts and historical documents presented to it from time to time by the Czars. The crypt of the Church of the Annunciation, connected with the convent, contains the tombs of many illustrious Russians, and some fine carvings. In

the cemetery adjoining, the aristocracy of Petersburg bury their dead, and large sums are paid for the privilege. I have heard of men who left their families impoverished by giving their entire estate for the privilege of having their



KAZAN CATHEDRAL.

bones lie at St. Alexander, Nevski. In one of the churches the remains of Catherine's unfortunate husband lay for many years, till they were removed to the Church of Peter and Paul, where the bodies of the other sovereigns are buried. Here too was imprisoned for awhile the first wife of Peter the Great. Here Alexander I. came to listen to his own funeral sermon before setting off with his wife for the South, whence he never returned. In the crypt is the tomb of General Suvaroff, whose epitaph is :

“HERE LIES SUVAROFF, CELEBRATED FOR HIS WIT, HIS MILITARY RENOWN AND HIS PRACTICAL JOKES.”

The singing at the services at St. Alexander Nevski Cathedral is very fine, and there is a good deal of rivalry on this score with St. Isaac's. It is fashionable for people to drop in

to hear the singing at the evening services at five o'clock, when they are out driving on the Nevski Prospect.

There are no seats in any of the Russian churches except for the Metropolitan and the Emperor. Every one else stands or kneels. The Russian system of worship is quite a gymnastic performance, and well calculated to develop the muscles of the back and neck, for at frequent intervals the worshipper has to bow till his forehead touches the floor. The sight of several hundred people all kneeling with their

foreheads pressed to the floor is quite impressive, and when it is accompanied with the chanting of the monks, the effect is not soon forgotten.

The difference between the Greek and Roman Catholic Churches is much more material than one who has given the subject no study would suppose. The Greek claims to be the original Church founded by the Apostles, and one who has read the able argument of the late Dean Stanley on the subject will find it difficult to doubt



THE METROPOLITAN.

that it is so. It cannot be proven that St. Peter ever was in Rome, much less can it be shown that he founded a Church there. It is easy of demonstration, on the contrary, that he did establish Churches in Greece and Syria, where the Greek forms always have prevailed. All the works of the Apostles were in Greek. All the fathers of the Church from St. Paul of Tarsus to St. Jerome were of Greece and Syria, and none from Italy or any of the Latin nations. All the rites and ceremonies of the Roman Church testify by their nomenclature to their Greek origin, and all the traditions as well as the gospels are written in that language. In the fourth century the

first jealousies between the Romish and the Grecian Churches broke out, which continued growing bitter and more bitter till the total separation in 858 over the election of a Pontiff or Metropolitan, when Pope Nicholas excommunicated his rival Pope Photius, and Photius returned the compliment by excommunicating him. Since then the two branches of the faith have been bitterly antagonistic.



A BLACK PRIEST.

As so little is known about the Græco-Russian Church, the following points on which it differs from the Roman Church will be found interesting.

1. It denies the primacy of the Pope of Rome; denies his authority or descent from St. Peter, and rejects the doctrine of human infallibility.

2. It denies that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Son.

3. It rejects purgatory, predestination, indulgences, dispensations, and works of supererogation, although admitting the intercession of the saints by prayer.

4. It holds to the necessity of complete immersion of the body at baptism, except in cases of extreme emergency. A dying infant may be baptised by a layman with the baptismal formula, but the words "You are baptised in the name," etc., must be used in such cases instead of the regular formula, "I baptise thee," etc. In case a priest should arrive before the death of the child the ceremony must be repeated.



A COUNTRY VILLAGE.

5. While admitting the doctrine of transubstantiation in regard to the eucharist, it affirms that the holy bread must be leavened, the wine and water being placed in the chalice, and it is only at the prayer of transubstantiation that part of the *agnus* is placed in the chalice. The element of wine with water is alone administered to children up to the age of seven years, for fear of the sacred elements being

ejected or falling to the ground.

6. Marriage is obligatory on the part of the clergy, but a priest may continue to serve after his wife dies.

7. No instrumental music is allowed in churches, and no women can take part in the service.

8. All images of the Saviour or saints are rejected as idolatrous, but pictures or mosaics, or any representation upon a flat surface, are allowed, under the commandment, "Thou shalt not make unto thyself any *graven* image."

9. Priests must wear beards. They are not allowed to deface the image of God by shaving.

The importance of outward forms is much more insisted upon in the Russian than in the Roman Church. Prayer must be uttered with the body prostrate, with the forehead upon the floor as among the Moslems, and the form of the cross must be made with three fingers. A long and bloody war once resulted from a difference of opinion on this point, as the three fingers signify the Trinity of the Godhead. Every outward form that symbolizes the Trinity is especially insisted upon. An Archbishop of Novgorod once declared that those who repeated the word Hallelujah only twice instead of three times in singing would be damned.

Toward their Icons, as the pictures of the Saviour and the saints are called, the people show the greatest veneration, and one or more hangs in every house in Russia, even in the business offices. Whoever enters



CLEANLINESS NEXT TO  
GODLINESS.

enters a store or a house in which one of these pictures is hanging must remove his hat, or he is liable to be asked to do so. The Icons are always covered with screens of metal, with the exception of the face and the hands of the saint. This is because no man can conceive of the apparel of the inhabitants in heaven.

In the report which was made to Queen Elizabeth of England by George Tuberville, who was sent with an embassy to Ivan the Terrible, the manners of the Russians are described in quaint verse. He says:

“ Their idols have their hearts, on God they never call,  
 Unless it be Nichola Baugh that hangs against the wall.  
 The house that hath no God or painted saint within,  
 Is not to be resorted to,—that roof is filled with sin.”

The numerous Icons, covered usually with sheaths of gold, and studded with precious stones as they often are, give a wondrous richness to the interior of a Russian church, heightened by the lights that are continually burning before them. Every worshipper buys a candle, lights it, and places

it in a rack made for the purpose before the Icon of his favorite saint. The prayers are supposed to ascend to heaven on the flames.



A PARISH PRIEST.

Not only are Icons to be found in all the houses and business places of Russia, but they are frequently to be seen in little chapels and kiosks in the streets. On the opposite side of the Nevski Prospect from the hotel in which we lived was one of the most famous Icons in Petersburg, the picture of a saint which is supposed to watch over the interests of commerce—the patron of trade.

During the business hours of the day, from sunrise to sunset, in fact, the little chapel in which it stands was crowded with people, merchants, clerks, artisans, laborers, and all classes of the community, who bought and lighted candles first, and then bowed to pray for prosperous results from the day's trade, each leaving some contribution for the benefit of the church as a peace-offering.

It is a curious and interesting sight to see the devoutness with which the sanctuary is approached. Not a drosky driver would pass it, no matter at what speed, without crossing himself with three fingers and taking off his hat. The same forms were practised by all foot passengers. The



street was usually crowded during the business hours of the day, but every hat came off, and every right hand made the sign of the cross when the little chapel was reached. All the passengers in the street cars, and the conductor and driver as well, made the same obeisance.

The morning after we arrived we witnessed from the balcony of the hotel what in any other country would have seemed a remarkable spectacle, but in Russia it was common, as we afterward discovered. It happened to be the anniversary of the saint that presides over commerce,—the saint of the little chapel I have been speaking about. There was a great stir early in the morning, a commotion such as we see at home on a holiday; men were standing about in their best clothes, women with little ones tugging at their skirts, and the crowd around the chapel, which was always great, seemed greater than ever.

Soon a carriage drove up, and a priest with long white hair and beard alighted. Then a band of music and a battalion of soldiers arrived, followed by a large company of priests and monks. About ten o'clock the crowd had increased to such num-



A PRIEST'S DAUGHTER.

bers that traffic was suspended, and finally a procession was formed. At the head were a lot of white-robed monks chanting, then a company of acolytes swinging incense-urns; then the white-haired priest, or Metropolitan, as he proved to be, came, bearing in his hands the sacred Icon of the chapel, being sheltered by a canopy of golden cloth carried by four other priests. Behind him came other priests and monks, then the military band and the battalion of soldiers, and finally a procession of people reaching for several blocks, not marching in a column,

but huddled together, and filling the entire street from wall to wall. During the time the Icon was being brought from the chapel and until the procession began to move, everyone but the priest and soldiers was on his knees in the street. When it had reached its place in the procession all rose and followed.

The same ceremony was repeated about four in the afternoon, when the Icon was brought back and deposited in its usual place. Upon inquiry I learned that, it being the day



A PRIEST IN ROBES.

of this saint, the Icon had been taken to the cathedral and several other churches, so that the services could be attended by more people than the little chapel could accommodate.

There are Icons in all the palaces. Some of them are large and conspicuous, while others are small and escape notice unless one is looking for them. You find them in all the museums, the art galleries, in the stables of the Czar, and in the rail-

way stations, and they usually have a lamp burning before them. Many are rich and artistic, and the lamps are of beautiful designs, being suspended from a bracket above the Icon. In the rooms of the late Czar in the Winter Palace is a beautiful Icon; and in a little boudoir adjoining the rooms occupied by the present Czarina before her husband ascended the throne I counted fourteen. The Czarina was a Protestant by birth and education, but joined the Greek Church before her marriage. Her

right to share the throne would not have been recognized had she not done so.

Many of the Icons in the palaces are beautifully decorated with jewels. The value of some of them is enormous, but they are seldom disturbed, the veneration being too great among all classes of people. It was from one of these that the Grand Duke Constantine, the cousin of the present Czar, some years ago stole jewels which he gave to an American adventuress named Blackford. He also robbed his mother's jewel-case of its treasures. The Blackford

woman escaped from Russia before the theft was discovered, and went to Germany; where she was arrested. She was taken back to Petersburg, thrown into prison, and compelled to restore the treasures, when she was released through the efforts of Minister Jewell. The Grand Duke, however, was never forgiven. He had not only dis-



A RUSSIAN MECHANIC.

graced the imperial ermine but, by robbing a Saint, had committed sacrilege that could not be pardoned. He was sent to Siberia, but has since been allowed to take command of a Division in the southern part of Russia, having shown himself to be a gallant soldier during the war with Turkey; but he will never be allowed to appear at Court again.

The priesthood of the Russian Church is composed of two classes, the White and the Black Clergy. The latter are monks, belonging to the several orders of religious seclusion, and from their numbers all the bishops and higher ecclesiastical officials are chosen. They are teachers in the schools also, tutors in the families of the nobles, and many of them have been celebrated for their scholarship, their

artistic genius, and literary gifts. Asceticism is not practiced as it is in the Roman Church, except by certain orders in monastic life, and in the fulfilment of vows. During the last century the Church estates were secularized, and confiscated by the crown: then the emancipation of the serfs deprived the religious orders of a great part of their wealth, some of the monasteries owning twenty, thirty, and even fifty thousand serfs. This was a severe blow to them, and only a few, such as were possessed of other wealth, survived it. At present there are about five hundred monastic



THE ROAD TO THE HEART.

establishments through the empire, and most of them are wealthy.

There is a feeling of bitter hostility existing between the White and Black clergy. The former are the city and village priests, or "popes," as they are called. They accuse the Black clergy of laziness and indifference to their vows; of filling their bellies with capons and wines, while the poor are suffering for the necessaries of life; of violating one of the chief ordinances of the Church by refusing to marry, and by setting the people the bad example of licentiousness. Many of these charges hold true in the cases of nine-tenths

of the monks, but some of them, a small proportion, perhaps, lead lives of unselfishness and devotion, giving their time to study, to the instruction of the young, or to relieving the necessities of the poor.

The White clergy, the parish priests, or "batushkas" (padres), as the people call them, are usually men of some learning, but are destined to lead lives of wretchedness, being called upon to serve the people in a most laborious way for small salaries. They are a class or caste of themselves. Their fathers were priests, and their sons must be. As soon as a priest's sons are old enough to leave home, they are sent to the theological schools and trained for the work of the Church. Very few of them escape the fate, and they only do so by fleeing from the country or entering the army as private soldiers and leading an even more miserable existence.

Before they can take orders they must marry the daughter or the widow of some other priest, who is selected for them by the bishop. They are not even allowed to choose their own wives. They are not permitted to marry outside of the Church. When a priest dies his family is a burden on the diocese, till the boys can be sent to a seminary and the girls married off. The bishop who has them in charge makes all the marriages, selects the brides and the grooms, and after they are wedded sends them off to some village where they are to spend the rest of their existence, for they are seldom changed from one parish to another, except when they can command great influence. Ninety-nine per cent of the original assignments are permanent.

The incomes of the priests are also fixed by the bishop. All the money collected in the parish is sent to him, and he fixes the compensation of the batushkas, which is usually very small. The average salary of the village priest is seventy-five dollars a year, and he must eke out a living by cultivating a piece of ground or stealing from the coffers of the Church.

When the bishop makes his annual rounds he takes down

the names of the girls in the priest's families who are old enough to marry, and from this list, without knowing the characteristics or dispositions of any, he assigns them to the graduates of the seminaries. Thus a clergyman of Russia gets his wife as the Irishman got his pig, in a "poke." It is a lottery of marriage. The bishop is strictly impartial, for he seldom knows the man or the woman. He has the two names, and makes the assignment, being glad to get both off his hands.

Not only are the priests subjected to great hardships and privations, but they are the butt of all the wits and humorists of the empire. Half the jokes in the funny papers are about them, and their lives suggest half the proverbs of the country. "As poor as a priest," "As stupid as a priest," "As wretched as a priest," "As hungry as a priest," etc., etc., are familiar expressions. Under the circumstances little can be expected of them. The average of mortality and temperance is said to be higher in the priesthood of the Russian than in the Roman



A GLASS OF VODKA.

Church, which is due perhaps to the fact that the former are compelled to marry, and are condemned to spend their entire lives in small villages which they seldom leave.

The influence of the priests over the people is very great. They are the representatives of the Church in which every peasant devoutly believes. They baptise his children, visit him when he is sick, marry him, bury him, and say masses for the repose of his soul. He is with them always, like the poor, and if he is a man of any conscience or ability he cannot but wield an immense power. But still further than this, the entire system of political, social, and domestic economy in Russia is based upon the doctrine of autocracy. As the

Czar is the autocrat of all the Russias, as the bishop is the autocrat of his diocese, so is the priest the pope of the parish, the autocrat of the village in which he ministers. This is about all the satisfaction he gets. The peasant relies upon the Church, and therefore on the priest, for salvation. He would rather die than be cut off from the privileges of the Church. It is his home as well as his heaven, and the priest holds the key.

The mujik is essentially a religious being. He believes in only two things, the Church and the Czar. One represents the powers above, and the others the powers below; but at the same time he regards religion as a series of ceremonies of a magical rather than a spiritual significance. He is dull, stupid, submissive, has never had a thought that was not associated in some way with the Church, does nothing without saying a prayer before the Icon of his patron saint, can neither read nor write, is compelled to accept as truth all the



A RUSSIAN MILKMAID.

priest tells him, and is profoundly ignorant of everything that is beyond the sight of his own eyes or the hearing of his own ears. He seldom goes beyond the confines of his native parish unless he is conscripted into the army, and then seldom returns. He thinks that all the world are like himself and his relatives, and is satisfied with his lot because he cannot conceive of existence under any other circumstances. Of theology and spiritual life he has no conception. For him the ceremonies of the Church are sufficient. If he has been baptized in his infancy, if he has partaken regularly of the holy communion and observed his fasts, if he has confessed his sins and received the extreme

unction, he approaches death with perfect tranquillity, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

The Russian religion does not, however, seem to have much effect upon the morals of the people. The upper classes, the court and the nobility, are notoriously profligate, corrupt, and dishonest. The chastity of women is not respected, nor the honor of men. The officials of the Russian empire have been noted for taking bribes as far back as tradition runs; while the merchants, as I have said elsewhere, have the reputation of using sharp practice whenever they think it will succeed. Among the mujiks the conditions are about the same. Drunkenness, dishonesty, and all forms of depravity are the rule, not the exception. I met in Paris a Russian noble with an ancient title, and a thorough knowledge of the world, who admitted that the peasants of his country were the most degraded of any in Europe. "But what more can you expect?" he asked; "they are only animals."

I saw more drunken men in Petersburg on the day of my arrival than I had seen in all the rest of Europe during a five months' stay. The peasants of Belgium have a poor reputation for temperance, but I saw more drunken men in Petersburg on my way from the station to the hotel the day of my arrival than I saw in all Belgium. Not only does the Russian religion fail to secure sobriety and chastity among the peasants, but it is openly charged that the priests encourage intemperance. They are not accused of pouring liquor down the mouths of their parishioners, nor of exhorting them to get drunk on vodka; but the charge is made openly and often, that the Russian priests advocate the use of intoxicating liquors as necessary because of the severity of the climate, that they never reprove drunkenness among the peasants, that they discourage the organization of temperance societies, and that they multiply church feasts, which are little more than drunken carousals.

The mujik will get drunk whenever he can; he may be depended upon for that, and needs no encouragement; but



the motive of the priests for opposing sobriety and resisting temperance work is that the chief men of each parish are generally the manufacturers of spirits, who in many districts allow the priests a regular and often a liberal subsidy for permitting the natural appetite of the peasant for stimulants to go unrestrained. Then again, the chief revenue of the Government is from the sale of liquor, amounting to over \$200,000,000 in old Russia alone in 1887, not counting the sum filched by the collectors, which is usually very large.



GOING TO MARKET.

The head of the Russian Church is the Czar. He is the Lord's anointed, the Vice-Regent of heaven on earth, as well as the autocrat of the empire. He does not, however, assume the responsibility of directing the affairs of the Church, but leaves them to the Holy Synod, a council composed of the three Metropolitans (of Petersburg, Moscow, and Kieff, who occupy a relation similar to that of cardinal in the Roman Church), the four archbishops subordinate to them, and twelve bishops who are selected for the duty by the Czar. The Holy Synod has the direction of ecclesiastical affairs, the decision of theological questions, the dis-

bursements of the Church funds, the assignments of bishops, jurisdiction over cases of discipline, etc., etc. The Church is organized, like everything else in Russia, on the bureaucratic plan, of which the Metropolitan of Petersburg is really the head. He occupies a large and handsome palace, employs a vast number of clerks, and has a gift of \$12,000,000 annually from the public treasury, besides the offerings collected in the churches. Everything is done in the name of the Czar, and his formal approval is necessary to make the acts of the Holy Synod legal.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE ARMY OF RUSSIA.

Comprising nearly Two Millions of Men.—How it is Organized.—The Military Laws of the Empire.—Grand Reviews of Troops by the Emperor.—The Cossacks and their Peculiar Customs.—The Naval Forces.

RUSSIA is a vast military camp, and has been such since the war with Turkey. One million eight hundred thousand able-bodied men compose the standing army, the largest in Europe, supported at a cost of nearly \$300,000,000 a year, while the work in the wheat-fields and the gardens is done by women and girls. I saw women carrying hods, digging sewers, ditches, and doing all sorts of manual labor, which in other countries is done only by the strongest men, and when I asked why it was so, was told that all the men were in the army. A few days after I took a trip to Krasnoe Selo, about forty miles from Petersburg, and saw 90,000 idle men in camp.

Until the late war with Turkey, it was the custom to recruit the army in the agricultural districts and in the cities, resorting to conscription only whenever the ranks needed to be filled; but the late Czar reorganized the military establishment, and issued a ukase requiring every male citizen of the empire to serve as a soldier for fifteen years, five years to be spent in actual service, and ten as a member of the militia or Imperial Reserves. At the age of eighteen every young man, therefore, must enter the service or furnish a

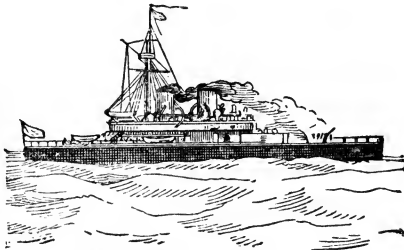


IMPERIAL  
GUARD.

substitute, who can be obtained usually, by the payment of a small bounty to some professional soldier that has served his own time. But whoever offers a substitute must serve in the militia reserve, and is liable to be called into the field at any time. The substitute is merely a hostage, and does not relieve his principal from service if the Czar needs his arms.

After five years of active service, the young men, well drilled and having a knowledge of military duty, are sent home to serve in the reserves till they are thirty-three years of age, being called upon each year to spend a few weeks in camp so as to keep their hands in.

The army is garrisoned at different strategic points about



MAN OF WAR.

the empire, chiefly upon the German and Austrian boundaries, and along the Black Sea. There are large bodies of soldiers constantly at Petersburg and Moscow, the railway centres of the empire, ready to be dispatched to any point at a moment's notice. In Poland the garrisons are also very large, to keep down revolutionary movements as well as to protect the frontier.

I went twice to visit the Summer Camp at Krasnoe Selo, where the garrisons of the capital and the towns around it are annually taken for fresh air, exercise, and grand manœuvres. One day I saw 90,000 soldiers reviewed by the Czar, and again witnessed a sham battle under the direction of the Grand Duke Vladimir, the brother of the Emperor, who is Commander-in-Chief of the land forces as Alexis is

Commander-in-Chief of those at sea. The Czar sat upon a white charger, dressed in the uniform of a Field Marshal, with the Czarovitch, or Prince Imperial, at his side, a boy of seventeen years or so, dressed as a colonel of cavalry. A brilliant staff was around him, the air was resonant with the music of hundreds of fine bands, and the soldiers, uniformed in blue blouses and white cotton pants, marched by the Emperor for six or seven hours, in corps, divisions, brigades, and regiments. As each regiment passed him, at a signal from the colonel, the men shouted in unison :

“Go-o-d m-o-r-n-i-n-g, O-u-r F-a-t-h-e-r!”

“Good morning, my children,” answered the Czar.

The sham battle was a disappointment, as any military man might have told me it would be, for the number of troops engaged, 35,000 on a side, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, made it impossible to see anything.



COSSACK OFFICER.



FROM THE CZAR'S BAND.

During the winter, when the cold is so intense as to make out-door drilling and manœuvres impossible, regiments and brigades of soldiers, both cavalry, infantry, and artillery, are exercised in great structures known as riding schools, which cover several acres of ground, are heated by steam, and afford not only commodious but comfortable drill-rooms for large bodies of troops. The riding school at Moscow is the largest apartment in the world, the iron roof being supported by trusses, and furnishes plenty of space for a whole brigade of cavalry to perform its evolutions. The grand inspection or *rasvod* takes place every Sunday afternoon, and is attended usually by the Emperor, his family,

and officers of high rank, many thousands of soldiers being reviewed by brigades, one entering the hall as another leaves it.

The ordinary garrison of the capital is ten regiments of infantry, five regiments of cavalry, and several batteries of artillery, besides the Emperor's Cossack body-guard, and the Regiment of the Transfiguration, whose quarters are always in the Winter Palace. There are several large garrisons near the city, and 100,000 men could be assembled in the *Champ de Mars* in a few hours' notice. The streets and



GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR.

*cafés* and other places of popular resort are always filled with men in uniform. They are never out of sight, wherever one may look. The whole appearance of Petersburg is military and bureaucratic, spurs and swords are clanging constantly upon the pavements and the floors of the hotels, for officers are required to wear their uniforms constantly, and are never allowed to appear in citizen's dress. Much of the time of the younger officers is spent in saluting their superiors, for when a junior meets a general he must stop and face him uncovered till his salute is returned. The number and brilliancy of the uniforms give brightness to social

scenes and public assemblages, and make the streets look gay.

The two regiments of the Emperor's body-guard are aristocratic institutions, and the assignment of officers to them is made by the Czar himself, with personal knowledge in each case. The officers are all "Gentlemen-in-Waiting upon his Imperial Majesty, the Autocrat of all the Russias," and are therefore members of the court and entitled to attend official ceremonials. A lieutenant in one of these regiments may have been a colonel in another, and willing to sacrifice rank and pay for the privilege of a place at court.



A COSSACK SCOUT.

All the officers are rich, and many of them wear high titles. They may be counts or dukes or even princes. The Emperor's brother is the colonel of one regiment and his uncle of the other.

The privates in these regiments are all picked men, selected from the rest of the army, as a reward of gallantry or fidelity, and they are nearly of the same stature, over six feet high. One regiment ride large bay horses, and the other black. Their barracks are near the Winter Palace, the officers having elegant quarters, fitted up at their own expense, in which they reside with their families, and club rooms in common.

One is bedazzled by the gorgeous decorations worn by the officers, particularly those of high rank, stars, crosses, and medals of various sizes and fashions being conferred for

service in the field, or for the state. There are seven orders of knighthood in the military service, besides an innumerable amount of decorations authorized to commemorate victories of the Russian army. The highest order is that of St. George, which I have referred to elsewhere. Any Russian officer will gladly risk his life to obtain the little cross of white enamel, and none ever gets it unless his service has been of the highest consequence. The number is limited, and the name of each man who wears the cross of St. George is recorded upon the walls of the palace at Moscow. The



A PRIVATE COACHMAN.

next order is that of St. Vladimir, a Greek Cross of brown enamel, with a ribbon of black and red, and is conferred both for military, naval, and civil service. Then comes the order of St. Andrew, conferred for civil service chiefly, whose insignia is a collar of Russian eagles of gold. The next is that of Alexander Nevski, indicated by a twelve-pointed star with a diamond in the centre. There are several others of lesser importance, and enough special decorations to furnish each officer and

private of the army at least one.

The Cossacks furnish the cavalry, and the Russians think it is the finest in the world, although there is a decided difference of opinion on this subject among military authorities. Outside of Russia the Cossack is regarded as a good scout and an active guerilla, but worthless for regular warfare. He is a cowboy, the Gaucho of Russia, was born in a saddle, has a contempt for agriculture (all the food-products among the Cossacks are raised by the women), a contempt for schools, would not learn to read or write if he had an opportunity, and is just about half civilized. But the Cossacks are a race of free men. They have never been serfs, and



have never held them, nor have they ever paid taxes to any authority. They own vast tracts of land in Eastern Russia, where they raise herds of cattle, sheep, and horses. All their land is held in common, and the people live in Communes. Their system of local government is the same as that of the Bedouins; similar to that of the Children of Israel in the time of Moses and Abraham and Isaac. Esau was a Cossack, it is claimed, and went to the banks of the Don to avoid his brother Jacob after having been robbed of his birthright.



A SUBSTANTIAL CITIZEN.

In lieu of taxes the Cossack communities furnish so many soldiers permanently to the use of the government, the present strength of the Cossack contingent in the Russian army being 147,000 men. Each Cossack soldier is obliged to clothe, arm, and equip himself, even to furnishing his own horse and saddle; and when in the field he must be his own quarter-master and commissary. He lives on the country where he happens to be, and, strangely enough, has the reputation of taking no more than he needs. When he is in town-barracks, his supplies are furnished him by the Gov-

ernment. He is a cruel, relentless foe, as fierce as a savage, but always loyal. There is said to have never been a Nihilist among the Cossacks, and it is true that the Czar's body-guard is always selected from that branch of the service. There is a good deal of poetry in the Cossack nature; his songs are peculiar to his race, with a tinge of oriental sentiment and mysticism; but his habits are simply lawless.

The soldiers of the Russian army are loyal, as a rule.



A COSSACK GIRL.

Among the privates there is seldom any disaffection, for they are easily satisfied, and reconciled to their fate, as they know of no better. They come from the peasant class, are taught from their youth that no man can go to heaven unless he obeys the Czar and the priest; and the other place is represented in such terms that he is glad to escape it. Among the officers, however, there is a great deal of disaffection, and some are caught in almost every conspiracy that is unearthed. Such as join the Revolutionary movement are those who are disappointed in promotion, have been reduced for offenses, punished by courts-martial, or ill-treated by their superiors.

There is always a certain amount of discontent in every army, and there always will be, no matter what or where it may be; and human nature is the same in Russia as in other parts of the world.

The Russian navy is one of the most powerful in the world. There is no nation, with the exception of England, perhaps, which has so large or so fine a fleet of steel and iron vessels, some of which were built in Petersburg, others on the Clyde, and still more at Philadelphia. There are thirty-nine formidable and swift cruisers in the fleet, of from six to eleven thousand tons burden, and eight or nine

thousand horse-power engines. There are also 95 torpedo boats, and many other vessels. On the active list, at sea, are 31 admirals, 411 captains, and 931 lieutenants, with 24,955 sailors. On shore duty are 64 admirals, 170 captains, and 310 lieutenants.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE CZAR.

The Absurd Stories about his Personal Habits.—How the Slanders Originate.—An Anecdote of the Emperor's Courage.—Safeguards thrown about his Person.—His Carriage, Yacht, and Railway-Car.—The Body guard of Gentlemen.—Police Precautions.

THE readers of English newspapers, which publish the largest amount of information from Russia and the most unreliable, have been told again and again that the Czar is a great coward, a drunkard, a man of ungovernable temper, a libertine, and combines all the faults and follies of his predecessors on the throne, many of whom were most disreputable persons. Only the other day I saw a statement in an English paper which has a character for accuracy, that the Czar had shot an officer of his household dead in his tracks for some trivial offence. At the time the announcement was published the officer referred to was in Petersburg, as well as ever, and had not even seen the Czar or been seen by him for more than two months. There was not the slightest foundation or excuse for the slander except British malice, or the desire to revenge some real or fancied injury on the part of the correspondent. The paper, which is violently opposed to the Russian policy, was prepared to print anything evil about the Czar.

I have recently seen, too, an account of his beating the secretary of the German Legation over the head with a cane. If there was an excuse for such a story it is not probable that Prince Bismarck would be so forbearing as to permit the German empire to be represented in Russia, even if he did not consider it a sufficient cause for war. The secretary

referred to is still in Petersburg, and was never in the presence of the Czar except upon occasions of ceremony. He was more surprised than the Czar himself could have been at the publication.

I have clippings from American newspapers, extracts from the English press and Continental publications, all of which are devoted to his personal habits, and represent him as bad as can be, asserting that he spends weeks together in



THE CZAR AND FAMILY.

debauches with lewd women, thus attempting to drive out of his troubled and restless mind the horrors of his continual dangers; that he does not see the Empress or his children for weeks at a time; that he is insanely jealous; shudders at every leaf that turns, and at every window that rattles; that he will not taste food until it has been eaten from by his attendants; when, if they do not die, he will cautiously

feed himself with great misgivings; and finally, that his horror of the dangers he is surrounded by is so great, that he is liable at any time to put an end to his own life.

Here is a sample of these paragraphs, originally published in *London Life*, and copied into many papers in the United States, from one of which I clip it:

“Despite the unceasing vigilance of the police, to which the Czar certainly owes his life, no such thing as ordinary tranquillity or comfort is known in the Imperial household. No one is trusted, for the Nihilists have their adherents

everywhere, even in the royal kitchen. No food can be eaten that is not previously tested; no room can be occupied, even for an hour at a time, without special precautions being taken against attack by explosives or otherwise.

“It is never known in what bedroom the Czar will sleep. Frequently, after being an hour in one bedroom, he changes to another, and he generally sleeps in a part of the palace,



STATUE TO PETER THE GREAT.

an attic, or even a cellar, where he is least likely to be looked for. It might be thought that the Emperor's driving in the open street was a proof of his courage, but this is not so. The danger there is no greater than it is in his study, guarded though he be indoors as well as out of doors by triple rows of bayonets.”

All this is the most absurd nonsense. I visited all the royal residences except the Annitshkoff Palace, the one in

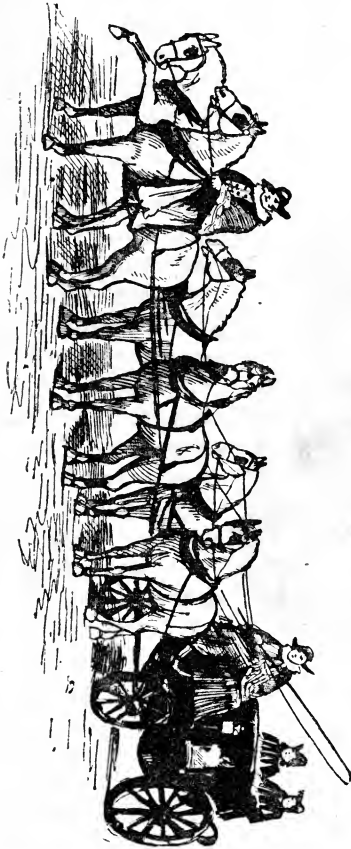
which the Czar lived when he was Crown Prince, and in which he still resides when he is in Petersburg. It is situated on the Nevski Prospect, in the most fashionable part of the city, and was built by the Empress Elizabeth for one of

her lovers. At the marriage of the present Czar to the Princess Dagmar of Denmark it was fitted up for their occupancy, and they both prefer it to the Winter Palace or any of the grander residences at the capital. It is more like home to them, and no one is permitted to intrude upon their privacy without an invitation.

There has recently been built a structure adjoining the palace for the accommodation of the Czar's clerks and attendants, and in that building he spends several hours a day while he is in town, which is usually from November to June. When he comes to Petersburg from his palace in the country on business,

he always drives there from the station, attends to whatever is necessary to be done, lunches or dines, and then takes the train back to Gatschina, Peteroff, or Tsarskoe-Selo, the three places at which he usually divides the summer.

THE IMPERIAL COACH-AND-SIX.



When he travels, the utmost precautions are taken ; but no greater than those adopted by the English police to protect the life of Queen Victoria, except that the government railway over which he passes when he comes to the city is constantly patrolled by soldiers to prevent obstructions being placed upon the track and tunnels being dug for dynamite, as was the case on the Moscow road not long ago. This precaution is to protect ordinary travel as well, and the accidents it has prevented justifies its maintenance.

Instead of a coward, the leading men in Petersburg think that the Czar is a very rash man, considering the fact that so many of his predecessors have died by the hands of assassins, and that an extensive organization exists for the sole

purpose of taking his life. This organization is composed of fanatics who not only do not value their own lives, but consider themselves as seeking martyrdom in behalf of an oppressed people.



A RUSSIAN FELDSHAR.

There are hundreds of Nihilists who would gladly die on the scaffold or be shot by the police if they could fire but one bullet at the Emperor. At the trial of the last band of con-

spirators, every man and woman engaged confessed that they had sworn to take the Czar's life, and lived for that purpose, glorying in it. Surrounded by such people it is not strange that every possible safeguard is thrown around the sovereign, but instead of being condemned as a coward, the Czar is rebuked for his rashness.

The yarns that are told about him come usually from the headquarters of the Nihilists, which are in Zurich and



Geneva, Switzerland, and in London. In their exile they are comforted and entertained by letters from sympathizers at home, who send them such information, and they give it to the press. Nearly every slander about the morals of the Czar can be traced, not to Petersburg, but to one or the other of these places.

The Director-General of Police, Gresser, who is the de-facto Czar of Russia to-day so far as the tyranny exercised is concerned, is responsible for the safety of his sovereign, and is allowed to use such means as he chooses. He complains bitterly sometimes that Alexander himself destroys the barriers he has erected, and places himself in positions of danger where even the omnipotent police are powerless to shield his life, if an attempt were made upon it.

For example, stung by the reports of his cowardice, when he made a visit to Moscow, the hot-bed of Nihilism, the Czar insisted upon walking alone through a crowd of twenty or thirty thousand people, without the slightest protection but his own sword. The walls of the city had two nights before been mysteriously decorated with posters announcing that the end of Alexander's reign had come, that he had been tried and found wanting, and that the "Committee" had decreed his death for refusing to give the people a constitutional government. Many arrests had been made by the police on suspicion, but with all their numbers and acumen they had not been able to detect the mysterious bill-posters, and there was great excitement throughout the entire city.



THE STUFF OF WHICH SOLDIERS  
ARE MADE.

When the morning of the day on which the Czar's death was to occur arrived, he announced his intention of attending mass at the Church of the Annunciation, within the walls of the Kremlin, and a quarter of a mile or so from the palace. The Czarina and the other members of his family implored him to take no such risk; they begged him to have mass sung in the chapel of the palace instead; but he was deaf to all entreaties, and even ordered that the police guard should be withdrawn. He said that if his time had come he was ready, and would die like a soldier, with his uniform on and



CROSS BY THE ROADSIDE.

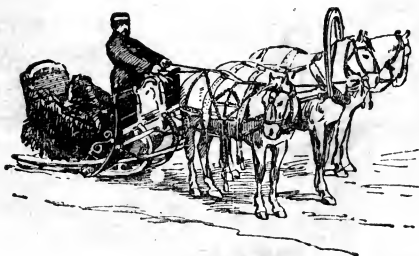
his sword in his hand, in the presence of his people; and so he left the palace alone, clad in the uniform of a Field Marshal, resplendent with gold lace, and walked across the parade ground to the church.

The news of his rashness spread quickly among the people, who were naturally on the *qui vive*, owing to the

mysterious proclamation of the Nihilists, and before the mass was over the area within the Kremlin walls was crowded with all sorts and conditions of men, twenty or thirty thousand in number. After mass was sung, and he had committed his soul to God, the Czar, with his gloves in his hand, left the church and entered the throng, which opened to make a passage for him, but one so narrow that he could touch the bodies of those who stood on either hand. No bomb was required on such an occasion, a pistol or even a knife would have done the business; but with his head erect, and bowing to those who saluted him, the Emperor walked the entire distance. The crowd was silent and almost breathless; every

man present expected something would occur; but the only interruption in the Czar's walk that morning was when he reached the steps of the palace, stopped, turned his face to his people, and spoke to them.

He said he had been told that he should have trouble if he came to Moscow, that since he had arrived he had been warned by mysterious enemies, whose motive he could not understand, that the present day was to be his last. He had therefore done as all men should do who expect danger: had gone to church to ask forgiveness for his sins, and protection from on high. That protection was not denied



A TROIKA.

him. His body, like his soul, was in the hands of God, and man had no power to injure him without the Divine decree. He therefore feared nothing, and believed that as long as he governed the empire with wisdom he should be allowed to live. Then, thanking the people with hearty words for their loyalty, he bowed and entered the palace. There had been silence till then, but as the Czar disappeared the crowd broke into a cheer that almost reached the sky.

Alexander earned distinction as a soldier during the last war between Russia and Turkey, and anyone who is familiar with his military career need not be told that he has plenty of personal courage. I saw him several times. Once at a station of the railway where he had come from the palace to meet the Crown Prince of Greece. He had driven a pair of horses through a public highway four miles or more, sitting

on the front seat of a basket phaeton, and he drives about the country daily in the same manner. I saw him again at the *fête* given in the park that surrounds the palace on the birthday of the Empress. He sat upon the front seat of a high wagon, in full uniform, with the Empress beside him, and the remainder of the imperial family on the back seats, and drove slowly through the illuminated grounds, which were brilliant with flames, and crowded with almost the entire population of Petersburg.



AWAITING A CUSTOMER.

The imperial party was preceded by a squad of mounted Cossacks who cleared the way, and was followed by a number of carriages containing royal visitors and ladies and gentlemen of the court. There was a roar of cheers from the immense crowds, who were pushed back into the shrubbery to make room for the carriages; and both the Czar and Czarina were kept busy bowing to the throng and waving their hats and handkerchiefs as they passed. He was a fine mark for a Nihilist as he sat upon the high perch, and the police were fearful lest a shot should be fired; but the Czar was determined to show himself to the people, and rode through the park for two hours. A few days later he

went to Krasnoe Selo to review the troops, and was about on horseback for eight hours in the throngs of people. There was a report in the English papers shortly after, that an attack was made upon the Czar that day. Here it is :

“A Nihilist, disguised as an officer of the Guards, approached the imperial carriage on the journey from St. Petersburg to Krasnoe Selo and fired a revolver twice. The first shot missed the Czar, but the second perforated his coat. The Czarina has since been suffering from nervous prostration.”



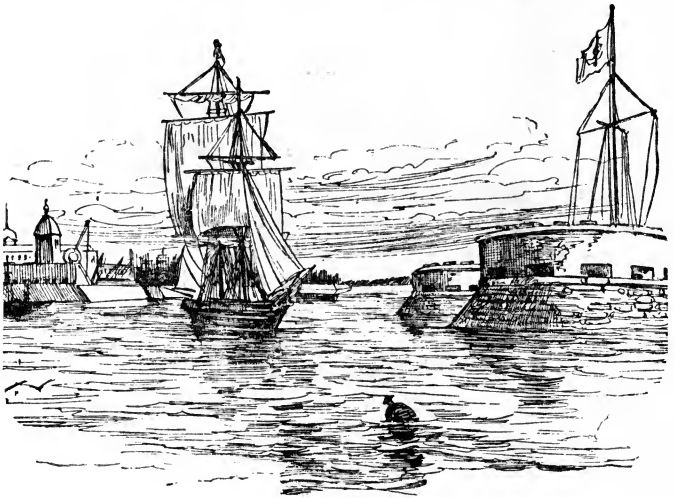
ALEXANDER I.

There was no such information in Petersburg, although thousands of people of all classes went out to see the manœuvres and would have heard of it if anything of the kind had happened. An officer high in rank in Russia speaking of these stories said: “I can give you an infallible rule by which you may tell whether an attack has been made upon the life of the Czar. It never fails, and the reports of the police or the newspapers do not affect it at all. The Czar is an intensely religious man, almost a fanatic, and whenever his life has been in danger he always has a thanksgiving service in the Kazan Cathedral. When you hear of such a service you may understand that he had a narrow escape, or some plot to take his life has been detected; but only then.”

PRINCE  
GORTCHAKOFF.

Shortly after reviewing the troops at Krasnoe Selo, the Czar with his entire family, and the royal family of Greece, started for Copenhagen in the royal yacht, to celebrate the seventieth birthday of the Queen of Denmark, the mother of the Czarina, the Princess of Wales and the King of Greece. They spent three months there and then returned to Petersburg.

During the warm months the Czar usually goes to and from the country palace in a little steamer, an ordinary looking side-wheeler of two or three hundred tons. It looks more like a picnic boat than an imperial yacht, but is said to be swift and comfortable. He has a private landing at Peteroff, and another at Petersburg, near the Winter Palace. The boat is not fitted up with anything like the luxury and elegance that appears in the yachts of the Queen of England



HARBOR FORTIFICATIONS AT CRONSTADT.

and the Prince of Wales, and most of the private yachts about New York are palaces compared to it. Even the old *Dispatch*, of the United States Navy, of which so much fun has been made, is more presentable as a transport for royalty than the Czar's vessel. I found it to be the case all over Russia that the accommodations for the personal comfort and convenience of the imperial family were shabby.

The Czar's car in which he travels by railroad, and which was originally made for Louis Napoleon, is comfortable and elegant, as much so as need be, but does not approach many of the private cars I have seen in the United

States. It is no handsomer nor convenient than the ordinary Mann boudoir-cars that run between New York and Boston, and is of a similar design. The car that was constructed for Langtry's use is much superior to the imperial railway carriage of Russia, and the vestibule cars in the United States surpass it in every respect.

The carriage in which His Imperial Majesty rides about in Petersburg is an ordinary coupé, painted a dark indigo blue, with the coat-of-arms of Russia on the panel. It is driven



A ZNAKHARKA.

by a coachman in a livery of white, or ecru and silver, who wears a cocked hat trimmed with a good deal of silver braid. On the box beside the coachman, in the footman's place, is a Cossack in full uniform, and armed with\* rifle, sabre, and pistols. Two mounted Cossacks usually ride in front of the Czar's carriage and two behind him, and in the city he goes like a tornado, the large, splendid black stallions that draw the carriage looking and acting as if they fully realized their honor and responsibility.

In the winter, the Czar drives in a sledge, which has a cover that may be lifted in a storm or when the weather is cold, as all Russian sledges have. Great precautions are

taken when His Majesty goes out. Before he leaves the palace the police have had their notice and instructions by telephone, and are informed of the route he intends to take.



A RUSSIAN POLICEMAN.

The ordinary force of patrolmen is doubled along the way, and those on duty are informed of their increased responsibility. Beside the regular patrolmen, a battalion of detectives is turned into the streets, who carefully scrutinize every passer-by, and watch their movements. They are in citizen's dress, but wear a badge which admits them everywhere, and is equivalent, when shown

to an ordinary patrolman, to orders from headquarters to do what the wearer asks. If one of these detectives should see a suspicious-looking person on the street he would show his badge to the nearest patrolman and ask him to arrest the suspect at once.

An additional protection is a special guard of the Czar's person, composed of retired officers and soldiers of the army, who wear civilian's dress and follow His Majesty like his own shadow. They are at-



THE ISHVOSHNIK AT HOME.

tached to the household of the palace, and live under the same roof with the Czar, constantly going when and wherever he goes, being dressed like gentlemen, but fully armed for any emergency. They are all personally known to him, and



are devoted to his service. They were with him in the army, some of them attached to his headquarters, and several wear distinguished decorations. They receive high salaries, are quartered in the palace, are frequently pre-



THE ISHVOSNIK.

sented with handsome gifts, and if they are ill or injured receive large pensions.

This is the Czar's body-guard of gentlemen that the reader has doubtlessly heard about, and they are not only much more efficient than ordinary detectives, but immensely more agreeable, for many of them are highly educated and accom-

plished, and adorn the imperial parlors as well as protect the imperial life. They have access to every closet and cranny of the palace, are even permitted to enter the chamber of the Empress, or the nursery, whenever they think proper, and appear and disappear in the imperial presence like members of the family.

In addition to these there are the regular detectives of which I have spoken, under the direction of Lieutenant-General Gresser, with whom the Czar has nothing to do. He communicates with them only through an aide-de-camp, and is much annoyed at their constant surveillance.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## THE CZAR AND CZARINA AT HOME.

A Glimpse of their Domestic Life.—The Little Palace in which they spent the Happy Days of their Lives.—The Personality of the Czar.—His Fondness for his Wife and Children.—Peculiarities of his Character.

I WAS enabled in Petersburg to obtain two very charming glimpses of the domestic life of the imperial family. One through the spectacles of a gentleman who had long been attached to the household, and was not only a trusted officer, but a personal friend and frequent companion of the Czar, who walked and rode with him, played billiards with him, assisted him in his correspondence, and had frequently been the escort of the Empress as well as her husband in their travels. The other was from a verbal sketch in great detail by a Danish lady who was brought from her old home in Denmark by the Czarina soon after her marriage with the Czar, and has also been attached to the household for several years. What they told me was endorsed by Minister Lothrop in a great part, both from his personal knowledge and the information he had acquired.

Instead of being a brutal libertine, cruel to his attendants, and neglectful of his wife and children, as he is represented by the English papers and the publications of the Nihilists, the Czar is the most domestic and devoted of husbands, the most generous and considerate of masters, and is the only ruler Russia has ever had who has not kept a mistress. Everyone of whom I inquired, from the United States Minister to servants at the hotel, all agreed that the personal habits of the Czar and his marital relations were above reproach. He is not and never has been guilty of the excesses which

stained the life of his otherwise estimable father, and even before his marriage there was never a reflection upon his conduct. I was told again and again that he was about the only man in Russia who had no record as a roué.

Of his brothers, the Grand Dukes Vladimir, Alexis, and Sergius, the less said the better. Alexis can be seen in the streets of Petersburg almost any day in an open carriage



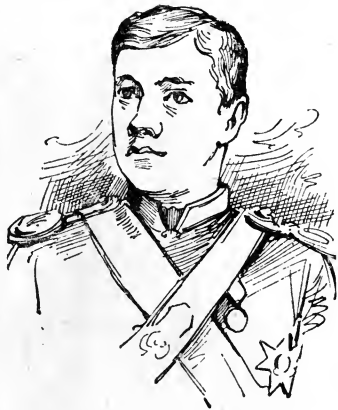
THE CZARINA IN IMPERIAL ROBES.

with a woman whose relations to him are the talk of the drosky drivers. He has appeared with this woman at balls at the palace, and has danced with her in the same set with members of his own family. The palace in which she lives belongs to the government, and her expenses are paid from the allowance he receives from the public treasury. These practices, however, are not regarded in Russia as they are with us, for the morals of the people are more "Frenchy" than those of the populace of Paris itself.

The Czar was married in 1867 to the Princess Dagmar of Denmark, then in her twentieth year. They have four children living, and have buried one. The eldest, the Crown Prince, is Nicholas, aged eighteen; the second is the Grand Duke George, aged fifteen; the third is the Grand Duchess Xenia; and the youngest the Grand Duke Michael, aged six. The Czarina is three years younger than her sister the Princess of Wales. The Crown Prince,

or Czarovitch Nicholas, is colonel of a regiment of the horse-guards, which is always commanded by the Crown Prince, from the minute he is born till the crown of Russia is placed upon his head. Then he is supposed to take command of the entire armies and the navy, becomes the head of the Church as well as the State, captain of a company of bombadiers, and colonel of the Regiment of the Transfiguration, whose duty is to guard the Winter Palace,—the finest body of troops in the service.

The young Prince rides at the head of his troops from the time that he can sit on a saddle, even when his horse has to be led, has his aides and his staff, and is supposed to issue orders like a real colonel of cavalry. He is old enough now to take an active part in the military manœuvres, and spent a good part of last summer in camp with his troops at Krasnoe Selo. He has been educated by English and Russian tutors, and is said to be a warm hearted, affectionate



THE CZAROVITCH.

boy, a great favorite with every one, and quite democratic in his notions. At the same time he has his father's imperious will, and does not like to have his plans interfered with. The boy and his father are very fond of each other, but sometimes their intentions conflict, when a struggle comes and one of them has to give way. It is said that the Czar commonly yields first, for the boy always has an ally in his mother. The Princess Xenia is an ordinary-looking child,—in fact none of the children are handsome,—but she is said to be uncommonly bright, and her witticisms are quoted in the Courts of Russia, Denmark and England. She has considerable artistic talent too, sketches and paints well, and

her father's library is full of her work. In the little palace at Tsarskoe-Selo, I saw a pen-and-ink sketch from her hand that would attract favorable comment in any collection. She is her father's favorite of all the children, it is said, while Nicholas is his mother's, and is his companion in his walks and drives. He has often said that her bright comments on men and things afford him more entertainment than he gets from any other source.

The children have English, French, and Russian gov-

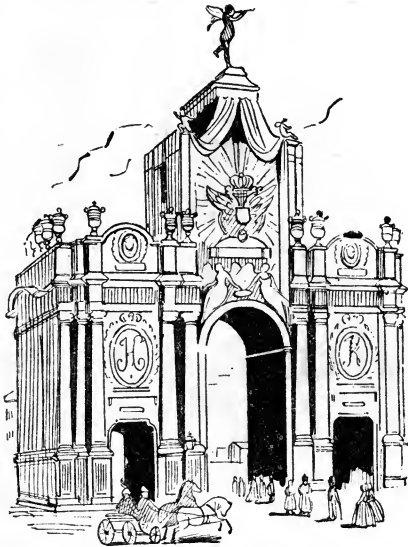


ON THE QUAY.

ernesses. They speak, read, and write all three languages, and the elder ones can talk Danish, their mother's native tongue. From the descriptions I have had, the family circle must be a charming one, and not unlike that of the ordinary sort of people who are not hedged round with dignity like a king. Both the Czar and the Czarina are fond of sport; ride, walk, shoot, play tennis and billiards with their children, and spend as much time with them as the ordinary father and mother, and under the circumstances perhaps a little more, for the Czarina cannot go shopping and visiting

like the mothers of the little girls of the United States, and has no household cares to occupy her time. The Danish lady of whom I have spoken says that nearly every night in winter, when the Czarina has no state engagements, she goes to the nursery and reads Danish fairy stories to her children from the very same books she used when she was a child.

She makes much of their clothing also, although she has a household full of seamstresses, and often takes their new

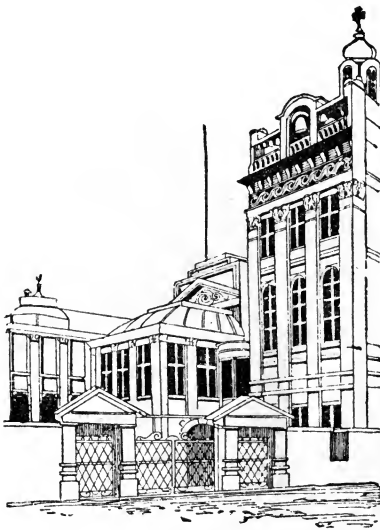


TRIUMPHAL ARCH IN MOSCOW.

hats to pieces and trims them over according to her own taste. The Empress has a knack with the needle, and makes beautiful embroidery. The Metropolitan of the Russian Church, the Great High Priest, on ceremonial occasions of great importance, wears, among his other vestments, a cape or something of that sort, embroidered by her hands. There was a prejudice against her when she was Crown Princess because of her Protestantism, to which she clung. After her marriage she placed herself under the instruction of one

of the priests at the palace, and finally decided to accept the religion of Russia, so that she could be crowned.

The Empress is bright and witty, and it is from her, instead of her husband, that little Xenia gets her keen wit and tongue ; but she has led a very sad life, surrounded by dangers, is constantly reminded of the peril in which she lives by the presence of detectives and guards, and says she is never perfectly happy except when she returns to her old



THE CZAR'S PRIVATE PALACE.

home in Denmark, where no Nihilists come. The entire family are in the habit of visiting Copenhagen every year, and remaining for six weeks or two months for this reason. It is a convenient journey by sea, and takes only a couple of days. The Czar is devoted to his wife, and they are seldom separated, even for a day. When he goes to Petersburg from the Summer Palace she is always with him ; when he goes out to review his troops

she is ever at his side ; they ride together in the parks surrounding the palace, sit together upon the deck of the imperial yacht as he cruises around the Gulf of Finland, and she seems to fear to have him leave her for any purpose.

One day the little five-year-old prince, boasting about his own bravery, looked up to the Czar and remarked, "If any man should shoot you, Papa, I would kill him."

The Czar laughed and patted the little boaster upon the head, but the Empress, never willing to jest, or even smile,



when such a topic is alluded to, added, "And I should kill myself."

We visited the Tsarskoe-Selo palace in which the Czar and Czarina spent their lives until he was crowned after the assassination of his father. It is the smallest but the most homelike of all the imperial palaces, and the Empress likes it better than any other. The family go there frequently for a few days, but it is too small to accommodate the retinue that always attends them, and they have to sacrifice their own pleasure to the convenience of others.

It was a sad day for the Princess Dagmar when Alexander II. was assassinated. She not only had to give up her religion, her home comforts and quiet, the pleasure she took in the retired life she was living with her husband and children, but her peace of mind as well; for the life of the Crown Prince is never attacked, and as long as some other man was on the throne her husband was safe. It was at Tsarskoe-Selo that she spent these happy days, and a visit there now is always a pleasure to her.

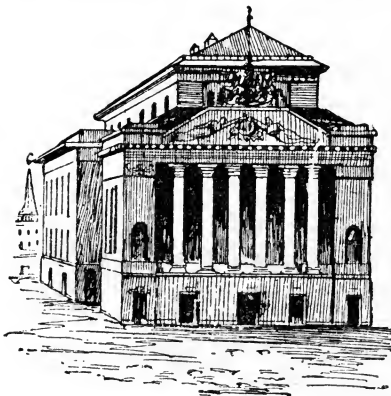


THE CZAR'S DAUGHTER.

The palace is not much larger than the White House at Washington, is only one story in height, and surrounds a court after the manner of all continental houses. The main hall is filled with the trophies of the Czar's skill as a sportsman, the heads of wild boars, the antlers of elks and deer, the skins of bears and tigers, and mementos of many a hunt. On the right are his office rooms, one being nearly filled with models of ships, and arms of various sorts, among which are a number of American invention. Here too is a curious combination clock, showing the time at every one of the principal cities on the globe by a series of little dials.

In the library are a large collection of books and maga-

zines, most of them on technical subjects, the English, French, German, and Russian languages being represented. I saw Longfellow's and Whittier's Poems, several of Howells' novels, which looked well-used, and the Edinburgh print of Frank Stockton's "Lady and the Tiger." This I was told was the favorite story of the Czar, and Minister Lothrop afterward informed me that "The Casting away of Mrs. Ayleshine and Mrs. Lecks" had been read with absorbing interest not only by the family of the Czar, but by all the Court, and the remarkable adventures of those ladies was



THEATRE AT PETERSBURG.

the theme of much conversation at dinner-parties and other gatherings in Russia.

Adjoining the library is the Czar's billiard-room, in which is a large carved oaken chest filled with choice wines, liquors, and cigars. In another corner is a roulette table, for the Czar gambles, like all other Russians.

They do not regard the habit with any more aversion than smoking or whist. All ladies as well as gentlemen gamble and smoke. The billiard-room opens into a pair of handsomely furnished drawing-rooms which are arranged with great taste, and by the Empress herself, who designed most of the furniture. One is at once struck by the absence of the gold-leaf that is so prevalent in other palaces.

Beyond the drawing-rooms are the apartments of the Empress, a series of half-a-dozen rooms, furnished in cretonne of different tints and figures, the walls being of the same. Her sitting-room is sunny and cosy, and adjoins the sewing-room. Then come her boudoir and bedroom, with

a bath and little chapel adjoining. This chapel, not larger than a "hall bedroom," contains a dozen or more Icons of the different saints, several photographs of the Czar and the children, a water-color of the Princess of Wales, and another of the Duchess of Edinburgh, the sister of the Czar. Over the dressing-table of the Empress are photographs of her father and mother, the King and Queen of Denmark, the Czar, and her children; and scattered around in little frames, on the tables and cabinets, are pictures of other friends. There are several pen-and-ink sketches by the Princess Beatrice of England, and several by the daughters of the Princess of Wales.

The Czarina's writing-portfolio lay on the desk, tempting us to open it, with a number of new books, some evidently half-read. On the piano was a lot of music, some with autographs of the composers, or the friends by whom it was presented. The bedrooms of the children are separated from



THE EMBLEM OF ST. GEORGE.

those of their father and mother by a little passage, and connect with the school-room, a plain, uncarpeted apartment with ordinary desks and chairs. On the walls hung several sketches made by the little Princess Xenia. This was altogether the most homelike place we saw in Russia.

There are several other residences in the neighborhood belonging to different members of the royal family, and nobles, who have made Tsarskoe-Selo a village of palaces and a favorite resort for summer.

The Czar is not approachable, for obvious reasons. He is the most difficult man in the world to see for any purpose, because he is so completely surrounded by police and

soldiers ; but when access is once gained to his presence he is represented as one of the most agreeable of companions, "not a good talker," as one expressed it, "but a splendid listener. He seems to be interested in anything you are of a mind to discuss, and often suggests topics to his callers in a pleasant, off-handed way to draw them out. He says little himself, but remembers all he hears and from whom he heard it. I would rather tell a good story to the Czar than any man I know, but I never heard him tell one. He is particularly interested in all scientific and political topics. He will listen as intently to a discussion of the political situ-



STATUE OF NICHOLAS I.

ation in America as that in Europe, and the description of any new discovery will delight him. He will inquire minutely for the details, and will then ask where he can find further information. Small-talk and gossip never interest him. He will change the subject at once and abruptly as soon as it is begun. He cares nothing for newspapers, and seldom reads them, but has a secretary who reads every journal in Europe of any importance, and is able to tell the Czar daily what he wants to know of current events."

Looking at his photograph does not give one more than a suggestion of the amount of character in the Czar's face. He is a large, splendidly-built man, and moves like an athlete. There is strength in every motion of his hand, and

every glance of his eye. There is no face among all the great men of Europe with more character in its lines than his, and the chief characteristic is determination. He is a man of the most intense convictions. He hates and he loves very strongly, never forgets an injury or a kindness, but has a sympathetic disposition, and is inclined to look upon crime as a disease.

This point was alluded to recently in conversation with an official of the government who has to do with philanthropic institutions. He told me that the Czar had always shown the greatest interest in the humane treatment of the insane, and had several times expressed an opinion that most criminals were partially or wholly out of their minds. He is much more lenient toward the Nihilists than his police, and it was through him that the last group arrested were sent to Siberia instead of being executed. He considers the young men, the students, who engage in conspiracies against him, as fools or fanatics, and is inclined to treat them generously; but an officer of the army who is guilty of conspiracy or treason he will never forgive.

The religious element in the character of the Emperor is exceedingly strong. He always had a serious temperament, even when a boy, and has taken a greater interest in religious matters than his father did, or, in fact, any of his predecessors. He is scrupulously exact in the performance of all his religious duties, attends mass every morning of his life, and, as I have said, always goes to the Icon of the Lady of Kazan before attempting any great work or deciding upon any great question.

He does much more work than any of his Ministers, and is at his desk many hours each day. Like the Emperor Nicholas, he rises early in the morning and has done a good day's work before the rest of the household are out of bed. He takes a personal interest in all the affairs of the army, and tests all new arms and equipments himself.

Not long ago Maxim, the gun-maker, went to Petersburg with a new invention, and after an interview with the Minis-

ter of War, obtained an invitation to visit the Czar. He did not take his model with him, as the War Minister requested him not to, saying that the Czar was very much pressed for time, had no end of important papers before him, and that if he got hold of a new gun he would do nothing else till he had satisfied himself of its merits or demerits. Mr. Maxim reluctantly left his model at his hotel, and took only photographs with him.

“Where is your gun?” asked the Czar, as soon as the introductions were over.

Mr. Maxim explained that he had not brought it owing to



A FARMER'S CART.

a hint he received from the War Minister that the Czar would not have time to examine it. The Czar expressed his disappointment, but at once sat down with the books and photographs and began to discuss the merits of the invention. Mr. Maxim says he has seen all the great soldiers of this generation and discussed guns with them, but he never found so attentive or intelligent a listener as the Czar. The interview lasted two hours, and was renewed the next day at the request of the Emperor, who made another appointment with the understanding that Mr. Maxim should bring his gun with him. Mr. Maxim says that no one can look in the Czar's face without being convinced of the absurdity of the stories that are printed about his drunkenness and brutality in the English papers.

## CHAPTER XX.

## THE COUNTRY PALACES AROUND PETERSBURG.

Tsarskoe-Selo, where the Great Catherine spent her Leisure with her Lovers.—Some Reminiscences of the Place.—Richly decorated Rooms.—A gorgeous Card-table.—The Palace at Peteroff, and the Birthday-Party of the Czarina.—Some wonderful Fountains and Illuminations.

THE most beautiful place in all Russia is the park which surrounds the famous palace of Catherine the Great at Tsarskoe-Selo, although the palace itself, so far as its exterior is concerned, is an architectural nightmare, and, as one author remarks, presents almost every fault that an architect should avoid. There is not much comfort in any of the twenty-one imperial residences, and a great deal of bad taste everywhere; but nowhere is there so little comfort and so much bad taste as at the favorite residence of Catherine. Nearly as much money was spent upon it as upon the Winter Palace or the Hermitage. The exterior, which is covered with all sorts of figures and pillars and carvings, was once entirely gilded, and \$900,000 worth of bullion was employed to do the work. After some years it began to peel off, owing to the dampness of the walls, and Catherine ordered that the front should be painted over. Hearing of her intention, a couple of speculators went to Her Imperial Majesty, and offered to pay 500,000 roubles for the privilege of scraping the rest of the gilding off the building.

“I do not know that the Empress of Russia is so poor that she must sell her old clothes,” said Catherine, and sending the speculators to prison for insulting her, she had the odious yellow paint spread over the gold.

None of the palaces, not even the Hermitage, is so closely

associated with the charms and vices of Catherine as Tsarskoe-Selo, and there is no other example of her extravagance so vivid. The vast pile is a monument to the wicked wastefulness of a woman who did not know the meaning of either morals or money, but gratified every whim at the cost of the treasure and the happiness of her subjects. It was here she used to come when tired of being Empress, and play the part of a courtesan with her lovers. It was here she changed one after another of those lovers into adopted sons, made them counts and dukes and princes, bestowed



CATHERINE II. IN OLD AGE.

fortunes upon them, and received their devotion in turn. Here, too, was the scene of much of her charity, generosity, and good nature, for she founded at Tsarskoe-Selo an institution for the shelter and support of the widows and orphans of impoverished nobles, most of whom had shorn themselves of their wealth to gain her favor, and died fighting in her behalf. She also founded an asylum for disabled servants who had been in her service, and a refuge for serfs who had purchased their freedom or been manumitted by their masters.

Impecunious artists, authors, poets, inventors, and scien-



tific men made the Palace of Tsarskoe-Selo their home, and lived like princes there, quarrelling from jealousy, as such people always do, and affording much amusement to this curious queen. She was at once the protector and the torment of her subjects and friends, always good-natured, always generous, and always lovable, but at the same time as depraved as a woman of education could be. It was a rather odd fact that the recipients of her most lavish generosity were the discarded and broken-hearted wives of her favorites, who were given shelter at this palace, and pensions if they needed them.

Near the palace is the grave and monument of one of the most loved of her lovers, who died young, Count Lanskoi; and it is said that she never passed the place without shedding tears. Her biographer says that when she adopted a new paramour she created him a Duke or a Prince



BATHS AT TSARSKOE SELO.

or a Field Marshal, in order that he might rank with his associates, and gave him a present of a 100,000 roubles or so that his dress and equipments might equal those of the rest of the Court. Apartments were given him at the palace, which communicated with her own, and he was not allowed to leave the grounds without her express permission. He was given to understand that he could thenceforth pay attention to no other woman, for Catherine was always jealous, and if he disobeyed this injunction he was sent into exile or otherwise disgraced. On the first day of every month a purse of 12,000 roubles was placed upon his dressing-table for pocket-money, and the Empress never inquired how it was spent. Much of the money went back into her pocket over the card-

table, for she was not only an inveterate, but an unscrupulous gambler, and never left the game the loser.

The palace grounds cover 2000 acres, beautifully laid out, filled with statuary of marble and bronze, and even now require 600 men to keep them in order. A large triumphal arch was built in the park by Alexander I., after his return from France; and there are other ornaments erected by all

the sovereigns since the time of Elizabeth, who selected the place for a royal residence, and built a portion of the present palace. There is a large lake with a beautiful bath-house, in the shape of a mosque, with a golden roof, and upon its waters the Czars have given fêtes in boats and barges. One portion of the grounds is laid out in the Chinese fashion, with curious Chinese bridges and an absurd Chinese village, which is occupied by the families of the gardeners. There is a museum filled with armor and other trophies of war, mostly captured from the Mongols and the Eastern Khans.



THE SAMSON FOUNTAIN.

There is a pavilion, too, in which Catherine used to give banquets, a long, narrow room, enclosed by glass, with a wide portico supported by granite pillars extending around it. Here Catherine used to gather the poets, painters, actors, and inventors who were her royal guests, and set them to quarrelling with one another, while she laughed till the tears rolled down her cheeks. Tsarskoe-Selo was to her

what Sans-Souci was to Frederick the Great of Prussia, a hospital, an asylum, a banqueting-hall, and a hermitage.

I saw here the great chair in which she had herself rolled around when she got so fat she could not walk, and there is a little step upon the side of it on which the court jester, a little dwarf, used to stand and accompany her on her rides. In one part of the pavilion are the card-rooms where the company retired after dinner and gambled till morning, and Catherine's splendid card-table is there still, with the top, at least four feet in diameter, covered with pearls as large as the end of your finger. There are more than 2,000 of them, the attendant told me, and of course the table is almost priceless.

The front of the palace is painted green, white, and yellow, a most hideous combination, put on without regard to artistic taste or even mathematical precision. The



CROWN PRINCE OF GREECE.

domes of the palace and the chapel are gilded, like most Russian domes, and the roof is painted blue.

The interior, although full of the most expensive materials, is so utterly absurd in its arrangement and decoration that one feels nothing but disgust and indignation that money should be wasted in such a way. The room which is lined with amber I have already described, but there are other rooms that represent quite as much money, even if they are not so unique. There is the lapis-lazuli drawing-room, the walls of which are lined with veneering of that beautiful stone; there is a room floored, ceiled, and walled with

jasper; another of malachite; another with its walls and ceilings covered with tortoise-shell; and still another done in mother-of-pearl in the same manner.

The bed-chamber of Catherine is walled from floor to ceiling with painted porcelain, while the ceiling is heavily carved and gilded. This is one of the most effective rooms in the house. There are Chinese rooms finished in teak wood, Egyptian rooms finished in woods from the Nile, Japanese rooms finished in bamboo, and filled with the rarest Japanese work in porcelain, ivory, wood, and bronze. There is a similar room done in Chinese porcelain, with pillars of purple glass.



THE KING OF GREECE.

There are rooms of all sizes and shapes finished in glass of different hues, the walls, ceiling, and floors all of the same material.

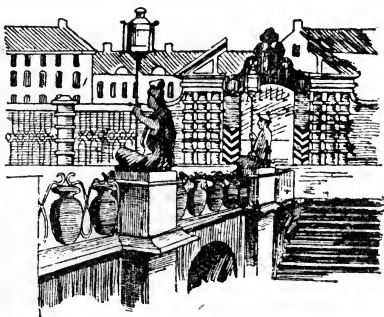
The number of apartments that are hung with Gobelin tapestry I cannot enumerate, but it is very plenty all over the palace. In every room there is a profusion of ornaments and pictures, and there seems to be

a portrait of Catherine in every one of the 500 apartments. There is enough gold on the gilded walls and wood-work to make thousands of the Czar's subjects comfortable for life, and the precious stones with which doors, picture-frames, mantels, cabinets, and other furniture are ornamented would give a year's schooling to all the children in Russia.

The ball-room is 220 feet long and 120 wide, without a pillar to destroy the effect of its carved and gilded walls and ceilings and its magnificent chandeliers. It is one of the finest halls in the world, and the floor, of wood mosaic, is polished like glass. There are acres and acres of costly marquetry on the floors of the palace; and in the apartments occupied by Prince Potemkin in Catherine's time the

floor is of mosaic of the finest and most artistic kind, like that in the Cathedral of St. Mark's at Venice. It was done by a Venetian artist at the orders of Catherine while the Prince was off in some war, and cost a hundred roubles for every square inch.

It was in this palace that the Princess Dolgorouki lived in state during the reign of the last Czar, and here we were shown her apartments, which were fit for an empress, and much more luxurious and elegant than those of the Czar's legitimate wife at the Winter Palace. The room in which she was married to Alexander, three weeks before his assassination, by her priest and confessor, in the presence of only three witnesses, was also opened for us, and one of the servants who saw the ceremony described it for our benefit. The marriage was kept secret till after the death of the Czar, but was then fully proven by the evidence of the priest and the witnesses.



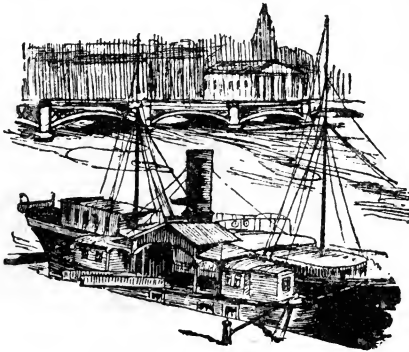
THE PALACE AT PETEROFF.

The present Czar has not entered the palace at Tsarskoe-Selo since his father's death. All its associations are repulsive to him. He lives either at Gatschina or Peteroff, the latter being second in extent to the palace I have just described, and quite as hideous in its architecture. It is also painted the same distressing yellow color, varied by lines of dark brown. Within the palace, however, are some beautiful tapestries, countless treasures of art in oil, bronze, marble, gold, and silver, and a number of battle pictures which are notable.

A room is filled from ceiling to floor with the portraits of 863 Russian maidens, each in a different posture. This was one of the freaks of Catherine. Count Rotari, one of

her lovers, was a fine portrait artist, and tiring of him, she ordered him to travel through the empire and paint the picture of every pretty girl he saw. In one room at the Peteroff Palace are the results of his life work, for Catherine never permitted him to return to Petersburg. Here, also, are two portraits of the Empress Elizabeth opposite each other in the apartments she once occupied. In one she appears stark naked; in the other, she stands arrayed in her coronation robes, and wearing her imperial crown.

On the broad flight of steps which lead to the Palace of



THE IMPERIAL YACHT.

Peteroff, the Czar Peter III., the husband of Catherine, the man who brought her from Germany to rule over the Russian people, was stripped of all his clothing but his shirt, by Count Orloff and others of his captors, and taken to Petersburg to die.

The grounds about the palace are extensive and are shaded by some beautiful trees. The location is much superior to that of Tsarskoe-Selo, as it lies upon the Gulf of Finland, and the palace has a fine marine prospect. Since the time of Catherine it has been the habit of the sovereigns to illuminate the grounds once a year on the birthday of the Empress; and we happened to be in Petersburg to assist at this fête, which is always the grandest of the summer, and the grandest I ever saw or ever expect to see. Nearly two hundred

years' experience in illuminating these grounds, an ambition on the part of the artists in charge of the pyrotecnics to excel each other, and an unlimited amount of money—for the Czars never ask what a thing costs—have made the annual illumination of Peteroff the finest in the world.

Commencing with the fountains, which are possibly surpassed by those at Versailles, but are more numerous and unique, the lights, myriads of them, were introduced behind or under the water, so that the cascades and the streams and the spray seemed to be reflected upon a screen of fire. Mirrors were introduced in some magical manner to intensify

the effect and repeat the illumination. I have no words to describe this remarkable arrangement.

I never saw or heard of it before, and do not know how it was done. The reader may imagine, if he can, streams of water as large as one's body, thrown fifty feet in the air, and

in their fall breaking into millions of beads. Then imagine lights so arranged as to send their rays across these millions of beads, with mirrors to multiply them indefinitely, every drop of water appearing to the bewildered spectator like a pearl of fire, or a melting star. Then at intervals lime-lights with colored glass were introduced, which made each drop of water a red star, or a blue, or a green, or a purple one. The result cannot be described or imagined. It must be seen. The visitors at Saratoga are treated to an illuminated fountain at the Grand Union Hotel, and know how beautiful it is. Perhaps they can imagine something of the result if that little illumination should be spread over acres, and an ocean of water used.



STAIRCASE AT PETEROFF.

The finest single fountain in Europe perhaps, and that

means the entire world, is upon these grounds. It is a Greek temple of red and gray marble, with a white plinth and pedestal, and rises from a marble basin in the midst of a dense forest. Tall streams spurt from the most unexpected places, from the roots of the pillars and from their capitals, from every conceivable crevice, there being more than a thousand mouths to this fountain alone, which keep the water in the marble basin foaming and splashing. This was also illuminated in an indistinguishable manner.

The cascades at St Cloud, the old palace of Napoleon, are duplicated at Peteroff, and a deep sheet of water falls down twenty or twenty-five terraces of marble, so arranged that lights may be introduced behind it to throw their rays through the foam. This cascade ends in a basin, where stands the famous Samson fountain, a colossal figure of a man breaking the jaws of a lion as Samson is said to have done. From the mouth of the lion issues a stream of water two feet in diameter, which rises fifty feet in the air, and then falls shivered into trillions of pearls to a marble basin below. From the Samson fountain to the sea leads a basin or canal, on each side of which is a row of fountains that, when in operation, look like tall poplar trees.

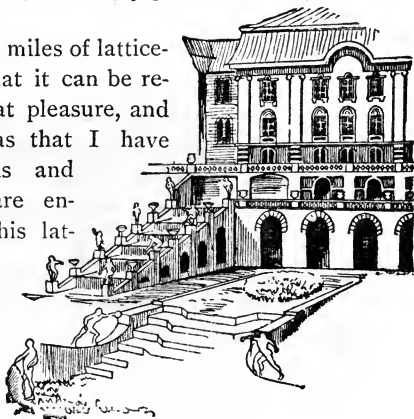
In another basin the jets are so arranged, in the centre and on the sides, as to form the Russian coat of arms in water. There is another peculiar effect produced by arranging little brass tubes about the diameter of a lead pencil, and of different lengths, from two inches to three feet, over an area of several square yards. When the supply is turned on there is a fountain in the shape of a pyramid, a pyramid of water, the tip of which is twelve or fourteen feet high, and the base about twelve feet square. This, when illuminated in the manner in which I have described, with lights of different colors, is worth seeing, to put it very mildly. Just imagine if you can a pyramid of purple water, or green, or gold, or crimson. But the greatest curiosity of all in the way of fountains is a great tree of bronze. Every limb and branch



is a conduit, every leaf a jet, and when the water is turned on the effect is most remarkable.

The forest is full of fairy water scenes, here and there magnificent jets two or three feet in diameter, then fountains that throw spray over marble nymphs, and cascades in the most unexpected places. Basins of water with blooming flowers and foliage plants in the centre like floating gardens, statuary of bronze and marble, artistic arbors and kiosks, some of burnished brass, and every possible variety of shrubbery and flowers.

There are miles and miles of lattice-work, so arranged that it can be removed and replaced at pleasure, and on fête nights, such as that I have described, the walks and roads of the park are enclosed with it. On this lattice-work are placed oil lamps, at intervals of six or eight inches, to a height of ten feet. These lamps, millions of them, were lighted, so that all the walks

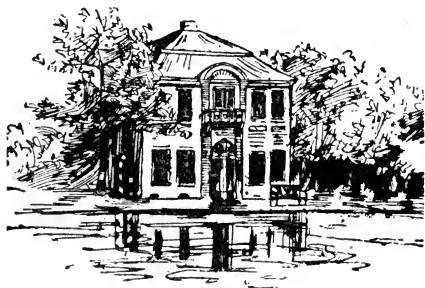


THE CASCADE AT PETEROFF.

and roads in the park, mile after mile of them, were enclosed by walls of living fire. Nowhere else but at Peteroff can this be seen, and it required 1800 men three weeks to arrange for the illumination. Besides the stationary illumination a whole ship-load of fire-works were exploded from the bay for the entertainment of the people. It was through these walls of fire that the Emperor and the Empress with their family rode in a large wagon, drawn by twelve white horses, the night of the fête, to receive the homage of the people.

Within the park at Peteroff is a memorable place known as Montplaiser, a low, Dutch-looking cottage, which was the summer home of Peter the Great, and in which he spent much time in study, apart from all the world but his peasant

wife, who cooked his meals for him. It was here that this imperious spirit rested—the only place where it found rest. Here he would bury himself for weeks at a time, as much alone as if he were in the midst of a forest, and it was a forest then. The cottage contains a fine collection of paintings, being examples of the best Dutch masters, which Peter collected in his visit to Holland. One represents him as a shipwright at Zaandam. In the wainscoting of one of the apartments near the chimney-piece are two bullets imbedded in the wood, shot by his daughter while pursuing a deer. Oppo-



MARLEY.

site is Peter's bedroom, with his bed, nightcap, dressing-gown, and slippers preserved as he left them.

The Empress Elizabeth, Peter's daughter, in whose reign the Palace of Peteroff was built, was a practical joker, and in an arbor near the cottage is a contrivance of her invention that caused her much amusement, and other people much distress. The seats of the arbor are of perforated iron, and are connected with water pipes, so that she could at any time entertain such guests as seated themselves there with a copious shower-bath.

Upstairs in the cottage is a room where Peter had a contrivance so that he could dine without the attendance of servants. The round table is arranged so that it can be lowered to, and lifted from the lower story by tackle, and at each plate there is a similar contrivance, so that it could be lowered and lifted in the same way without disturbing the

rest of the table. In the palace of Frederick the Great at Potsdam there is a similar arrangement copied from this.

On the shores of the Gulf of Finland is another of Peter's country palaces, built after Montplaiser, called Marly, a plain, square house, containing a dozen rooms or so. The furniture is all of Peter's time, and much of it was made by his own hands. Here the guide shows a dressing-gown presented to Peter by the Shah of Persia, and a coverlid for his bed presented by the Emperor of China. There is also a clock that he made, and a curious watch which he once took to pieces and could not put together again.

Peter had a pond dug in front of Marly, and stocked with fish, which he trained so that they would come to the surface of the water at the ringing of a bell and be fed. Three times each day for 125 years this performance has been repeated, and visitors to the palace usually time themselves so as to be there at noon and see it done. The attendant then



GRAND DUKE SERGIUS AND WIFE.

comes down with a big dinner-bell and a platter full of food. When the bell is rung the fish rise to the top of the water by the hundreds and catch the crumbs and worms that are flung to them. The day I was there the Grand Duke Sergius and his wife and the Grand Duke Paul came down to witness the exhibition.

It was at the palace of Peteroff that the famous sentinel used to walk, and the path made by his feet is pointed out. The story is told in school readers, and illustrates the characteristic of the Russian race to obey without asking any questions. For more than a century a soldier paced up and down before a rose-bush in the garden, and no one knew why. Finally an inquiry was instituted by some officer of

the court who had his curiosity aroused, and it was discovered that in the time of the Empress Elizabeth, that lady, being particularly fond of a certain rose-bush, ordered that no one should pluck flowers from it but herself. To enforce her order she asked the commandant of the guards to put a sentinel there to warn people away. The order was executed and never revoked, so each morning, summer and winter, for more than 125 years, in time of war and in time of peace, in storm and sunshine, when the palace was empty and when it was full, this sentinel was sent to his post. He died and another took his place, and then another, until the reason for the order was forgotten, and no one knew why the soldier was

there, until the investigations of the curious officer being reported to the Czar, the order of Elizabeth was revoked.



PETER III.

There is a beautiful drive through what is called the English Garden, so called from its having been laid out by an English architect, to the palace of Orianenbaum, the scene of some of the most tragic episodes in Russian history. This palace was originally built by the notorious Prince Mentchikoff, the factotum of Peter the Great, called in his

time "the little Czar," because of his influence with Peter and the manner with which he exercised it. It is said that his extreme subservience to Peter was the cause of his rapid advancement and his influence at court, for he used to let Peter kick and beat him like a dog, and did all his dirty work. His influence continued through the short reign of Peter's widow, Catherine, who ordered her son and successor on the throne, Peter II., to marry Mentchikoff's daughter; but he refused to do so, and as soon as his mother died sent the favorite, with the daughter, to Siberia and confiscated the property his father had given the Prince.

Peter III. took Orianenbaum for his residence, and was there when his wife Catherine the Great awakened the revo-

lution against him. Peter had rendered himself obnoxious to the entire court and people by his absurd exactions and his cruel behavior, and disgusted his wife by his beastly habits. At length Catherine discovered that he intended to send her to prison and disinherit their son Paul; whereupon she took the initiative, and accompanied by her own lover, afterward famous as Prince Orloff, fled from the palace of

Orianenbaum at night and went to Petersburg, where she called the nobles together and determined to overthrow her husband's power and take the sceptre herself. From the Winter Palace she rode out astride of a horse and addressed the army, sword in hand, calling upon them to give her their allegiance, and then marched to Orianenbaum at the head of 20,000 men. Peter's troops deserted him, and he fled in a boat



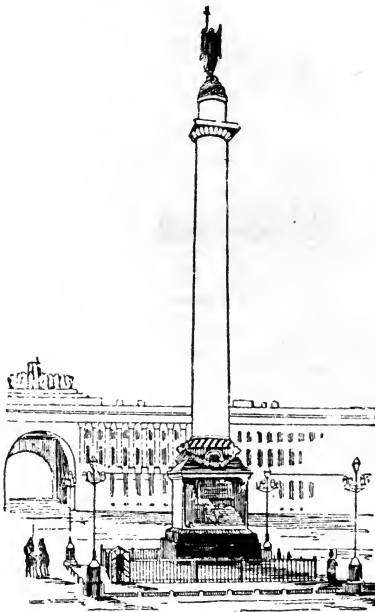
A PEASANT'S CABIN.

to Cronstadt, where shelter was refused him at the fort, and he was arrested the next day. He was taken to Petersburg and strangled by Orloff and another of Catherine's lovers.

"It was very sad for such a humane man as I was to be obliged to carry out what was required of my obedience to my sovereign in this case," said Orloff in his Memoirs, but it did not seem to worry him much, as he was the prime favorite of Peter's widow for twenty years, and received millions of money and a dozen palaces as gifts from his royal mistress, as well as political and military honors. In the palace at Orianen-

baum to-day is a picture covering the entire side of a room, representing Catherine astride of her horse at the head of her troops, en route to that place. Near the palace is what is known as the birch cottage, made of bark and thatched with straw, a whim of Catherine's, who had the walls of all the rooms adorned with magnifying mirrors, which caused the tiny place to have the appearance of a grand castle.

Near Peteroff the Czar has a small private palace in which he often resides in summer in preference to the larger and more showy one. It was formerly the residence of one of his



ALEXANDER COLUMN.

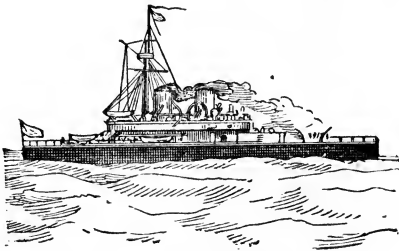
uncles, and was purchased by the present Czar. While the imperial family is there the court resides at Peteroff. There is still another private palace called Gatschina, and the family are there a good deal. While I was in Petersburg the Czar was at Peteroff, and the King of Greece and his family were occupying Gatschina.

All of these palaces are open to the public except when they are actually occupied by the family. We visited one palace in which the Czar and Czarina had slept

the previous night; but everywhere the closest surveillance is exercised over all visitors, and not more over strangers than citizens. The most is feared from the Russian malcontents themselves.

Some years ago there was an explosion of dynamite in one

of the dining-rooms, which only by the intervention of Providence failed to destroy the entire imperial family. It is not known how the infernal machine was placed under the stove where it afterward exploded, but it is supposed that a carpenter named Batyskoff, who had been employed to make some repairs, was the guilty man. There were a good many visitors there that day, but none who looked at all suspicious. At noon the palace was closed, so that the servants could prepare for the reception of the imperial family, who were expected a few hours later. The table was set for dinner, which was ordered for half-past seven at night. The Prince



MAN OF WAR.

Lichtenburg and family, cousins of the Czar, were coming to be guests at the palace for a few days, and their train was due at six o'clock. That afternoon a heavy snow-storm set in, and the train was detained so that it did not arrive till nearly nine. About eight o'clock, while the imperial family were in the library awaiting the arrival of their guests, an explosion took place in the dining-room that destroyed everything, and tore out a large portion of the wall, which is over three feet thick. Two servants and over forty soldiers in the room below were killed, and if the family had been at dinner as they had intended to be at this time, the slaughter would have been fearful; but the detention of the train saved them.

A register of the visitors had been kept that day as usual, and every person on the list was arrested by the police, ex-

cept two, who had given fictitious names and addresses, and who are supposed to have been implicated in the crime; but they were never detected. The carpenter Batyskoff was never heard of afterward, and is supposed to have fled from Russia. There is a story that he was a notorious nihilist named Haltourin, but it was never definitely ascertained.



## CHAPTER XXI.

## THE TERRIBLE POLICE.

Lieutenant-General Gresser, the Head of the Police.—Examples of his Tyranny.—The Income of the Czar.—How Political Offenders are treated.—The three Systems of Police, and the Hated "Third Section."—Cruelties of the Inquisition re-enacted in Russia to-day.

THE actual Czar of Russia, the man who wields the despotic power, the tyrant whose hand is on the throat of every citizen, whose voice speaks law, and whose orders are irrevocable, is not Alexander III. but Lieutenant-General Gresser, the Director-General of Police, and member of the Privy Council. He is a man from forty to forty-five years of age, a soldier by trade, educated at the Imperial Military School of Petersburg, and decorated with crosses and diamonds for his gallantry in the field.



LIEUT.-GEN. GRESSER.

After the assassination of the late Czar, Gresser, who had won the confidence and favor of the Prince Imperial by his military skill and the discipline of his troops, was placed in command of the gentleman's body-guard of the Emperor, which I have elsewhere described; and while serving in this capacity he discovered a plot to assassinate his master. He worked with exceeding skill and prudence, mastered the situation, arrested every man and woman connected with the plot, and either hung them or sent them to Siberia.

It was the cleanest piece of detective work ever done in

Russia; and Gresser was rewarded. He was not only made a member of the Privy Council, the "Kitchen cabinet" of the Czar, but was promoted from a colonelcy to be a Lieutenant-General, the highest rank but one in the Russian armies. He was presented with a purse of fifty thousand roubles, was awarded a pension of three thousand a year for life, and was given a handsome residence, the latter by those who wished to win or keep the favor of a rising man. Finally he was made Director-General of Police, with unlimited power.



READY FOR SIBERIA.

Gresser is as mighty in Russia to-day as Gortschakoff was under the late régime. There was never a man endowed with greater power over the lives and liberty of his fellow creatures. He is not only policeman, but Court, Judge, Jury, Legislature, and pardoning power. He not only enforces the laws, but can make them or suspend them at will.

In Russia every conceivable act of man is regulated by law. No private enterprise can be established, no corporation formed, no business entered into, without the consent of

the State. The law is not the enactment of a legislative body, but the decree of the Czar, the simple expression of his will. In other lands what is not expressly forbidden by law is allowed. In Russia it is the reverse: everything is forbidden that the law does not expressly permit or the spirit

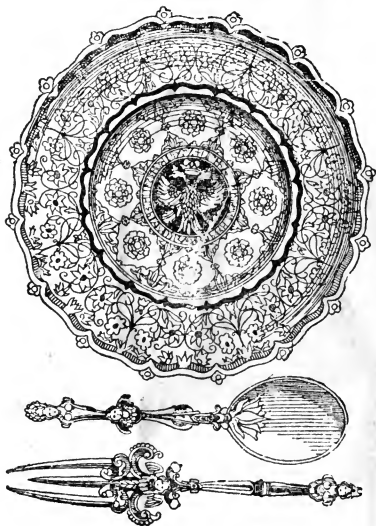


POSSIBLY A SPY.

of the executive power—the Administrative System, as they call it—tolerate. The good of the people is not studied, but the wish of the Czar. There can be no mistake, for he is the anointed of God, the Vice-Regent on earth, and whether acting himself or through his agents can do no wrong.

They have an expression in Russia, "He has offended." Offended how? That is nobody's business, and the less people inquire the better. He has offended the police, who accept no apologies and seldom forgive. He may not have violated written law, or even custom; he has simply offended; that is sufficient; he goes to prison, or perhaps to Siberia, as the tyrant dictates, for no court interferes, and writs of *habeas corpus* have not yet entered into the "Administrative System." There

is little for lawyers to do but bribe the police. Gresser himself has the reputation of being a man of conscience; but Gresser is not omniscient, and cannot know everything. He must believe what his subordinates tell him, and he seldom listens to anyone else.



EXAMPLES OF IMPERIAL PLATE.

When Peter the Great visited London he was shown about Lincoln Fields Inns of Court, where he saw the big-wigs, and asked who they were. "What! All these men lawyers?" he exclaimed, "How do they live, and why are they tolerated? I have only one lawyer in all my empire, and I shall hang him as soon as I get home."

There are courts in Russia for the prosecution of civil and ordinary criminal cases, but crimes against the Crown are tried by military commissions. At least they are supposed to be, but in almost every case, except in those where publicity is politic, where there is an opportunity to create a dramatic sensation, and awaken the indignation of the loyal

people, the investigations are as secret as those of the Inquisition, attended by no reporters and no lawyers, but solely by the police; nor is the accused allowed to confront his accuser, or the witnesses against him. He is not even allowed to know who they are. When the police have a case of assassination or conspiracy that is perfectly clear, where the offence is shocking and the evidence indisputable, the trials are public, the forms are liberal and tolerant, the prisoners are granted the fullest freedom of cross-examination, are allowed to speak in their own defence either personally or by counsel, and the newspapers contain full reports. This is for the purpose of awakening public sentiment against the revolutionists, and it ordinarily has a temporary effect. But these open trials are few. There have not been more than five or six in twice as many years, and in such cases the prisoners have been guilty of open assassination. But most of the investigations are in the prisons, conducted by the police. If the evidence is startling it is given to the newspapers, but in ninety per cent. of the trials neither the testimony nor the judgment is allowed to be known.

In 1886, according to the official records, there were 703,254 persons imprisoned in Russia. Of these about ninety per cent. were regularly sentenced by the courts. One-tenth, or seventy thousand persons were imprisoned by the police for causes unknown to the public. On the first of January, 1887, there were 96,272 persons known to be in prison. Of these at least one-seventh were political offenders, held by order of the police without any other trial than secret, ex-



IVAN CRONSTADTSKI.

parte investigation. It is estimated that two per cent. of the prisoners die before their sentences are executed, owing to the unhealthy condition of the dungeons and the manner in which they are treated; and one-fifth of the total number arrested in the empire are exported to Siberia. The actual number cannot be obtained, for the transactions of the police department are not fully reported.

The reader may obtain an idea of what Russian justice is from the admirable articles of Mr. George Kennan in the *Century Magazine*. Mr. Kennan is the only man who has investigated the subject thoroughly, and he writes from personal knowledge and ob-

servation.



THE CZAR'S OLD TUTOR.

Here is an example of "the Administrative System." Professor Ivan Dityatin occupied the Chair of Jurisprudence in the University of Kharkoff, and was distinguished for his literary gifts and his learning. He was for many years the associate of the late Katkoff

in the management of the *Moscow Gazette*. At the same time he contributed to a monthly review of liberal tendencies called *Russian Thought*. There appeared an article over his signature in this magazine, pointing out the necessity of reform in the law-courts of Russia. Its sentiments were somewhat more advanced than the publications of the empire usually contain, and attracted considerable attention and commendation. The spirit of the paper was loyal, however, and more in the direction of advice than complaint.

Shortly afterward the police visited the residence of the Professor and searched it from top to bottom, closely examining all his private papers and correspondence. The Professor had no relations with the Terrorists, and no sympathy with them, but both as a teacher and a citizen was loyal to

the Czar. The only crime he had committed was in publicly pointing out what in his opinion were errors of judicial administration. The search of his house was for the purpose of securing evidence to show that he was in communication with exiles, or was engaged in the preparation of seditious literature. None could be found, but the police avenged themselves by denouncing him to the Minister of Public Instruction, and expelling him from the country, "for extreme disaffection against the Government." There was no trial, no investigation, so far as is known, not even a public accusation until after the sentence had been pronounced and executed, and then only by way of explanation to quell a public remonstrance.

Official reports of the trials of accused persons are often published in pamphlet form to allay popular indignation. The latest publication of this kind gave the results of a secret inquiry into the criminal activity of a political association known as "The Will of the People," which was in existence from 1883 to 1886, and was considerably extended and dangerous. There were fourteen persons sentenced to be hanged at the conclusion of the investigation, all of them being under twenty-five years of age except the leader, who was a college professor, aged forty-one. The remainder were students, tradesmen who had harbored and assisted them in the carrying out of their designs, and four women of the lower class who had been the mistresses of the students. It appeared from the printed evidence that they had pre-



A GROUP OF MUJIKS.

pared bombs of dynamite, had assassinated police officers, had assisted political prisoners to escape, had attacked a post carriage and killed one of the guards under the supposition that they had a prisoner in charge, and had maintained a secret press for the printing of incendiary literature. At the conclusion of the official report was the announcement that the Czar had commuted the sentences to imprisonment for life.

This publication was for effect. It was one of the many cases in which the generosity of the Czar was advertised.



WAITING FOR THE DAVAYER.

He is ordinarily very lenient toward political offenders who are young and have not been connected with the army, but military traitors he will never forgive. But the Czar knows little of what is done with his name. What is recognized in other countries as the right of petition is a crime in Russia. It is a crime to address the Czar in the street, or to hand him a paper at any time. A woman was sent to prison shortly before I arrived at Petersburg for throwing a letter into the railway-car in which he sat. A man was arrested about the same time for sending him a telegram. The woman wanted the Czar to know of the injustice with which her husband had been treated by the police, and appealed to his well-known generosity. The man who sent the telegram was a crank.

Some years ago there was a popular actor in Petersburg of whom the Czar was a warm admirer. Meeting him upon the street one day, the Czar addressed him, thanked him for the pleasure his performances had given him, and asked



him to appear that evening in a certain piece, as he intended to be present. The Czar came to the theatre, but another play was on the bills and the favorite actor was not in the cast. Sending for the manager, the Czar learned that the actor had mysteriously disappeared. The police were called upon to hunt him up, and promptly reported that he was in prison.

“What for?” roared his Majesty.

“For addressing you in the street to-day, Sire,” was the reply of the chief of the Third Section.

The actor was ordered to be released at once, and conducted to the imperial loge.

When he came the Emperor apologized for the action of the police, and asked what he could do to compensate the tragedian for the mortification and annoyance he had suffered.

“Nothing, your Majesty,” was the reply; “only please be careful not to speak to me



CONVICTS' BARRACKS IN SIBERIA.

on the street again when any of your police are around.”

The common people entertain a veneration for the Czar second only to that paid the Supreme Being whose Vice-Regent he is supposed to be. Whatever he says is law; whatever he touches is holy. The peasants kneel and kiss his footprints as if he were a God. Whenever he is passing every head is bared, even in the most intense cold. It is a patriarchal relation we cannot understand or appreciate. The same unlimited authority that the father exercises over his minor children is exercised by the Czar over all his subjects.

I have no sympathy for the police, but much for the Czar.

No man could suffer a more terrible temptation than he, with absolute power over the lives, the property, and the consciences of one hundred and four millions of subjects. Everything they have is his. He owns, theoretically, every grain of wheat or corn, every acre of ground, every horse, every drop of water, every ounce of food, every piece of gold and silver, in the empire. There is nothing that is not his in the eyes of Russian law. What he wants he takes. That is the doctrine of autocracy. If it is a life, very well; if the daughter of a subject, as used to be the case in olden times,



SCHUSSBERG CASTLE.

she is his; her father or her husband were only her guardians to keep her till the Czar called for her himself; if it was money, all the same. The Czar, or his minister of finance calls upon the governor of a province for so many million roubles. He gets the money by taxation and sends it to Petersburg.

The Czar receives from the public treasury each year nine and a half million roubles for his household expenses, and two million roubles for the support of the imperial stables. A rouble is worth sixty-five cents. In addition to this the Czarovitch, or Prince Imperial, has an allowance of two millions a year till he is of age, when the sum is increased to four millions. The other members of the imperial family receive corresponding allowances. The remainder of the state revenues, amounting to something like six hundred million dollars a year, go to the support of the civil, military, naval, and religious establishments, and to pay the interest upon the imperial debt, which alone requires two hundred millions a year. The Church gets ten millions, the army almost three hundred millions, and the navy fifty millions.

The German government is much more of a burden upon the people than the Russian, but the German people are much better able to sustain it, so far as taxes are concerned. The cost of maintaining the enormous imperial family and court of Germany is fully twenty million dollars a year; the Sultan's establishment costs the Turks between twelve and fifteen millions; while the Czar comes next on the list. For the population and wealth of the empire the Austrian court is the most economical in Europe.

The Czar is not a spendthrift, and most of the funds he receives are spent in maintaining the twenty-one palaces that lie empty and useless except as monuments to the extravagance of his predecessors on the throne. He has an immense establishment to support, but, although there is no one to audit or criticise his expenditures, he is conscientious and usually economical in his disbursements, so far as he can control them.



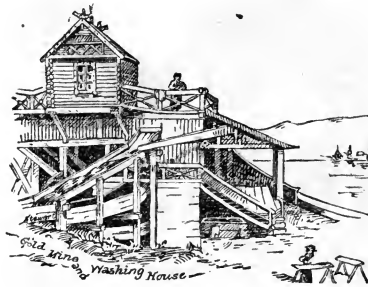
A RUSSIAN COUNTRY RESIDENCE.

Since the death of Katkoff, the man who is supposed to be the power behind the throne is the Czar's former tutor, with whom he has enjoyed not only confidential but affectionate relations all his life. This gentleman is Procurator of the Holy Synod, and a member of the privy council. There is no man who sees so much of the Czar, or who gets so close to him. His name is Possett, and he is a thorough conservatist, a rock-rooted Bourbon in all his ideas, who religiously believes in the autocracy; and therefore it looks gloomy for the future of Russia. The Czar himself is a conservative man, but under the influence of Possett he is thrice so.

There is another man who is said to exercise a profound influence, which looks like a case of infatuation. A common monk, a hermit, known as Ivan Cronstadtski, or Ivan of Cronstadt, so called because he lives at the seaport of Petersburg, performs miracles, and heals the sick by the laying on of hands; and even the Czar believes that he is invested with supernatural power. This dirty fellow lives in a cell from which he emerges occasionally to receive the worship of the people, who bow down before him, kiss the ground upon which he walks and the skirts of his cassock, and beg his blessing. The sick are brought to him from all over the empire, and he heals them. He performs other

miracles, and utters prophecies with the voice of an oracle. The Czar is said to visit him frequently, going across the bay of Finland to Cronstadt in a boat. It is a curious case, and altogether inexplicable.

The Metropolitan of



A MILL AT THE MINES.

the Church and the Holy Synod look upon the monk with suspicion, and are very jealous of his influence over the Emperor.

Most of the stories of attempts upon the life of the Czar are fictitious, and many of those concerning the precautions that are taken to protect him. I see frequent publications about his finding letters of warning upon his dressing-table, and that sort of thing. Such an incident would cause the arrest and punishment of every guard in the palace, and there is no one near the person of the Czar who is not thoroughly known and trusted. Letters now and then are found about the palace where they have been dropped by visitors, but they are never seen by him. Sometimes handbills are strewn in the streets, and posters pasted upon

dead walls warning him of his approaching end, and circulars are issued occasionally from the revolutionary "groups," but the police usually discover the authors and printers within a few hours after their appearance, and exile to Siberia is the punishment. The yarns about attempts upon the life of the Czar usually originate in the Nihilistic colonies in Geneva, Zurich, or London, and are circulated to keep up the courage of the exiles, and to advertise the activity of the Terrorists in Petersburg for public effect. The police often give currency to such reports for similar reasons, and to prove the necessity for their employment.

There are three separate and distinct systems of police, each of which is independent of the other and has a different chief, but all are directed by a single head, the mighty Gresser.

The first system is the ordinary force of patrolmen, such as is found in every city, for the prevention and detection of crime. It is composed of veteran soldiers, who wear the military uniform and carry sabres instead of clubs.

The second, or gendarmerie, is a large body of special agents scattered all over the empire, one or two in every little town, who are superior to the regular police, and are authorized to call upon them at any time for assistance in making investigations or arrests. They are well known to the public, wear a distinguishing uniform, and their business is to look after corruption in official circles, to see that the revenues are honestly collected, and to exercise a general scrutiny over the public as well as the office-holders. This system was organized by the Emperor Nicholas early in the century. It was reported to him that there was a large amount of corruption in the different branches of the government, and calling his procurator-general, he announced his

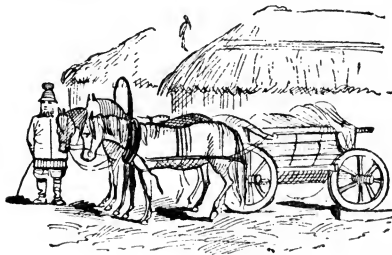


A RUSSIAN PEDLER.

determination to hang every man who stole the value of a piece of rope.

“Then your majesty will not be able to fill your offices,” was the remark of the procurator-general; but Nicholas thought he would try. So, selecting the best men he could find, he sent them through the empire as spies upon his officials. From this beginning the system has become permanent. These special agents are known as the Political Police.

Then comes the hated and hateful Third Section, the spies who exist in every branch of the social, political, and commercial world, unknown to the public and to each other.



READY FOR MARKET.

They are everywhere, and number hundreds of thousands. Women in the highest society, nobles, princes, lawyers, clerks in mercantile houses, workmen in the factories, waiters in the hotels and *cafés*, bar-maids, drosky drivers,

pedlers, courtesans, house servants, no one knows who. A man's wife, or his son, or his servant may be in the pay of the police. Everybody is suspected of belonging to the much-feared Third Section, but no one would dare confess it. These spies are not paid regular salaries, but are rewarded for any information they furnish, or any service they are called upon to render.

The Russian government has the most skilful and extensive spy-system in the world. All the capitals of Europe are full of its secret agents. Those who have read the nasty novel, “As in a Looking Glass,” or seen Mrs. Langtry in the play, get a very good glimpse of the system in the person and methods of one of the leading characters. The system is so complete that there is not a person in Moscow, or Petersburg or any of the cities who does not feel that he

is constantly under surveillance, and conduct himself accordingly. A single word from a spy may send a man to prison; a secret denunciation may transport him to Siberia. The investigations are usually secret; the accused may not confront his accuser, and he cannot have the benefit of legal counsel, or communicate with his friends unless the police have some motive for permitting him to do so.

In the days of the doges in Venice there was a hole in the wall of the palace through which the envious and malicious



COUNTRY COURTSHIP.

might thrust an accusation, which was acted upon by the masked Council of Ten, and then the victims of such denunciation were hurried into the dungeons across the Bridge of Sighs, never to see the light of day again. The cruelties of the Inquisition have horrified the world, and the Church has been compelled to deny that they were ever practised; but the same persecutions exist in Russia to-day. The denunciations of the secret police are followed by inquisitorial investigations: the black boat of the police department is the Bridge of Sighs, while the fortresses of SS. Peter and Paul and Schlüsselburg are always open to receive and never to release.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## THE NIHILIST AT HOME.

The Term a Misnomer.—It does not mean what it did.—Several Classes of Nihilists in Russia.—The Constitutionalists, the Liberals, the Revolutionists, and the Terrorists.—Sketches of some of the Nihilist Leaders.—How Nihilism will End.—The fate of the Empire.

WHEN I went to Russia I supposed that Nihilism was something like political hysterics, the result of national indigestion, like the anarchist outbreaks at Chicago. The trouble in this country is that we have swallowed too much uncooked food, admitted too many half-baked citizens to our body politic; but in Russia the conditions are different. Even the casual visitor from the United States feels like entering some sort of a protest against the despotic restrictions he feels there—the only place in the world to-day where personal liberty is denied to rational beings—and when he gets out where he can breathe freely again, he invariably confesses that he would be a Nihilist himself if he were compelled to spend his life in such an atmosphere.

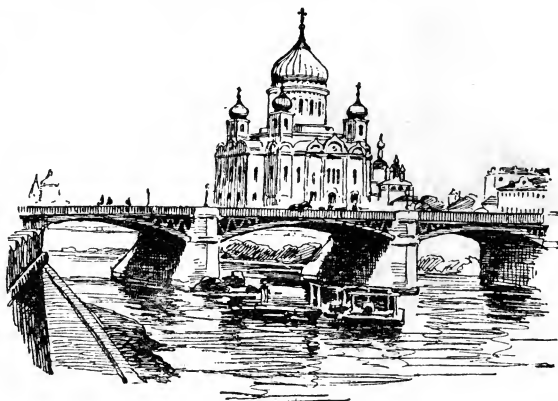


PRINCE KRAPOTKIN.

I was permitted to study the subject from all sides. I was fortunate in having letters of introduction to all sorts of people in official and private life; and a letter of introduction in Russia means something. It is a draft upon the hospitality as well as the courtesy of him to whom it is addressed. Through the kindness of the government officials at Washington I was commended to some of the highest au-



thorities in the Czar's dominions. I had letters from James J. Brooks, the chief of the United States secret service, from Inspector Byrnes of New York, and other police authorities, to Lieutenant-General Gresser, the head of the Russian police. I had other letters from gentlemen of prominence in this country, ex-United States ministers and others, to gentlemen of prominence in that. I was also armed with letters to leading Nihilists, and almost the first man I saw was Stepniak, the well-known author and acknowledged leader of Nihilism in Europe, now in exile for



THE CHURCH OF THE SAVIOR.

crimes committed against the Czar in the name of liberty. These introductions opened to me doors that are closed to the ordinary tourist, and I frankly informed every one I talked with that I had come to Russia to study Nihilism.

General Gresser was very polite. He is a person of most courteous and affable manners. He impresses one at first sight as a man of great determination and shrewdness, but it was difficult to believe that the soft-voiced, handsome, and refined looking soldier to whom I was presented was the "White Terror," as they call him, of all Russia. He looks and acts very little like a tyrant; but the claws of the tiger are always concealed in a velvet paw.

General Gresser was willing to talk generally about the Revolutionary movement, but not for publication, and as I was not seeking confidential information it was useless to waste my time with him. He was courteous in detailing a detective to escort me wherever I wished to go, and show me all possible attention; but the officer was as dumb as a stone whenever I approached the subject in which I was most interested. He did not, apparently, know as much about Nihilism as I did myself, and if I had reached no other sources of information, I should have left Russia with



A COUNTRY MAIDEN.

the impression that such a thing as a Revolutionary party never existed and that political crimes were unknown.

General Gresser was kind enough to hint, however, that such knowledge as I sought was difficult to obtain, and that the freedom of inquiry and publication that existed in the United States was not tolerated in Russia. I in-

ferred from his remarks that it would be more agreeable all around if I prosecuted my inquiries with great caution, and published nothing I heard. He was very friendly, and his warnings were conveyed in the gentlest manner possible. No one can make sketches in Russia without the permission of the police, but the artist who accompanied me was allowed the greatest freedom. I made memoranda freely, everywhere I went, and was not interfered with; but a young lady from Philadelphia who attempted to take notes of some objects of interest in one of the museums was prohibited from doing so.

It was therefore not from the police that I obtained the information I brought from Russia; but they knew from the start what I was there for, and permitted me to do as I

pleased. I found, however, very few people who were willing to discuss the political situation, even in the privacy of their own parlors. A few gentlemen talked to me freely, and gave me some important information, but always with great caution, and the most impressive stipulations that their confidence should be respected. One gentleman of influence, a high official of the Government, remarked as I was parting from him one evening, that if our conversation should be reported at police headquarters, he would certainly suffer something worse than disgrace, and I might need the protection of the American Minister.

I am not permitted to give the sources from which I secured my knowledge of Russian affairs, for reasons I have already explained; but my conclusions are my own, and lead irresistibly to this one



AN EXILE SETTLEMENT.

fact, that Nihilism is the protest of enlightened reason against the despotic tyranny of the police. Every man in Russia who dares talk at all admits it. The Czar is generally respected and beloved by the people. The police are hated by everyone. The condition is that of abject submission to tyranny. No man or woman is safe. Even an acquaintance with suspected persons is crime. A word from a spy will send the best man in Petersburg to prison. There is not even freedom of thought. A man may not even have opinions that are contrary to "the Administrative System." As long as he keeps his opinions to himself he is safe, but if he utters them, not only in Russia, but in Paris, or London, or anywhere else, they are liable to be reported by one of the thousands of spies, and from that day he is a marked man. Nihilism is an hysterical remonstrance

against this condition of affairs. It is simply a refusal to submit.

The word Nihilism has lost its meaning. At least it does not mean now what it once did. The word was first used by St. Augustine in his writings, and was invented to describe a policy that meant the destruction of kings—" *Aut Cæsar, aut Nihil.*" Ivan Tourguenieff, the novelist, borrowed the term to baptize the radical party of Russia, and it has stuck to them ever since. It is now applied to all classes who oppose the government, from the insane fanatic who throws a bomb at the Czar, to the statesman who sees the evils of the present system and conscientiously warns the Government that it cannot always exist as it is.



AFTER TEN YEARS  
EXILE.

The whole body of people in Russia who are opposed to the present condition of the empire are Nihilists, and they are wrongly named. This body is divided into several classes, or parties. First, there are the Constitutionalists, reasoning and loyal men, and they are many—the late Czar himself was one of them—who believe that the proper cure for the evils that exist in Russia is the adoption of a Constitution, a change from an absolute despotism to a liberal monarchy, like Germany or England. They believe that this is the manifest destiny of Russia, that the spirit of the age requires it, and that it sooner or later must come. They differ widely as to the proper method to bring about what they all desire. The late Czar, had he been allowed to live a few months longer, would have given the people just this thing. A proclamation calling for the election of a "consultative assembly" lay unsigned on his table when he died. Therefore his death was the more lamented. The

present Czar is opposed to his father's plan. He might have felt differently had the last bomb not been thrown.

Next comes the liberal party, the Republicans. Their platform demands:

1. A general amnesty for all political offenders who have committed no crime but resistance and remonstrance to the present state of affairs.

2. Freedom of speech.

3. Freedom of the press.

4. Freedom of public meeting and public discussion of political affairs, such as exists in England.

5. The right of petition to the Czar, and the consideration of petitions by him.

6. The abolition of the secret police, and of star-chamber trials, and the privilege of meeting accusers face to face.

7. Open trials for all offenders by juries subject to the challenge of the accused.

8. The election of a law-making body by the people, with free electoral agitation, and a free ballot.

In other words, the Liberal party want a condition of political affairs similar to that which exists in Great Britain. It is difficult to learn or even estimate the extent of this party. The Liberal leaders will tell you that if these questions were submitted to the people they would be almost unanimously adopted, that scarcely anyone wants the present despotism to continue; but to advocate such measures is considered a crime that not less than fifteen years in the government mines of Siberia will atone for, and that means a slow death, with the most intense suffering and privation. It is worse than a similar period spent in the prisons of the United States.

The third political element is known as the Radical party, who are Revolutionists. They demand the same liberties asked for by the Liberals, but they advocate the overthrow of the present government by force. They have their propagandists all over the empire, in every city and village, in every school and factory, seeking to arouse the people to

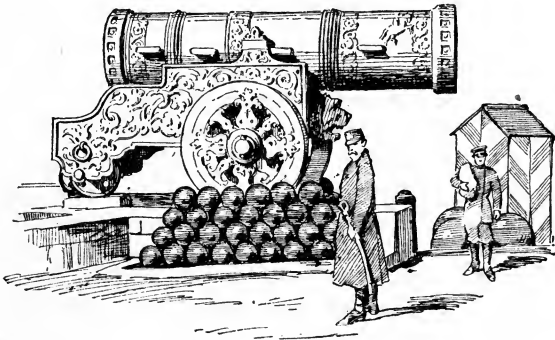
violence. Occasionally insurrections occur, but the masses are ignorant and lethargic, are without arms or ammunition, and cannot obtain them, for the sale of weapons is a government monopoly, and the permission of the police is necessary to own a gun. The crime of being a Radical, when detected, is punished by banishment to Siberia or imprisonment in a dungeon for life; often by death on the gallows.

The Nihilists proper, or the Terrorists, as they are designated in Russia, are Radicals who believe in immediate action, who hit a head when they see it, and resist police authority with a revolver or a bomb. The Terrorists believe in blowing up the palaces and the government buildings with dynamite. They advocate the assassination of the Czar and his officials, the revenging of wrongs with wrongs, the murder of officials who pursue them; and in their secret associations they try and condemn to death the police, the ministers, and the Czar himself, for crimes committed against the people. A Radical who has been accused, sentenced, and escapes is usually a Terrorist. Liberals become such after they have suffered from the injustice of the government. The Terrorist party is composed in a large part of wronged men, suffering for vengeance, and the friends of those who have been condemned for opinions' sake; while the remainder are wild students and fanatics who believe, or pretend to believe, that all law is oppression.

These are the Nihilists proper. They are without exception against all laws, and advocate the destruction of the State. One cannot find a Nihilist who believes in anything. They are Atheists, and deny Divine as well as human authority. They are all Free-lovers, and want the marriage relation abolished. They are Communists, Socialists, and want a common division of property every Saturday night, and oftener if necessary. They believe that the accumulation of money is a crime, and that the incomes of all men should be equal. They would destroy the Church, the home, and change all the conditions of civilized existence. In other

words they are lunatics, fitted for nothing but destruction and murder. Their creed is confined to a single word—Annihilation.

The number of the Terrorist party in Russia is very small. The police do not permit them to exist there. A few may be found in every city, and fugitives are scattered through the small towns, living like outlaws on forged or stolen passports. They are hunted down like mad dogs, and are discovered as certainly as they show their intentions. They



THE GREAT CANNON.

sometimes hold meetings in secluded places, but the police-system is so thorough that they cannot assemble often without detection. In Geneva and Zurich, Switzerland, the most of them are gathered; exiles, who dare not show their faces at home, or cross the borders of a state with which Russia has an extradition treaty. Some of them are in London and some in New York. They are watched in all these places. The Russian police keep them constantly under surveillance wherever they go, and the moment they reach a country where they may be arrested, they are sent to prison.

There is now pending in the Senate an extradition treaty between the United States and Russia for the surrender of

such as have made this country an asylum. The treaty has been pending a good while, but the politicians in the Senate dare not ratify it.

Occasionally there is established in Russia a secret printing-office, in which these creatures publish tracts intended to educate the people to their views; but such establishments never exist long. It is impossible to conceal them from the police. It is easier to do the printing in Switzerland or London, and send the documents to Russia; but even this is extremely difficult, for the importation of printed matter is prohibited, and there are Russian spies in every Nihilistic colony—in Geneva, Zurich, London, and New York. No man can go beyond the reach of Gresser's detectives.

Some of these Nihilistic exiles are men of ability and education. Some are even men of genius. Stepniak would command leadership anywhere. He is a man of thirty-eight or forty years, of thorough education, and his numerous and voluminous books testify to his literary ability and learning. He is the editor of a revolutionary paper in London, and is intellectually, perhaps, the foremost man in the Terrorist circle. His real name and his history are unknown even to his intimate friends, but he is supposed to be of a noble family, and is known to have been a graduate from the Military School at Petersburg, and an officer in the Russian army during the late war with Turkey. Dragomanoff, one of the leading men in the Geneva colony, is also a scholar and writer of ability. He was a professor in the University of Kiev, and fled to escape punishment for the publication of seditious pamphlets. He was also engaged in a conspiracy that ended in assassination, although, I believe, he had no personal connection with the crime. It was committed by his associates. Dragomanoff is the author of a History of Poland, and of a work on the Muscovite Democracy, which were issued before his exile. He has since published a number of works of a political character, and is the editor of the revolutionary paper in Geneva.

Joukowski, another man of ability, is a Pole, who was the



leader of an insurrection some years ago that for a time looked serious, and was maintained long enough for him to make his escape. He lives in Geneva and earns his living by teaching music. Several hideous crimes are laid to his charge.

The famous Vera Sassulich is living in Geneva, the wife of a fellow exile. She is the woman who assassinated General Trepoff, the predecessor of General Gresser as the head of the police, and is the Charlotte Corday, or rather the Louise Michel, of the Nihilists. Her story is exceedingly remarkable. She was the daughter of a tradesman in one



SIBERIA IN WINTER.

of the smaller towns of Northern Russia. Her father was a man of some consequence in the community, and his daughter showed intellectual force and ambition. After exhausting the educational resources of the place where

she lived, she was sent to Petersburg to study. There she made the acquaintance of other students, and become infected with revolutionary ideas, of which she made no secret. The principal of the school she was attending became frightened lest she should be held responsible for the sentiments of her pupil, and sent her away. Vera then went to Zurich, the hot-bed of Socialism and Nihilism and all the other isms known to Europe. There she became a member of a Nihilistic group, and after a year or two went to Petersburg as a propagandist.

In February, 1878, General Trepoff, the head of the police, visited a prison, and, as is customary, all the prisoners took off their hats out of respect to him, except one. That was a suspected Nihilist named Bogoluiboff, who was awaiting examination. Trepoff ordered him to take off his hat. He refused. Trepoff asked him why he refuse and he replied

in very insulting terms. The commandant of the prison explained that the man was always refractory, and Trepoff ordered him whipped—a hundred lashes with the knout. This is one of the most cruel instruments of torture—a lash with a dozen or more leathern thongs with steel hooks at their ends. It is laid on the bare back, and as it curls around the body the hooks seize hold of the flesh and tear it. Bogoluiboff was stripped, his hands were tied above him as far as they could be stretched, and his feet were fastened in



VERA SASSULICH.

the stocks. Thus he was most cruelly whipped, fainting with agony several times during the torture.

Bogoluiboff belonged to the same group of Nihilists as Vera Sassulich, and they, with five others, constituted the executive committee. The fact and the manner of his punishment were learned from a Nihilist who was among the guards at the prison. The committee met to discuss the outrage, and decided that Trepoff, who was responsible for the punishment, must die. They drew lots to decide who should be executioner. Fate threw the ballot into the hands of the woman, and the next day, armed with a revolver, she went

to the headquarters of the police, obtained admission to Trepoff under some pretense, and shot him in his chair.

The case was such a plain one that the police decided to try the prisoner by jury, an unusual proceeding. Vera was acquitted on the ground of insanity. It was not supposed that even in Russia, a young girl, for she was then but twenty-two years of age, could commit such a crime in a rational moment, with the certainty of punishment by death. She has since been living in Switzerland, one of the heroines of the Nihilistic party.

Vera Sassulich is a plain woman, but is said to have a very fine mind, and as her history shows, an unusual amount of nerve. She is generally supposed to be insane, although on other than political subjects she is perfectly rational.

The other Nihilistic heroine was very beautiful, if the many descriptions of her person, and her photographs, are to be relied upon. This was Sophia Perovskaia, the only woman who has been executed in Russia for over fifty years. She came from a noble family. Her grandfather was Minister of the Interior in the cabinet of the Czar Nicholas. Her father was the Governor-general of Petersburg. Her great-great uncle was themorganatic husband of the Empress Elizabeth. By rank she was a countess, and her story is told in a novel under the title of "A Nihilist Princess." She was a belle in the society of the capital; and an aide to the late Czar, Alexander II, was her accepted lover. She became a Nihilist in a peculiar manner.

Sophia's father was from all accounts a brutal ruffian. On one of his estates there was a peasant who developed considerable talent and was educated by him. This peasant, whose name is given as Federoff, became a physician, and while in the university imbibed revolutionary ideas. When he returned to the estates of his master, for it was before the emancipation of the serfs, he was detected in organizing a conspiracy, and ordered to be whipped. Through the assistance of the Countess Perovskaia, Sophia's mother, Federoff was successful in making his escape. The Count learned of his

wife's part in the matter, and, it is said, discovered a liaison between the Countess and the educated serf. He was a man of intense passion and jealousy, and shut his wife up in a room in the palace, where she was imprisoned for several years till released through the aid of Federoff, who had learned of her sufferings on his account, and came from Switzerland, where he was an exile, to rescue her. The couple went off together and lived thereafter as man and wife.

Sophia never saw her mother from the time she was five years old, and was ignorant of the family history till she was a grown woman. When she was eighteen or nineteen, she took into her service as a maid a Nihilist woman, sent from Switzerland for this purpose by her mother and Federoff. Through this woman she learned of the treatment the Countess, her mother, had received from her father, and the fact that she was still alive. She entered into correspondence with her, and having suffered much herself from her father's tyranny, became not only a rebel against him, but against the government of which he was an official. Her maid introduced her into a Nihilistic group, where she was petted and lionized, till finally her associations came to the knowledge of her father. To avoid the consequences of his wrath she fled from home and took refuge with her mother, who was still living in Switzerland as the wife of the Doctor Federoff, or whatever his name was.



SOPHIA PEROV-  
SKAIA.

Whether actuated by a desire to avenge her mother's wrongs, or for some other reason, she returned to Petersburg in disguise, and became the housekeeper for a group of conspirators. She was arrested, but her father's official position enabled him to secure her release, and she was sent out of the country, promising never to return. His motive in protecting his daughter from the consequences of her crime

is said to have been a selfish rather than a paternal one, as he wished to avoid the disgrace to his name the disclosure would bring. But she returned to Petersburg shortly after, and was the woman who gave the signal of the approach of the Emperor to the bomb-throwers in the park when the late Czar was assassinated. She was arrested again, and again her father succeeded in preventing her connection with the crime from becoming known; but she was determined he should be disgraced and punished, and when the trial of the other conspirators took place, she coolly walked into court, took her seat with the prisoners, announced her identity, and demanded the privilege of sharing their fate. Her request was granted; she was tried, confessed her guilt, and was hung.

Prince Peter Krapotkine is another noble who has been and still is a leader of the Terrorists. He is now the associate of Stepnaik in the publication of the revolutionary paper in London. The Nihilists are fond of making the assertion that Krapotkine has a better title to the throne of Russia than Alexander III., as the latter is only a German. It is true that the foremost agitator and the most eloquent speaker in the Terrorist ranks is directly descended from the ancient house of Rurik, who ruled Russia for centuries before the present Germanic dynasty of Romanoff came upon the throne. He can trace his lineage directly, and his right to the title of Prince of the House of Rurik is not denied. He was a cousin to General Krapotkine, the Governor of Kharkoff, who was killed by the Nihilists in 1879.

Krapotkine is a man of splendid education, having studied at the college of the Pages, to which only the sons of the members of the imperial court are admitted, and afterward at the universities of Petersburg, Leipsic, Heidelberg, and Zurich, proving his superior scholarship at each. Then he was assigned to scientific work under the direction of the government, as secretary of the Imperial Geographical

Society. Afterward he entered the service of the court, and became Grand Chamberlain to the wife of the late Czar.

During his studies in Germany and Switzerland Krapotkine became infected with the virus of Socialism, joined the Society of the Internationale, and adopted their most extreme ideas. His views and his relations with this socialistic organization were kept secret, however, and he served at court and in the employ of the government for more than ten years without being discovered, being constantly in active communication with the revolutionary circle all this time. He was member of a group of Nihilists and Grand Chamberlain at the palace at the time of the unsuccessful attempt to assassinate the Emperor in 1866, and yet managed to keep a good average and make his position at the Winter Palace of value to the revolutionary party. But this sort of thing could not last forever. A raid was made by the police upon a Nihilistic meeting, and to the consternation of the court, and the amazement of the whole empire, the famous, or rather notorious "Borodin," the most dangerous agitator in all Petersburg, for whom the police had been searching for years, and who appeared and disappeared as if by magic, proved to be Prince Krapotkine, the Chamberlain of the Empress.



HOUSE-SERVANT.

For three years Krapotkine was imprisoned in a dungeon in the Fortress of SS. Peter and Paul. To save his life he was taken to the hospital, from which he escaped in 1876, and has since been living in London. The manner of his escape was quite remarkable. By bribing his nurse he was able to communicate with his friends outside the hospital, who thus learned that he was alive. They had supposed him to have been secretly executed at the time of his arrest.

It was the habit to haul wood into the court-yard of the hospital one day of each week, when the gates were kept constantly open, and a great deal of confusion occurred. The physicians had ordered that Krapotkine should have outdoor exercise, and he was allowed to walk in this court, attended, or rather watched by a single nurse, his physical weakness being such that there was no thought of his escape. But through the bribed nurse he arranged for his friends to have a drosky and a swift horse outside the gates on the day when the wood was being hauled. This was done, and he, gathering all his strength, ran among the crowd of wood-carts, got outside the gates, into the drosky, and was off almost before his movements were noticed.

These are the Nihilistic leaders in Europe. Leo Hartmann, who was in charge of the mine of dynamite laid for the Emperor under the railway track at Moscow, and escaped, while the rest of the conspirators were hanged or sent to the mines of Siberia for life, is now in New York, the superintendent of an electrical manufactory. There are several other refugees in this country, but none of prominence.

I have it from the Nihilist leaders themselves that the number of Terrorists in Russia is not greater than five hundred, and as they are scattered through an area comprising one-seventh of the entire globe, among over a hundred millions of people, it will be seen that their influence cannot be very extended. They are constantly moving from one point to another, like the Wandering Jew, disguised as pedlers or artisans. But there is an irresistible tendency to haunt the cities, where they cluster like moths around the candle, and sooner or later are scorched by contact with the police. Most of them assume the names and carry the passports of dead men.

The greatest difficulty the Nihilistic propaganda meet with is the loyalty and the stupidity of the peasants. Among this portion of the population they can make no progress. "For," said Stepniak, "what can be done among a class of men whose greatest issue in religion is whether the sign of

the cross should be made with two fingers or three." Another great difficulty is the want of means. The Terrorists are, as a rule, men without property. The estates of those who are rich are confiscated by the Government as soon as their connection with the conspiracies is known, and the rate of wages paid in Russia for the best grades of workingmen is so small as to be barely sufficient to keep the soul and body together. Some years ago there was a rich noble by the name of Dimitri Lizogoub, who consecrated his entire fortune of a million or more of roubles to the work of Terrorism; but it was soon discovered where the conspirators got their means, and the source of supply was cut off by confiscation.

The question that is always uppermost in the mind of whoever studies the political conditions in Russia, is, "Where will the Revolutionary movement end?" I asked it of every man I talked with. The answers were various. But most of them seemed to think that Russia would follow in the footsteps of France. Their theory was that sooner or later the great Empire would become involved in a disastrous foreign war, with Germany, or Austria, or England, or all three perhaps, for Russia's only allies in Europe to-day are France and little Denmark; that the invasion of the country and the destruction of the army would give the large liberal element a chance to rise, which would be assisted and protected by the foreign powers, for the existence of this mighty, aggressive despotism is not only a menace to the rest of Europe, but an impassable barrier to civilization; and that Poland would be ultimately restored to independence under the protection of Germany and Austria, and Germanized, and that a liberal government, or at most a limited monarchy, would succeed the despotism at Petersburg. Some think a republic will



THE STARSHINA.



rise upon the ruins of the empire, that a revolution, with a Commune, will follow the defeat of the Czar's armies, that the palaces will be stripped of their riches as they were in France, and that a reign of anarchy will be succeeded by a democratic government of the people.

The present system of the government in Russia is the same that was created by Peter the Great toward the close of the eighteenth century. There have been few changes since. It is an absolute, hereditary despotism, the whole executive, legislative, judicial, and religious authority resting in a single man, whose will alone is law, and who received his power, according to the theory of the empire, from the Almighty himself, whose Vice-Regent on earth he is. The Czar therefore combines in one the authority and the jurisdiction of the Pope and the King.

The Administrative System comprises four Boards, or Councils, possessing separate functions, whose acts are those of the Czar, and must be approved by him. First, there is what is known as the Privy Council, a sort of Kitchen Cabinet. Second, the Council of the Empire, composed of as many and such persons as the Czar shall elect, whose duty is to exercise a sort of general supervision over the affairs of the empire, frame laws for the government of the people, direct the collection and expenditure of the revenues, and confer concerning the foreign as well as the domestic policy of the government. Next come the Ministry, a body similar to the Cabinet in the United States, or the Ministry of England, divided into eleven departments, as follows: The Ministry of the Imperial Household; of Foreign Affairs; of War; of Marine; of Internal Affairs; of Public Instruction; of Finance; of Justice; of the Imperial Domain; of Public Works; and the Comptroller and Auditor-General. These several ministries are subdivided into Bureaux, as in the United States.

The empire is divided into general governments or vice-royalties, sixty-eight in number, and these into 625 districts or provinces. At the head of each vice-royalty is a gov-

ernor-general, who has supreme control, both civil and military, and he has a council of regency or cabinet, similar to the ministry at Petersburg, but subordinate to him.

Then there is the Senate, an organization of nobles, also appointed by the Czar, whose duties are those of a supreme court, with extraordinary powers.

This completes the civil establishment, but in addition is the Holy Synod, in charge of ecclesiastical affairs, which I have referred to elsewhere.

In European Russia the people are divided into communes or mirs, which elect an executive, known as the Starshina or Elder, who has charge of village affairs. The communes or mirs are combined into districts, and controlled by the zemstoves or assemblies, composed of nobles, whose duties are similar to those of the county commissioners in the United States. They collect the taxes, see to the repair and construction of roads and other public works, and have a general supervision over the district affairs.



A YOUNG BOYAR.

There are about six hundred thousand nobles in Russia, composing what is known as the Tshin. They are the great landowners, and formerly held the serfs. The landowners who are not nobles are known as boyars, and hold large estates, which they have acquired by purchase, or by descent from their ancestors, who obtained them from the crown in early times as rewards for military service or gifts of money.

The base of the Russian system is patriarchal government. The father of a family is a little czar, while the Czar is the father of all. Those who are interested in the communal organization of Russia, which is one of the most curious in existence, may read the admirable work of Mackenzie

Wallace, which has been accepted as authority in Russia and all parts of Europe.

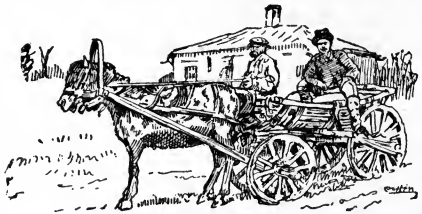
It is rather remarkable that the first of all republics was organized and existed where the greatest despotism in the world now remains. Before the republics of Italy, away back in the centuries, long before America was discovered or democratic ideas prevailed elsewhere in Europe, there was a republic at Novgorod the Great, that resisted the encroachments of the Tartars and the Mongols, and stood alone, an ideal government "of the people, by the people, for the people;" but it perished from the earth. Wallace tells the fascinating story.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## THE HOLY CITY OF MOSCOW.

The Legal Capital as well as the Commercial Metropolis of Russia.—The Most Interesting Place in Europe.—Buildings and Customs Inherited from the Asiatic Founders.—Over Five Hundred Gilded Domes.—The Great Hotel and Strangers' Market.—An Immense Foundlings' Home.—The Results of Napoleon's Invasion.

THE Russians, who are usually the last of all the peoples of Europe to adopt the improvements of modern civilization, were, however, one of the first to use the mode of communication by railway, which was owing in a great degree to the military necessity of having means of easy and



A KIBITKA.

rapid communication from one part of the vast empire to another for the movement of troops; and otherwise to the cheapness and superiority of their iron, which, as all know, is the best that is produced in the world. But twenty-five years ago it required from ninety to a hundred hours to make the journey from Petersburg to Moscow, a thousand carts known as "kibitkas," drawn by two, three, four, or even five horses abreast, being constantly employed in going back and forth, and in winter a thousand sledges, which covered the distance often in twenty-four hours, with relays of horses. It was much more comfortable travelling in winter than in summer, for the jolting of the carts over the roads was terrible to tender bones, while the motion of the sledges was delightful, and there were always plenty of furs for warmth.

Now the trip is made in fourteen hours. The train I took

left Petersburg at eight in the evening, and rolled into Moscow at ten the next morning. The cars run slowly and cautiously, making not more than fifteen or eighteen miles an hour, and stopping every few moments at stations or section-houses, and sometimes at bridges, for the Russian engineers know there is danger everywhere, and if a fatal accident occurs they are punished without mercy.

It was a beautiful night, the sun did not set till nearly nine o'clock, and the twilight lasted fully two hours longer. At ten o'clock we could easily see to read by the car windows, and there was no chance for the darkness to gather, as a brilliant moon came up that showed us very plainly the face of the landscape. The country is desolate, like all other portions of northern Russia, either sandy or swampy, with clumps of fir, alder, and willow trees. Sometimes there were thick and extensive forests, and as we drew nearer Moscow, great plains that seemed more fertile than the northern land and showed signs of assiduous cultivation.

There are but two towns along this, the principal line of railroad in Russia. Cities of any size are scarce throughout the entire empire—there are only eleven with more than 50,000 inhabitants in all Russia—but we were in the most densely populated portion, and expected to see some of them. There were stations at frequent intervals, cheap-looking wooden buildings, and every time the train stopped we would be awakened by loud cries of "Tchai! tchai!" (tea), from boys or men who peddled the boiling liquor in glasses, with slices of lemon floating on the top and several lumps of sugar at the bottom. There is no hour of day or night that a Russian will not take a glass of hot tea. It is consumed more frequently than beer in Germany, and is much more palatable and refreshing than either beer, brandy, or wine.

At several of these stations we noticed tramways or branch railroads, which lead to the towns, situated from two to twenty miles from the depot on the main line. This road was constructed by Mr. Winans of Baltimore, who built

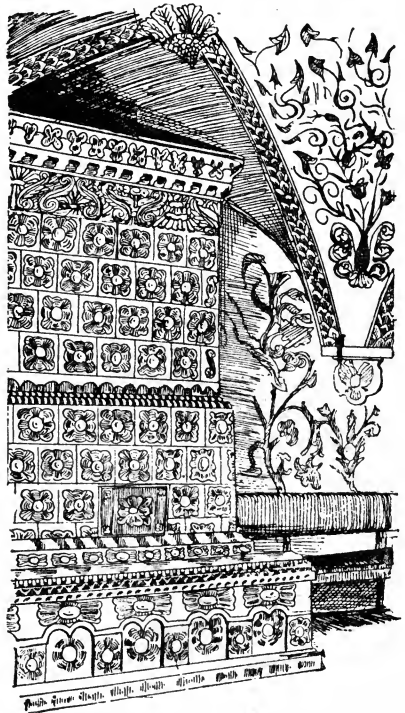
many other lines in Russia, and amassed an enormous fortune which he is now enjoying in England. When the project was under discussion, there was an active rivalry among the towns that lay along the route between the two great cities as to which should have the benefit of the improvement, for the road could not pass through all of them without having as many coils as a serpent. The Minister of Public Works, worn out with the problem of satisfying all the princes and nobles whose property interests were involved, went to the Czar and laid the case before him, asking for orders.

"Give me the map," exclaimed his Majesty.

The map was brought, and taking a ruler that lay on his table, he drew a direct line from Petersburg to Moscow. Then, returning the map to the minister, he said,

"Build the line thus, no matter whom it helps or hurts;" and it was so constructed, the longest piece of straight track in the world, there being but few small curves, necessitated by the topography of the country, and very slight grades the entire distance.

The entry to "Our Holy Mother Moscow," as the pious Russians call it, is not so interesting as the approach to Petersburg; and the first sight of the city from the car-win-



ANCIENT TILE STOVE IN THE  
KREMLIN.

dows is neither impressive nor pleasing; but to the eyes of the Russian, it is beautiful, noble, and sacred. Moscow to the Muscovite is what Rome is to the Catholic, Jerusalem to the Jew, and Mecca to the Mussulman—the seat of all that is sacred, the home of the Church and the State; for none but the residents of Petersburg are satisfied with the location of the government there, and the remainder still regard Moscow as the capital of the empire, which it legally is. There is scarcely a foot of ground that is not historic and holy, for Moscow is more than a thousand years old as it stands, and there was another city on its site whose origin is lost in the mists of fable.

The present Moscow was founded in the year 882 by Oleg, the brother-in-law of Rurik, the Emperor of the North, but fires and decay have caused most of the original structures to be replaced from time to time by new ones. The original Kremlin was built by Daniel, the Duke of Moscow, the son of the famous Alexander Nevski, the most conspicuous saint in the Russian calendar; but it was not recognized as the seat of the government till the time of Ivan I., who brought his throne there from Kiev in 1328. Fifty years later the holy city was captured by the Golden Horde, and remained during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries under the rule of the Tartar Khans, who have left their impress upon everything, the customs, the architecture, the methods of the place, and particularly in the gorgeous coloring, the barbaric splendor of the palaces, and the ceremonials that take place in them.

Moscow is as different from Petersburg as Constantinople or Cairo is from Chicago or New York, or a mining town in the mountains of Colorado from a country village in England. Four hundred years ago the ambassador sent by the Emperor Maximilian to negotiate for the opening of trade with Moscow wrote a description of the city, which still holds good to-day. The buildings, the streets, and the customs have suffered little change by the advance of time. There is more of Asia there than of Europe; and while Petersburg

was built in imitation of Paris and Berlin, Moscow still retains its likeness to the Asiatic towns of the time of Christ. In the central portions there has absolutely been no change for five centuries, and everything stands as it did in the time of Ivan the Terrible; but in the outskirts, since the invasion of Napoleon, there has been a great deal of improvement, and Moscow is now the largest manufacturing centre in Russia, and one of the largest in Europe.

The railway station is not so handsome as those in Petersburg or other continental cities, and the ride to the hotel is



OUTSIDE OF THE KREMLIN.

through narrow and crooked streets, wretchedly paved, and seeming worse than they really are, because of the contrast to the wide and handsome thoroughfares of Petersburg, which we had just left. Miserable hovels stand side by side with splendid palaces; there is a stretch of smooth pavement, and then a plunge into an ocean of mud or a desert of dust. Under the shadow of the finest churches in this city of amazing contrasts are dens for the practice of the most degrading vices; and in front of the most extensive and modern stores will be found clusters of filthy and vermin-covered beggars and peddlers.

Moscow has a population of between seven and eight hundred thousand people; the belt railroad which encircles the



city is twenty four miles long; and the shortest route by tramway, from one side of it to the other, is nine miles. Within its limits are to be found nine cathedrals, 484 churches, and twenty-two monasteries and convents. From the top of Sparrow Hills, where Napoleon caught his first view of the place—and it is one of the grandest and most fascinating spectacles in the world—329 golden domes can be counted, everyone of them glistening in the sun. Pious people often leave legacies to pay the cost of re-gilding the dome of their favorite church. Besides these gilded domes there are numerous others, painted blue, green, orange, and all the other tints known to paint manufacturers, and a perfect forest of spires, towers, pinnacles, and minarets. It is a city of bulbous roofs, most of them being of the Byzantine order, or the shape of inverted turnips.

The Kremlin, the mightiest citadel in the world, with its frowning battlements, covered with the rust and lichens of centuries, is the focus from which everything radiates, and around it clusters this forest of golden domes and spires rising from an ocean of green and blue-roofed houses, grotesque cupolas and minarets, all forming a bewildering mass of oriental and barbaric splendors which cannot be found anywhere else. The Sparrow Hills, from which all this can best be seen, are a group that rise just beyond the limits of the city, and are separated therefrom by the Volga River. At the summit, and the crest of the bank, which rises abruptly from the river's bed to the height of 550 or 600 feet, is a hotel and pavilion much resorted to by the people of Moscow. It is called the Hill of Salutation, and it was there that the advance-guard of the French army in 1812 got their first glimpse of the metropolis they had come to loot. "Moscow! Moscow!" they cried; and the shout was carried along through the entire army of 700,000 men, worn and weary with their long march over the desolate plains. It was here, too, that Napoleon came, and looking over the sacred capital of the Russians, waved his hands above it and said:

“Soldiers of France, all this is yours!”

The Hill of Salutation is reached either by little steamers that ply along the river from docks at the foot of the several bridges, or by a disreputable carriage-road that leads through the newer portion of the city,—that part destroyed when the French came,—under the walls of large factories and larger military barracks, past palaces and monasteries, some of which are benevolent institutions, to a village of wooden shanties, *cafés*, concert-halls, and drinking-places where the common people gather on days of festival.



ON THE MARCH TO SIBERIA.

When the French approached the city, the people fled, leaving nothing behind them they could carry; but one man remained in nearly every house with orders to set it on fire before he came away. Thus began one of the most serious conflagrations of modern times, which was hastened and aggravated by the release of three thousand prisoners maddened by the liquor they found in the deserted saloons. In the public buildings bombs and barrels of powder were deposited to complete the destruction of the place, so that the

French army, when it finally reached the destination it had marched so far and fought so long for, was turned into a monstrous fire-corps, endeavoring to save what it had come to destroy.

“Who would have thought that a nation would ruin its own capital?” said Napoleon, when he viewed the débris.

The temporary prisons for Russian exiles are on the Sparrow Hills. Here those who are condemned to banishment, and imprisonment in the mines, are kept until the trains are organized for Siberia. It is the rendezvous for the condemned from all of the western provinces, and from these summits they have their last view of the Holy City. They go by rail and river for twelve hundred miles, and then on foot, carrying four pounds weight upon each leg as they march, murderers, patriots, thieves, and conspirators chained together. It is said that of the 60,000 that leave Moscow every year 5,000 die on the road, of hunger, disease, and exhaustion. If an exile is rich enough he may pay the expense of the transportation of himself and his four guards by post-carriage; and many of them go that way, with comparative comfort.

Moscow is really a collection of several towns, instead of a single one. The Kremlin, or the Citadel, stands on an eminence in the centre, and all the chief streets radiate around, or start from it. There is the disreputable quarter known as the Sloboda, a term similar to the French word *Faubourg*, meaning literally a suburb, now the outlying portion of the city, swarming with dogs, goats, children, and poultry. Here the Jews live, and most of the poorer classes; and here have been erected most of the manufactories which give the city its wealth and commercial importance. Moscow is really the railway centre and the industrial metropolis of the empire, and produces annually more manufactured goods than all the rest of Russia combined, valued at several hundred million dollars. There are over 700 factories within the city limits, giving employment to between two and three hundred thousand men and women, so

that nearly one-half the entire population are engaged in mechanical industry. There are over one hundred silk, cotton, and woollen mills, and as many more establishments for the production and manufacture of wearing apparel. It has also a large iron industry, together with a varied line of other fabrications in metal, wood, and earth.

Next comes the Bielgorod, or "White Town," so called from the fact that the Tartars compelled the Russians proper to reside there during their occupation of the city for two hundred years. This has therefore become the favored residence quarter, and there the finest houses may be found.



THEATRE AT MOSCOW.

Then there is the Khitaigorod, or "Chinese town," which surrounds the Kremlin, and is enclosed within immense walls that have stood for several centuries. It is curious that the name "Chinese town" should so persistently attach itself to a section of the city in which no Chinese are living or have ever lived, but it is explained by the fact that the wall which encloses it was built by the Mongols during their occupation, and the word *Khitai* means Cathay.

Through a gate in this Mongol wall half the population pass each day. It is like London bridge, the most convenient thoroughfare between the residence and manufacturing portions of the city and the mercantile or shopping centres. Beside the gate is a curious old church, with a lot

of towers that look like inverted pine-apples, having a rough surface, and painted in the most conspicuous variety of colors. This is the chapel of Iverskaya Chasovnia—the Iberian Madonna, an Icon brought from Mount Athos hundreds of years ago, and the patron saint and the palladium of Moscow. The image is supposed to have miraculous powers, and is appealed to in times of distress, sickness, and danger.

When the French army was approaching Moscow in 1812, the people begged the Governor-General to lead them out against the host, with the Iberian Icon in advance. At all hours of the day and most of the night—for the chapel is always open, its doors have not been closed for centuries—hundreds of people can be found kneeling upon the stone floors. At the gate is a large contribution-box and he is a very poor Russian who does not drop in a copeck, at least, for the propitiation of the Virgin. The shrine collects in this way alone many thousands of dollars every year, besides rich gifts made by those who believe themselves to have been saved from death, protected from danger, or relieved from distress by the intervention of the Virgin.

The Czar always visits the chapel when he is in Moscow, and never leaves without a generous gift to its coffers. The Virgin keeps a carriage and four horses, in which the image is carried to houses about the city, to comfort the sick and the dying, for a large fee. If a man is building a house, the Icon can be obtained to sanctify it by the payment of a sum of money to the priests, and is taken in the carriage to the place, when some mummery is gone through with. It is also taken to weddings, and to women in confinement, and is always willing to lend its aid and give its blessing on all occasions for the payment of a price. The case in which the image is kept is richly decorated with jewels; and many years ago a princess, who was envious of the largest of the Virgin's diamonds, seized it with her teeth when she was pretending to kiss the frame, and carried the jewel away

in her mouth. She was detected, however, and sent to Siberia for life.

Under the shadow of this chapel, the tourist enters the principal shopping street, which is crowded all day and most of the night with throngs of people, representing almost every nation under the sun. The shouts of the drosky drivers and the rattle of the wheels over the cobble-stone pavement almost deafen you, and they are assisted in making the place a bedlam by hundreds of fruit and toy venders, who cry the merits of their wares in stentorian tones.

This street is lined with the best shops, *cafés*, and hotels chief of which is the Slavinsky Bazaar, not a shop, as the name would signify, but an hotel famous all over Europe. It is very large, capable of accommodating a thousand people, and its restaurant is the resort of the merchants

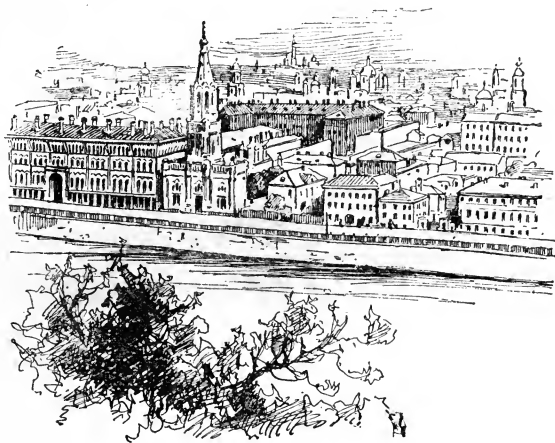


CHAPEL OF TVERSKAYA CHASOVNIA.

of the city at noon-time and during the evening for food and drinks. You enter under a *porte cochère* to a wide hall, where a resplendent concierge or porter greets you in almost any language under the sun, and from long experience he is enabled to determine by your looks which tongue to use. He can speak not only the European languages, English, French, German, and Italian, but Turkish, Greek, Armenian, Arabic, Hindostanee, and I do not know but Chinese, Japanese, Siamese, and many others. It is the proud boast of this polyglot fellow, that no guest has ever arrived at the hotel during the twenty-five or thirty years he has been em-

ployed there, whom he could not address in the language of the country he came from.

The office, or bureau, as they call it, of this remarkable hotel, looks like the counting-house of a large mercantile establishment, for behind the glass partitions are a dozen or fifteen clerks and book-keepers, all busy from morning till night, but what they are doing no one knows. All bills are rendered every morning. You pay one clerk for your room and another for your meals ; while the system of accounts is



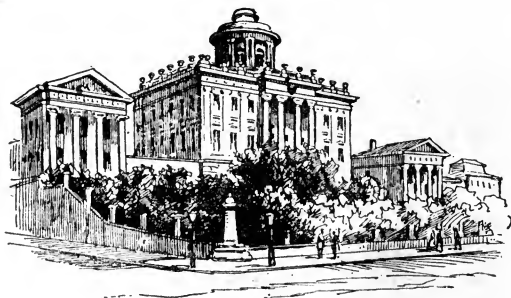
GENERAL VIEW OF MOSCOW.

so complicated that a man has to live there a month before he can "get the hang" of the place. The servants and porters are dressed in the Russian costume, with long black surtouts, high-top boots, and turbans of astrakan fur, with peacock feathers, to indicate their respective rank.

The restaurant is a very large room, or series of large rooms, where a thousand people can be fed at a time ; and they seemed to be continually crowded with all sorts and conditions of men and women. The central room, under a dome, has a large fountain and pond of water in the centre, which every morning is filled with live fish from the market.

If you want a fish for breakfast or dinner, you sit down at one of the tables, indicate your wish to the white-robed waiter, and then accompany him to the fountain. He takes a hand net, dips it into the water, fetches up a cluster of fish of different kinds and sizes, and takes from the lot whichever you indicate. The fish is then carried to the kitchen on a silver tray, and ten or fifteen minutes after is served hot and savory before you.

Beyond the Slavinsky Bazaar is the Gostinnoi Dvor, or strangers' market, a peculiarity of every Russian city, and like that of Petersburg which I have described, a collection



ART GALLERY AT MOSCOW.

of shops for retail trading. There are several, all like the Palais Royal of Paris, full of small booths about twenty feet square, at which is sold everything the people care to purchase in small lots, and, as is the case in Paris, everything in stock is kept in the window. If you do not see what you want from the sidewalk, there is no use in entering the door; you must pass along till you find it. The main Gostinnoi Dvor of Moscow has recently been torn down, and the occupants accommodated in wooden sheds in the parade-ground in front of the Kremlin, till the splendid new Arcade now in process of erection can be completed.

The price of nothing is fixed. Every purchase is the result of a negotiation. The merchant, usually a woman, commences by asking two or three times the worth of the



article, expecting you will "Jew" her down, and if you show no disposition to do so, she will ask: "What will your Lordship give for it," intending that the implied mistake in the title will have a favorable result. Some goods are sold for twice their value, and others for less than they are worth. The Muscovite merchant will rather sell at a loss than not sell at all, but generally manages to make a pretty good average of profit. One of the handsomest productions of Moscow is gold and silver cloth brocade, made of the wire bullion, spun as fine as silk. It is of this material that the vestments of the priests are made, and with it much of the furniture in fine houses is upholstered. At the shops in the Gostinnoi Dvor it can be obtained at about the price of ordinary silk or satin, costing of course higher prices when the wire is heavy.

About half the merchants seem to be engaged in the sale of articles and implements for devotion. There is nearly a mile of shops where nothing but Icons are exposed for sale, with the lamps that always burn below them in the houses. The people all cheat and lie, but they are always good-natured about it, and when detected in a falsehood, blush as innocently as if they had never done such a thing before in their lives. They are very quick of perception, too. If you can manage to convey one-fourth of an idea to them, they will furnish the other three-fourths from intuition instantly.

Although stealing and swindling is the habit of the people, there are certain things that are sacred from it. No Russian, it is claimed, ever commits a burglary or picks a pocket. He will not enter an unoccupied house for purposes of stealing, and the rooms of the guests at hotels and lodging-houses are very seldom robbed; but if you lay your purse down for a moment, you are likely never to see it again; or if your overcoat or any article is left in a carriage, you need make no inquiries. It has gone beyond recovery. The banks are never robbed, nor the tills in the shops, nor the tables of the money-changers; but if you set your um-

brella down, or your shawl is carelessly dropped, or any other of your possessions are left in public places and not carefully guarded, they are considered common property, and belong to him who seizes them first. Strangers are followed about the city by men and boys, and often women, to prey upon their carelessness, or ignorance of these customs.

Most of these goods find their way to the Thieves' market, which is maintained in Moscow as in Petersburg, and in even larger proportions, for the people of Petersburg are said to be the more honest. Everything offered for sale is supposed to have been stolen, but, as in Petersburg, the proprietors of the shops are expected to keep the articles for redemption by the owner for thirty days. The stocks of goods comprise every conceivable article except food. The Thieves' market is kept in what is known as the Hair Park, where years ago the barbers had their stands and the people, who never shave, used to resort to have their hair cut.

The Foundlings' Home in Moscow is almost as large as the similar institution in Petersburg, and the dimensions of the building may be judged by the fact that it has 2228 windows. The foundlings are supported by the government, from twenty to thirty thousand of them, receiving a subsidy of \$900,000 a year, and all the proceeds from the sale of playing-cards, which is a government monopoly. From two to five thousand children are admitted to its care and sheltered, annually.

One of the finest churches in the world stands in Moscow,—the church of the Saviour,—erected to commemorate the overthrow of Napoleon. The foundations were laid in 1815, but the interior was not completed till 1882, the entire structure costing \$40,000,000, or nearly three times as much as the Capitol at Washington. It resembles St. Isaac's at Petersburg in form and design, being impressively simple, of the purest Greek architecture, and built of white marble, all the materials being imported from Italy. The interior is grand and beautiful, being finished in the rare Siberian stones, malachite, lapis-lazuli, jasper, and porphyry. The

entire floor is of jasper, while the ceilings and walls are covered with pictures in mosaic or distemper.

It was at first proposed to erect this temple on Sparrow Hills, and it was to be the largest and finest building in the world—700 feet high, 150 feet higher than the Washington Monument—and to stand upon the spot where Napoleon first had a view of the city. Work was commenced upon it, and four million roubles had been spent, when the Emperor suspected robbery, and had an investigation, which resulted in the banishment to Siberia, of the architect, the contractors, and almost everyone who had been engaged on the work and the confiscation of their property for the benefit of the building-fund. This was followed by a change of location and a modification of the plans.

The statistics that are given of the cost of construction are amazing. The building covers 73,000 square feet of ground, and the top of the cross that surmounts the dome is 340 feet from the ground, or twelve feet lower than the Goddess of Liberty at the top of the capitol at Washington. The central dome, like all other such structures in Russia, is gilded, and \$1,200,000 worth of bullion was used to do the work. The gold-leaf is laid upon copper. There are four copper cupolas, and the cost of gilding them was \$860,000. The amount of gold bullion in the interior, for the mosaics and the decoration of the Ikon-astas or altar, was \$1,300,000. All the vessels used by the priests in celebrating mass are of solid gold, and exquisite workmanship. The jasper in the floor and the walls cost very nearly as much; while it is said that the malachite and lapis-lazuli used could not be replaced for any money, having come from the government quarries in Siberia, and representing over half a century of labor in taking them from the quarries to Moscow in the rough state. The value of this material does not enter into the cost of the church; only the expense of dressing and transporting it.

The interior is in the form of a Greek cross, with even arms, 220 feet in length. There are thirty-six windows

of stained glass ninety feet high. There are 1240 chandeliers, with 38,000 wax candles, for the Russians will not use gas in their churches. All these candles were lighted at the service held on the day of the Emperor's coronation. The immense sums expended upon this church were acquired by the voluntary offerings from a poverty-stricken people, who are without schools, or even the comforts of life, but have over 500 other churches within sight of the dome.

One of the other interesting churches in Moscow is the Mohammedan mosque where the descendants of the old Tartar residents still worship. It is a very large structure, but rather shabby in appearance. Service is held within its walls almost continuously.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## WITHIN THE MIGHTY KREMLIN.

The Citadel that Shelters the Throne of Russia.—Its Grandeur and Historical Associations.—A Palace that is the Finest in the World.—Hundreds of Millions of Dollars Worth of Gold and Silver and Gems.—The Palace of the Holy Synod with its Jewels, and the Treasury with its Captured Crowns and Thrones.—Churches in the Kremlin.

WHO has not heard of the mighty Kremlin, the great fortress that has stood for a thousand years, and sheltered for so many centuries the throne and the treasures of the Russian Empire? The word means "citadel" in the Tartar tongue; and each of the old Russian towns has its Kremlin: but what the Acropolis was to Athens, the Coliseum to Rome, the Alhambra to Spain, the Doge's Palace to Venice, the Bastille to Paris, and the Tower to London, the Kremlin is to the holy city of Russia—the fortress that encloses and protects its capital; not only the legal residence of the Czar, but the Vatican of the Russian Church. It stands upon an eminence, a city within a city, surrounded on three sides by the River Volga, and enclosed within a wall that is nearly a mile and a half long.

The group of buildings within the walls consists of the ancient palace of the Czar, the treasury, the palace of the Holy Synod, two monasteries, the great tower of Ivan, the Church of the Assumption, in which the Czars must be crowned, the Church of the Annunciation in which they must be baptised and married, and the Church of St. Michael, in which their royal bones, until the last century, were laid. There are also barracks for soldiers, dormitories for priests, and several buildings of minor importance—a gorgeous cluster

of magnificence and decay, every foot of ground having its history, every wall and window its romance, and every room its tragedy.

The Kremlin is entered by six great gates, the most famous of which is "the Gate of the Redeemer." Without the walls, across a wide parade-ground, called the Krasnoi Ploshtshad, or Red Square, is the famous church of St. Basil the Idiot, known throughout the world as "the most striking of architectural monstrosities." It was erected in the fifteenth century by the order of Ivan the Terrible to appease the wrath of the Almighty and the Saints for the mur-



THE KREMLIN.

der of his son and the heir to the throne, in a fit of passion. Ivan employed an Italian architect to make the plans, and commanded him to construct a church unlike any that had ever existed, the cost not to be taken into consideration; and when the work was done the Czar had the architect's eyes put out, so that he could not build another. Everyone who looks at the structure to-day concedes that the punishment was just, for it is a monster of ugliness.

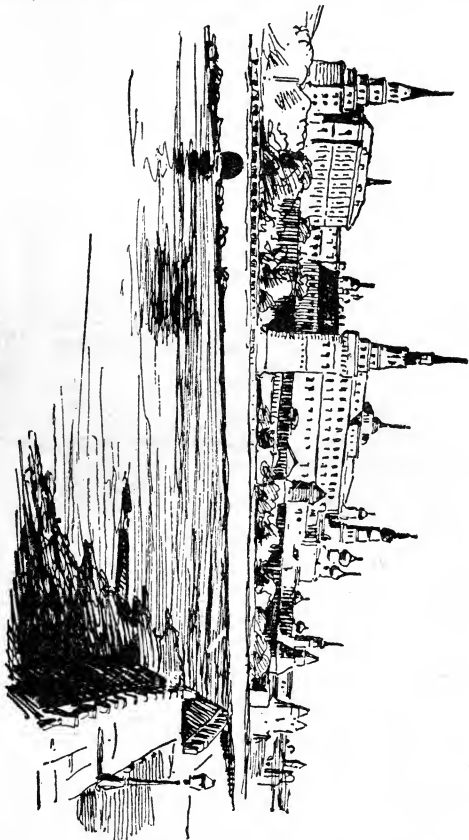
When Napoleon rode into the Kremlin he looked at St. Basil's, and turning to one of his officers, said:

"Have that monstrosity destroyed at once."

But for some reason unknown his orders were not obeyed, and the church still stands. The Russian people believe that St. Basil prevented its destruction. St. Basil was an idiot.

The ancient Russians, and their descendants to a certain extent, like some tribes of savages, regard idiots as sacred. The hand of the Lord has been placed upon them, and although they were and still are allowed to roam at will, the

THE KREMLIN FROM ACROSS THE RIVER.



people always give them food and shelter, and protect them from harm, believing that they have the especial patronage of St. Basil, one of the most venerated saints in the Greek calendar. The church is a series of eight octagons, each connected with the other by a passage, and containing a

separate chapel. There are eight grotesque domes, no two of them alike, and all painted in different colors—the most gorgeous that can be conceived of.

In front of St. Basil's is the Lobnoe Miesto, a circular stone tribune, about thirty feet in diameter, from which the ancient Czars proclaimed their ukases. It was also the place of execution, the guillotine of Russia, and from the block in the centre many heads have rolled. There are grooves in the stone floor for the blood to run down; and upon spikes in the wall of the Kremlin opposite, the heads of the executed were exhibited.

The present gate was built by an Italian architect the same year that America was discovered, and over it has hung ever since the famous Icon of the Redeemer, which was the palladium of the Russian Empire. Criminals—who have been executed in Moscow for 400 years—have always been allowed to come to the Gate of the Redeemer and say their prayers before it, and it has held a prominent place in the history and in the veneration of the people since it was discovered at Smolensk, nearly 500 years ago.

It is to the intercession of this image that the pious Russians attribute the downfall of Napoleon, and all his subsequent misfortunes are due to his failure to take off his hat as he passed through the gate. That act of respect is required of every one. Even the Czar uncovers when he enters the Kremlin this way, and woe be to any man, citizen or stranger, Christian or pagan, who attempts to pass through the Gate of the Redeemer with his hat on his head. I



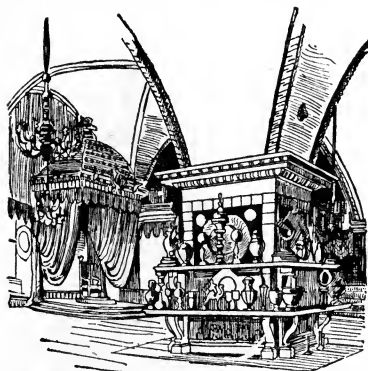
ONE OF THE KREMLIN GATES.



thought I would try the experiment, riding through in a drosky one day. The driver pulled up his horse suddenly and cried, "Schlapa! schlapa! Batushka; schlapa! schlapa!" ("Your hat! your hat! little Father; your hat! your hat!") while an excited crowd of citizens ran toward me from all directions. I made signs to show that I did not understand, at which the driver backed his horse from under the gate, and taking off his own hat again, made gestures to show that I was to do the same with mine. I still refused to understand, when an excited bystander grabbed

my hat from my head, threw it into the bottom of the drosky, and exclaimed, "Go on, you fool!"

The Tartar Mohammedans attempted to take down the picture, but tradition says that every ladder they could bring, broke as the Iconoclasts climbed it; and when the French brought a cannon to shoot it



RECEPTION HALL IN THE KREMLIN.

down, an angel wet their powder. Then, when, driven to desperation, they placed a coal of fire upon the fuse, the gun exploded and killed them.

It will be noticed that the Crescent as well as the Cross appears upon most of the church towers in Moscow, and it is explained in this way. When the Mohammedan Tartars captured the city, and reigned there for 200 years, they removed the crosses from all the churches, and put up crescents instead. When the Tartars were driven out, the Russians left the crescents where they were, and placed the cross upon them as a sign of triumph. The Russian Cross, as all know has even arms, and this is explained by a peculiar belief the people have that the Saviour was deformed, that

his legs were shorter than his body. I tried to discover the origin of this theory, but was unable to do so.

The first objects to be seen upon entering the Kremlin are the great tower of Ivan and the great bell of Moscow, both of which are pictured in all the geographies, and in such an exaggerated manner as to cause much disappointment when one beholds them for the first time. I thought the tower was almost as high as the Washington Monument, and it is 325 feet; but

the colors in which it is painted destroy the effect. The base of the structure is occupied by a chapel dedicated to St. Nicholas, the patron of all maidens about to marry, and one meets many of them there, particularly on Saturday, for Sunday is the popular day for weddings, when they go to say their prayers before the ceremony.

Within the tower, above the chapel is the famous chime of

bells, thirty-four in number, the smaller ones being cast of solid silver. The largest weighs sixty-four tons, and the smallest only a few hundred pounds. They are without doubt the finest set of bells in the world, but are seldom rung except upon Easter morning and when the Czar is in town. A considerable volume has been written about the bells of Moscow, for they are numerous and fine in all the churches.

The Czar Kolokol, as the great bell of Moscow is called



THE TOWER OF IVAN.

at home, stands at the foot of the tower, upon a granite pedestal. It was cast in the fourteenth century by the Czar Boris Gudenoff, as a measure of atonement for the innocent blood through which he waded to the throne. The tower of Ivan was originally built to shelter this king of bells, but no architect has ever been found with courage enough to hang it. Boris erected a scaffolding to support it, and it is said to have been rung during his time, but the hangings gave way in 1684, and the bell was smashed. The Empress Anne had it recast, in even a larger size. A great piece is broken out of the side, which tradition says is due to an imperfection caused by the ladies who threw their jewels into the molten metal when the bell was recast. But the truth of history compels me to state this was not so. During a fire in the Kremlin in 1737, the bell was in the midst of the flames, and was so heated that when streams of water were thrown upon it a great crack opened. Under the Czar Nicholas it was removed to its present position and elevated to the pedestal upon which it now stands. During the removal the cracked piece fell out and has never been restored. The great bell weighs 444,000 pounds, is two feet thick, and fifty-four feet in circumference. The weight of the broken piece is eleven tons. The interior is fitted up as a chapel, and mass is said there sometimes.

Near by is the great palace whose splendors have been the theme of much writing. It is the legal residence of the Czars, the official home of the Autocracy. The older part, which has been the residence of the Czars for five centuries, was probably built by an Italian architect, although it is full of Moorish effects, like Venice, and closely resembles the architecture of the Alhambra and the Venetian Palaces. Frequent fires have marred and destroyed portions of it, which have from time to time been restored as nearly like the original as possible, so that it is difficult to tell which part is old and which is new. The exterior is ugly, like all Russian palaces, but is atoned for by the beauty and splendor of the apartments within. It is without doubt the finest

royal residence in the world; not so immense as the Winter Palace, nor so incongruous, but richer and nobler in every way. Toward the cathedral is the historical Red Staircase, upon which so many tragic scenes in the history of Russia have been enacted. It was here that the Czars in olden times used to sit in judgment, hearing the complaints of the people and announcing the penalty to be suffered by the accused. Once a week the Czar would sit as a judge, without laws or lawyers, and remedy all cases of injustice, generally by chopping off somebody's head.

The present entrance is through a grand vestibule and by ascending one of the noblest flights of marble stairs that can be imagined. They are very long and wide, and at the top, hanging upon the wall, is a picture of the scene in the Kremlin at the coronation of the present Czar, which, when looked upon from the foot of the stairs, is so lifelike as to cause a startling surprise. It seemed as if we had intruded upon the imperial family in the midst of some stately ceremony. The magnificent hall of the Order of St. George, perhaps the finest room in the world, is entered at once from the top of the stairs, and here one sees inscribed in letters of gold, upon the marble walls, the name of everyone who has ever worn this most precious of Russian decorations—not every one, however, to be exact, for two or three names have been erased—the penalty of treason. At one end of the room hangs the painting of St. George and the Dragon by Raphael, and under it are two large caskets of solid gold, containing the records of the order. The room is two hundred feet long by sixty-eight feet wide and fifty-eight feet high. In one corner is a little balcony, from which the Empress may witness the ceremonies of decoration that always take place here, and are very imposing; more so than the investiture of any other decoration in Europe.

There is a similar hall, not so large, but quite as fine, answering a similar purpose for the Order of St. Alexander Nevski, which is decorated with some remarkable paintings representing incidents in his eventful life, as a soldier and

conqueror of the Tartars and Swedes. The orders of St. Andrew and St. Catherine also have fine halls, all of which connect with wide doors, so that they can be thrown together like a single room on occasions of ceremony; but they are seldom used except when a Czar is crowned, for he prefers to reside at St. Petersburg. Two years must elapse, the usual period of mourning, upon the accession of a new monarch to the throne before he can be formally crowned. Then he must come to Moscow and spend a certain time in religious consecration before the ceremony can take place. After it is over the festivities begin.

Within the palace are numerous apartments, filled with costly and rare articles, most of them centuries old. The finishing and the furnishing are of barbaric splendor, much solid gold and silver being used, for nowhere on earth has so much money been uselessly spent as in the residences of the Czars. The palaces of Petersburg hold bewildering accumulations of useless riches, but the old imperial residence in the Kremlin surpasses them all for the richness, value, antiquity, and uniqueness of its treasures. The reader must recall that the Russian empire is a thousand years old, that the mineral wealth within its boundaries has been and still is greater than that of any known country, and has all belonged to the Czars, who used it as they would, without regard to the wishes or the welfare of the people. Gold was so plentiful that it was spread over the walls of the palaces; jewels so numerous that they were set in the doors, the chandeliers, and the stoves; while silver was fit to make thrones of, or utensils of household use. The throne of Ivan the Terrible, for example, was made of solid silver, heavily embossed with gold and studded with gems. His robes of state, now on exhibition, were heavy with diamonds, pearls, and other precious stones; while his crown was a blazing mass of them.

A writer of the fifteenth century, describing a visit to this palace, says: "The robes of the Czar were surpassing in their brilliancy, seeming to be one sheet of diamonds, while his

neck-collar, the bands of his sleeves, and the train that he drew behind him, were within of sable, and without of uniform pearls like large drops of water, of the purest whiteness, each one being of the value of a slave." This pearl-covered mantle is still preserved, and the ancient writer did not exaggerate.

But one gets dreadfully tired of all this magnificence. The memory is bewildered, the eyes are exhausted, and the mind is in a ferment of indignation at the vast amounts of money that have been and still are wasted in this way, when the people are not only schoolless and comfortless, but in



HOLY SYNOD AND THE PALACE.

many places actually suffering for the necessaries of life. And to maintain all this splendor, they are taxed to a degree that the people of no other nation would endure, and pay the interest upon a public debt of billions of dollars, which is far below par in the markets of the world. There is, in the Kremlin alone, useless treasure enough to pay the public debt of Russia, if it were sold; and in churches and palaces of the empire enough more of gold and jewels to build a school-house in every village and give an education to every child without taxation.

I have seen nearly all the royal palaces of Europe, but

there is not one in Great Britain or on the continent which will compare in costliness or richness with several kept empty for the possible use of the Czar. The home of the Emperor of Germany in Berlin is commonplace compared with the palace of the Kremlin, and Buckingham Palace is shabby; while the White House at Washington could be set down in the marble hall of St. George and then leave room for a crowd to stand around and look at it. Versailles is the most extensive of all the palaces, and at the time of Louis XIV. may have been splendid; but it is as empty and forlorn as a garret now. When one has seen the palaces at Petersburg and Moscow he will not enjoy looking at others, and is soon very tired of them.

Before we reached Moscow I had seen most of the twenty-one city and country palaces of the Czar, all but three of them absolutely unoccupied and kept only for show; and I told my courier that I did not want to see any more—that if he had anything besides palaces to look at I would go with him, but otherwise I preferred to stay in my room and write. He protested most earnestly, conscientious man as he was, against any stranger coming to Moscow without visiting the finest palace in the world.

“But I have seen the Winter Palace,” I replied, “and you told me that was the finest.”

“I said it was the largest and the most costly,” he answered, “but the palace of the Kremlin, as you must know from your reading, sir, is unsurpassed for its splendor, and its vessels of gold and silver, and the costliness of its decorations. It is very old and barbaric, but there is nothing like it. Please do come.”

“If you will take me to a school-house afterwards, I’ll go.”

And I went; but he could not show me the school-house; he said he did not know where to find one. He showed me a noble university opposite the Kremlin, on the other side of the Volga, where there is a faculty of seventy professors and

over 4000 students ; but there wasn't such a thing as a free primary school to be seen.

Adjoining the imperial palace is the house of the Holy Synod, the residence of the Metropolitan or Patriarch of Moscow, and the receptacle for the sacred treasures of the Church. Here we found something interesting in the ancient robes of the patriarchs and the mitres they wore on occasions of ceremony, adorned with the rarest and most valuable of jewels, one diamond in the mitre of a metropolitan of centuries ago being worth \$250,000, and a sapphire worth \$100,000, probably the finest example of the latter class of jewel in the world. The diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls, and other precious stones with which the pontifical robes were covered are very ancient, some of them dating back to the tenth and eleventh centuries ; and the other ornaments were of corresponding value and interest.

I asked the priest in charge the value of the entire collection, and he told me it was simply incalculable, for he did not believe that there was money enough in all the

world to replace the stones spread out before our eyes ; that they could not be obtained if there was money to purchase them ; that this collection was the work of centuries, eight centuries at least, and had been contributed to by the Czars and patriarchs of the Greek Church since the time of Christ. Here was a ring, showing a cameo head of the Prophet Daniel, that he claimed was once worn by the King of Babylon before the destruction of that city, and other jewels that were old in the days of Moses.

It has been the custom of the Czars, particularly the wicked ones, and none have been of saintly character, to



THE TOMB  
OF KOZMA MININ.



atone for their sins and excesses by presenting jewels and other articles of value to the Church. Ivan the Terrible, after he beat his son to death, presented the Metropolitan with a robe that carries fifty-four pounds of precious stones. Other Czars have done likewise ; and when they have heard of costly jewels or ornaments of great antiquity, have sent embassies with caravans of gold to purchase them. From Ninevah, from Jerusalem, from China, from Babylon, from Egypt, from Constantinople these ancient gems have come ; and here they are gathered, idle, useless fetiches, to be gazed at.

In one of the rooms of the palace of the Holy Synod is an alabaster vase, itself as old as the Christian religion, which is said to contain a portion of the ointment with which Mary bathed the feet of the Saviour. This is the chrism sent from Constantinople when the Greek Church was introduced into Russia ; and from this alabaster vase is taken the oil with which the Czars and the Metropolitans are anointed. One drop is taken—no more, and a single drop of some other oil is poured in to replace it, so that the quantity in the vessel is always the same, and the precious ointment never grows less.

Across a limited court from the Holy Synod, and adjoining the palace, is the famous treasury of the Kremlin ; not the bank of the empire, as its name would indicate, nor a place to keep money ; but the museum, the depository, of the treasures of the civil and military history of Russia, as the holy place we have just left is of its religious relics. In this vast building is a collection of even greater historical and monetary value—the chronicle of the empire, from its origin, written in crowns and thrones and arms.

Here are jewels and gold and silver-plate representing a value of \$600,000,000—the accumulation of a thousand years of barbaric splendor and conquest. Discarded crowns, studded with diamonds, any one of which would be a princely gift ; discarded thrones, covered from crest to castors with gold and precious stones ; coronation robes of all the Czars,

for each must have new ones, as each had a new crown, and in olden days a new throne, when he took the seat of power, and all tried to outstrip the rest in the splendor of his adornment. Here are sceptres wielded by a hundred kings, of ebony, ivory, silver, and gold, ornamented with curious devices, and set with jewels rare and priceless. Here are the crowns and thrones and sceptres of conquered kings, brought to Moscow as the spoils of war. The rooms are full of



THE GREAT BELL.

booty captured from foreign nations, such a display of loot as never existed elsewhere—the keys of fortresses that have been overthrown by Russian soldiers since the time of Rurik; the wealth, the jewels, the royal robes, the gold and silver plate, and the glory of a dozen despoiled palaces, diamonds, pearls, and rubies enough to pave the streets, set in all possible ornaments or implements of use. Stoves decorated with diamonds, saddles and harness covered with jewels, swords, guns, and even cannon studded with pre-

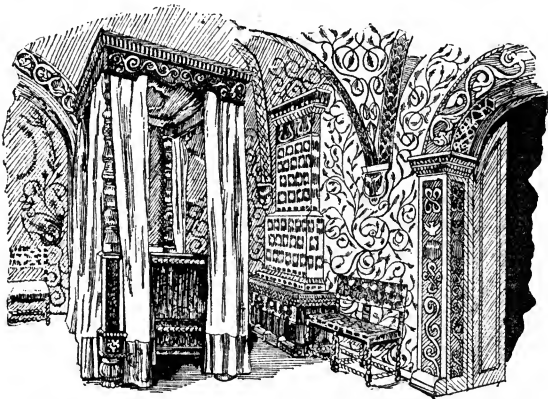
cious stones as if they were the crowns of monarchs, exhibited to the poor as the triumphs of Russian power.

It would fill the pages of a newspaper to recite a list of all that is to be seen. The collection fills a building nearly as large as the Treasury at Washington, and it tires one to think of the display. In the first room is a collection of armor of the middle ages, not so large as many in Europe, but interesting for its antiquity and ornamentation, as many of the helmets and breastplates are covered with jewels. Then comes an array of thrones, each with its history. The ancient throne of Poland, brought from Warsaw in 1833, when that kingdom was annexed to the Russian empire; the thrones of Asiatic princes which the conquests of Russia have made vassals of the Czars; the throne of the ancient Mongols of the Golden Horde that overran Russia in prehistoric times; an ivory throne of Palæologos, wonderfully carved; a gorgeous chair of the Shah of Persia, blazing with diamonds; thrones that belonged to the Sultans of Turkey, captured in war; and the thrones of the Greek Emperors Basil and Constantine, sacred relics, perhaps the only ones in the collection that came honestly there.

In the next room is a collection of coronation robes, including one I have referred to, and that of Catherine the Great, which was so heavy with jewels, costly furs, gold, silver, and lace, that it required twelve chamberlains to carry the train. Each Czar and Czarina have new robes made for the coronation, and when the ceremonies are over they are placed in the treasury. Those of the present Czar and Czarina are the simplest of the lot, and were made in 1883, of cloth of gold and silver, bullion wire finely and closely woven, in beautiful brocaded designs. They are not decorated like the old ones, but the two outfits cost nearly \$100,000. All the garments worn by the Czarina at her coronation, from her stockings to her hair-pins, are preserved.

The next room contains probably the finest collection of jewels in the world, even more valuable than those of the Holy Synod, but not so rare and curious. Here is the as-

semblage of crowns, most of them coming from the palaces where the thrones were stolen, and were sometime worn by royal heads. The crowns of Poland, Kazan, Georgia, Astrakan, Persia, and others are the most splendid, being covered with some of the largest and most precious stones ever known, "crowns upon crowns, oceans of pearls, rivers of diamonds," as one writer has expressed it. Beyond them are the ancient crowns of the Czars, the double one for Peter the Great and his half-witted brother being the most curious; it stands before a double throne, with a chair behind the



THE CZAR'S SLEEPING CHAMBER IN THE KREMLIN.

drapery where their sister Sophia used to sit and prompt them what to do and say on occasions of ceremony.

The costliest crown in the entire collection was made by the order of Peter the Great for the Swedish peasant girl who became his wife, the Empress Catherine I., the number of diamonds in it being 2536, all of them large, flawless stones, of the first water, with one of the largest and finest rubies in the world as a crest. The crown of Ivan the Terrible has some of the rarest stones, very large and perfect turquoises, and sapphires of great purity and value. In this room is a large casket of solid gold which contains the code of the Czar Alexis.

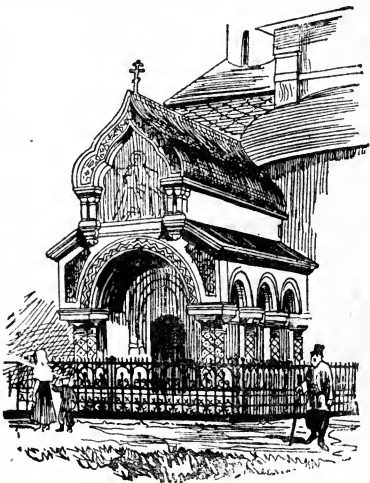
The largest of the upper rooms contains an immense collection of ancient gold and silver plate, the most extensive and valuable in the world, every piece of which, it is said, was made, not for ornament, but for actual use, and some of it is still used at banquets in the palace, when the Czar and the imperial family dine off gold, and their guests off silver. Every domestic vessel known to Russia has an example in this collection, some of which are from the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Here are cups set with diamonds, vessels for the meanest purposes decorated with enamel and studded with gems, ebony chests filled with gold plates and other dishes, platters a yard long of solid metal, so heavy that a strong man can scarcely lift them, and one tray whose rim is set with 2000 diamonds.

There are two vases in the British Museum, copies of the most antique examples here, which cost 50,000 roubles to make; but here is a perfect forest of them, more than the memory could retain, for we had no chance to describe them in our note-books. In one large case is a set of silver plate presented to Ivan the Terrible by Elizabeth of England when she sent commissioners to Russia to inaugurate commerce between the two countries. It is a queenly gift, being very heavy and of the most beautiful repoussé work. Ivan was much pleased at this attention, and when he had heard from the commissioners of her graces of body, and qualities of mind, he concluded that Elizabeth would make him a good helpmeet, and handed her ambassadors a proposal of marriage to carry back with them.

Elizabeth's answer, written by her own hand, in good plain English, which looked very welcome among the mystifying Russian letters, is spread out in the case with the presents. In it she says that it would be impossible for her to accept the hand of so mighty and noble a monarch, as she had made a vow never to wed, but that she has in her court a woman of exceeding beauty and accomplishments, the Lady Mary Hastings, who would make a better wife for the Czar than herself, being younger, more attractive of person and mind,

and withal of a most amiable disposition. Accepting this hint, Ivan sent an ambassador to seek the hand of Lady Mary, but she in the meantime had learned what a dreadful old reprobate he was, and that, like Bluebeard, he had several wives, who were supposed to have been murdered by him, so she declined the proffered crown of Russia.

There is also a collection of Sèvres china which was presented to Alexander I. by the great Napoleon as a peace-offering early in this century, when an alliance between France and Russia was sought. There are many relics of Napoleon's invasion of the empire, his camp equipage, the bed in which he slept, and various other articles of interest. I did not see half the curiosities in the treasury, and I cannot remember a tenth part of what I saw. The collection is a mass of riches, unsurpassed.



MONUMENT TO PRINCE POJARSKY.

We were followed everywhere by a guard, who was always at our elbow, lest we should drop a dynamite bomb or steal a bauble; and when, being weary of gazing at crowns and gold plates, we sat down to rest awhile on the sill of one of the windows, for there were no benches or chairs, a gendarme, with his gun in his hand, hustled us rudely and by motions directed us, like Poor Joe, to move on. No one is permitted to make memoranda, as the police always suspect that it is for the purpose of conspiracy, to locate the place where valuable diamonds are deposited, so that they may be stolen the more easily, or for drawing a plan of the building so as to destroy it. Everybody is regarded with suspicion; only a certain

number of people are admitted at a time, and with each visitor there is always a guard from the time he enters till he leaves the place.

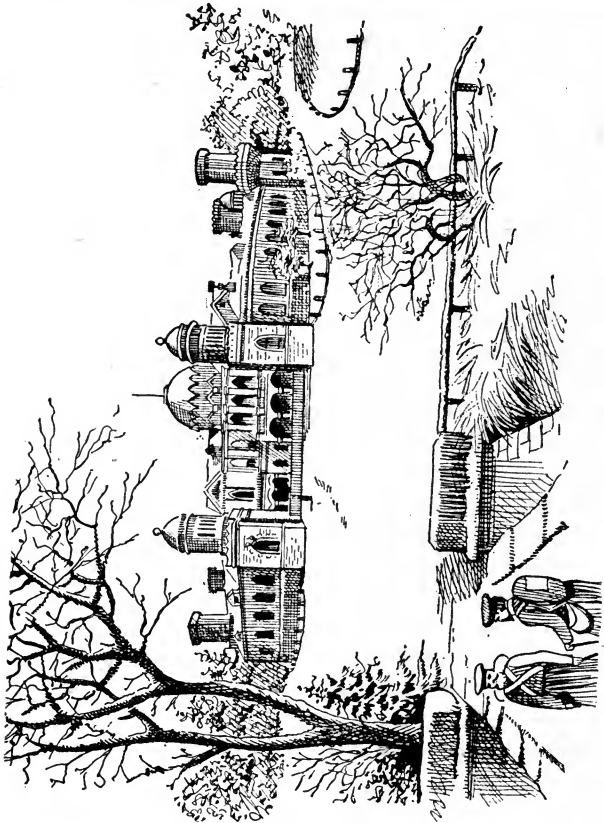
I could not resist the thought that the day would certainly come when this treasury and the palace of the Kremlin would be stripped of their riches by a remorseless mob, as the Tuilleries were in Paris, and wish that I might be present to see it done. The people of Russia are the most submissive in the world, and have suffered more than any nation. How long they will continue to suffer and submit depends upon the power of the army. When the force that oppresses them is withdrawn, they will rise, and the result will be general destruction, and the distribution of these treasures.

The late Dean Stanley of Westminster Abbey has written a very charming book upon the churches of the Kremlin, which are three in number and very old. The Cathedral of the Assumption, in which the Czars are always crowned, and which is in reality the centre of the Russian Church, blazes with gold and jewels, and is filled with monuments of great historic interest. Here for centuries have the mysterious Byzantine rites been celebrated with great splendor, and the most precious relics of the Church preserved.

Here is the tomb of St. Peter, the first Metropolitan, and no end of other saints, who laid their bones down elsewhere from the time of Christ till the fourteenth century, and were gathered in the Kremlin as the most hallowed place in which they might be honored and preserved. The priests show you a portrait of the Holy Virgin that was painted by St. Luke, a garment that was worn by the Saviour, a piece of the table-cloth used at the Last Supper, several nails from the true cross, the hand of St. Andrew the Apostle, the head of St. Gregory, a portion of the crown of thorns, a golden cross that was worn by Constantine, that contains a portion of the true cross, and many other relics of equal interest. Behind the altar is a model of Mount Sinai made of nineteen pounds of pure gold, and under it are kept some

of the most precious historical papers of Russian history, the will of Peter the Great among others.

The Cathedral of Michael the Archangel is near by, which was built in 1333, to commemorate the deliverance of Russia



COUNTRY PALACE NEAR MOSCOW.

from a dreadful famine. Until the time of Peter the Great this was the mausoleum of the Czars, and the vaults below contain the bones of forty-five of them. Historically the most interesting of the tombs is that of Ivan the Terrible, who was so wicked that he was actually excommunicated



from the Church of which he was the nominal head. The Metropolitan would not allow him to enter the sanctuary, so he built a sort of bay-window, which is still standing, where his unholy person was sheltered while mass was sung. He might see all that was going on, through a lattice-work of iron, and derive whatever spiritual benefit he could from the service; but he could not enter the door, and was a Czar at that. Finally he built the church of St. Basil, and presented the Metropolitan with a million dollars' worth of jewels, to atone for his sins, and was restored to communion, dying a monk. Within the altar is the casket of silver containing the body of Demetrius, the son of Ivan the Terrible, whom the latter beat to death with a club. He was afterwards canonized by the Church, and is greatly venerated by the people, who come to kiss his forehead, which is exposed through an aperture in the golden screen that covers his bones.

While the Czars have always been crowned in the Cathedral of the Assumption, and buried in the church of Michael, they have been baptized and married in the church of the Annunciation, also within the Kremlin walls. This church dates back to the thirteenth century, but was restored about twenty years ago, before the marriage of the present Czar. It contains many relics of interest.

The Convent of the Ascension, which stands near by, is famous as the place where Peter the Great shut up his lawful wife in order that he might have greater freedom with the Swedish peasant Catherine. The convent contains the graves of many of the wives of the Czars. Beyond is a large monastery, also dating back four or five hundred years, and the barracks and arsenal. At the entrance to the latter building stands the great cannon called the Tzar-Pushka, on account of its extraordinary size. It was cast in 1586, and weighs forty tons.

Without the walls of the Kremlin are many places to visit, including a large and well filled-gallery of fine arts, a national museum of antiquities, and various buildings belong-

ing to the government, which would be conspicuous but for the greater historical interest and attractions of the Kremlin. Within a very few years Russia will be a favorite resort for tourists who are weary of the rest of Europe and seek something new. They will find in Moscow, as well as Petersburg, much that will richly repay a visit, more interesting objects than any other city except London can show. But our ignorance of the Russian language and history, and the lack of books in English descriptive of the country and its attractions, make it almost a *terra incognita*.

The journey from Moscow to Vienna occupies fifty-two hours, and until recently it has been a hard trip, as the cars run slowly, and there have been no sleepers, nor regular meals. But I understand that since I came that way in August last, sleeping-cars have been placed upon one of the trains, and a faster rate of speed adopted. This will make the



PETER THE GREAT PALACE  
NEAR MOSCOW.

journey more comfortable. The line crosses the great wheat region of Russia, and we passed through miles and miles of grain, which was being harvested by women and girls with old fashioned sickles, for most of the men are in the army.

The journey may be broken at Warsaw, the capital of Poland, or at some of the cities within the Russian boundaries proper. Warsaw contains little of interest except historical associations and Jews, who are persecuted in Russia, but are allowed to live in Poland by wearing a dress prescribed by law. This is a long surtout of black, like an ulster, of alapaca in summer, and of heavy cloth in winter. We have specimens of the Polish Jew in this country, but do not see them as they are there, where they constitute the most active portion of the commercial population, and are conspicuous both from their facial peculiarities, and their dress.

The traveller knows when he crosses the Austrian boundary, not only because he has to submit to an examination at the Custom-House upon the border, but on account of the sudden and radical change in the appearance of the people and their homes. As along the German boundary on the north the contrast is most striking. On the one side is distress and degradation; on the other, prosperity and contentment. Newspapers and books are sold on the trains as soon as the border is passed, something never permitted in Russia. There is also a change in the moral and mental atmosphere. The people at the stations and upon the cars discuss politics with animation, laugh and talk loudly, and seem to be happy and interested in each others' affairs, while the condition in Russia is that of oppression, solemnity, and distrust.



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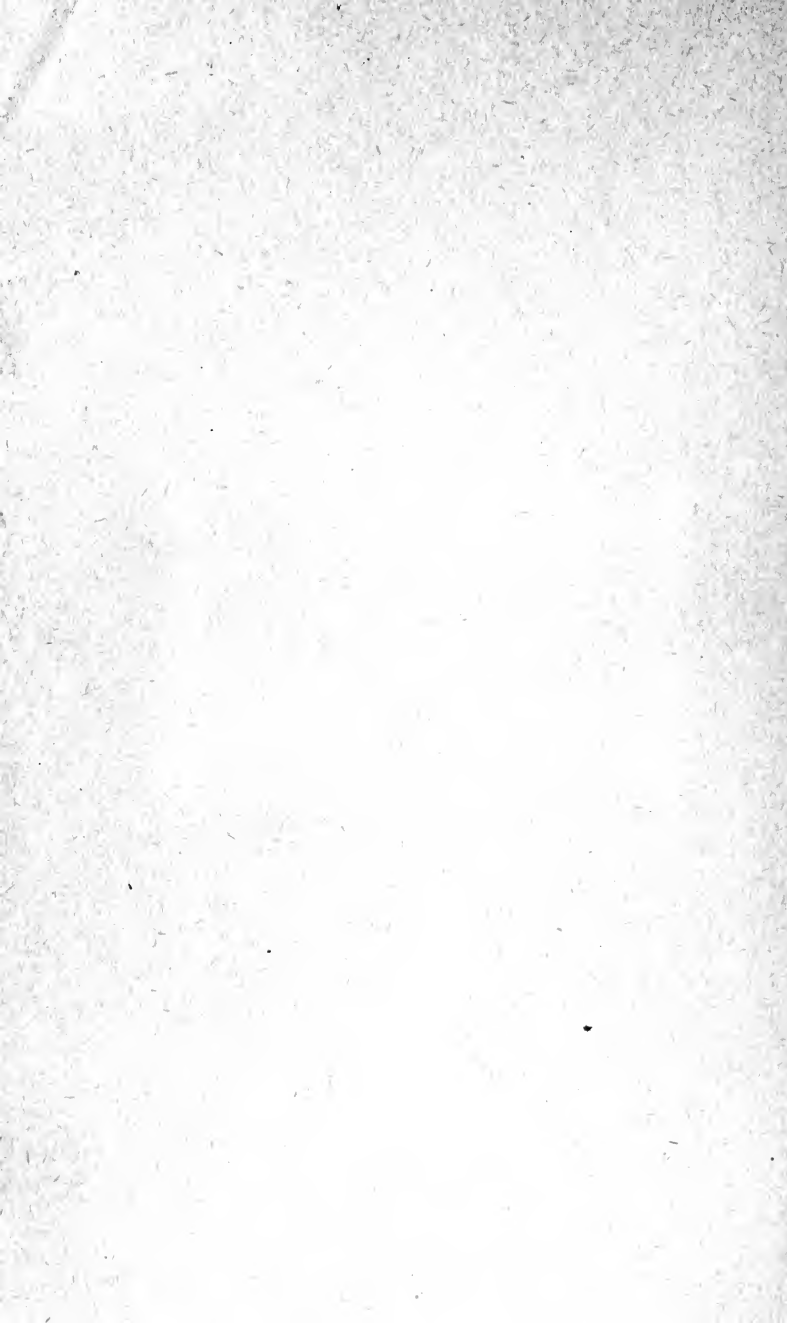
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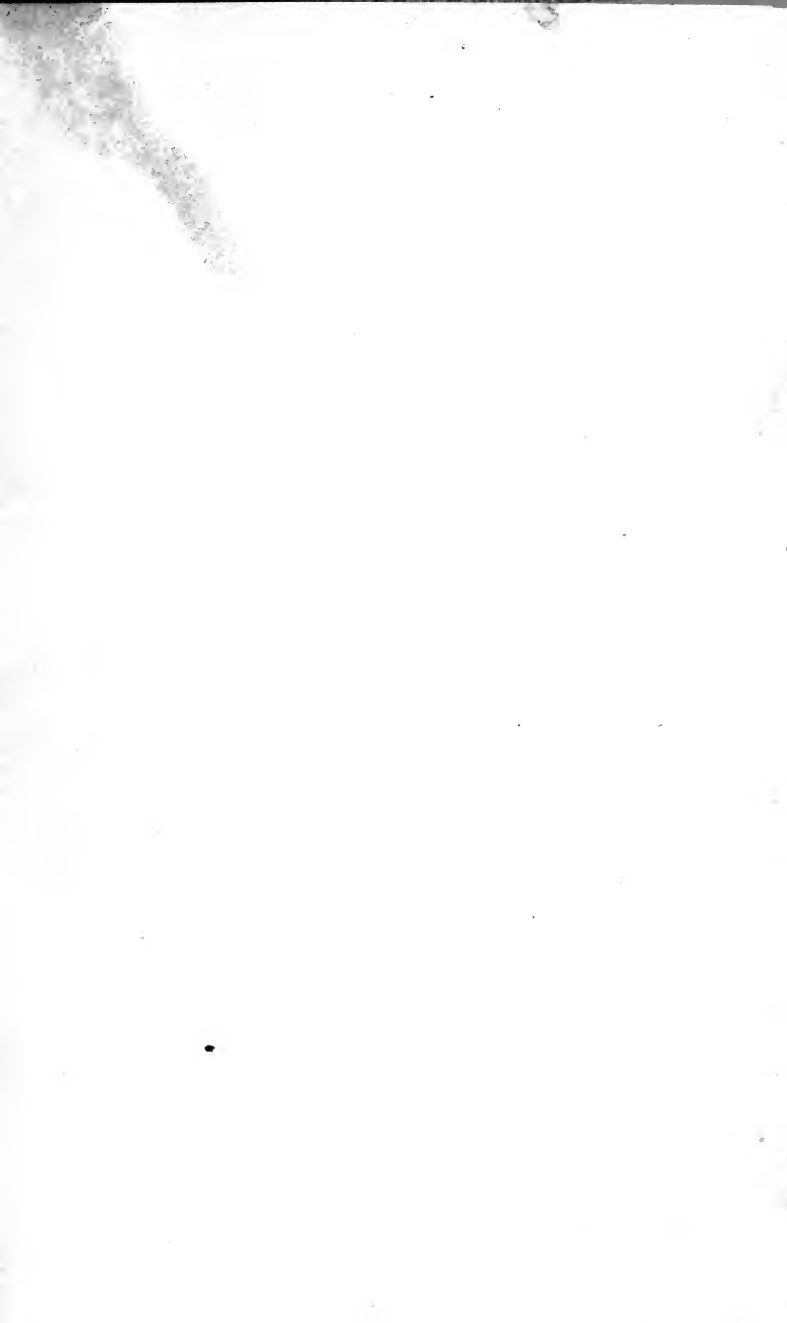
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